CHRISTOPHER MONCK
DUKE OF ALBEMARLE

ESTELLE FRANCES WARD

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CHRISTOPHER MON...

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DUKE OF ALBEMARLE

Christopher 2nd Duke of Albemarle.
from a picture at Welbeck Abbey

CHRISTOPHER MONCK
DUKE OF ALBEMARLE

BY ESTELLE FRANCES WARD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1915

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TO MY MOTHER

PREFACE

'HISTORY is the essence of innumerable biographies,' says Carlyle. That Christopher Monck, second Duke of Albemarle, may contribute his mite to modern knowledge and understanding of life in England under the last two Stuart kings would seem sufficient reason for relating his story, even if his personal history did not claim a place among the romantic episodes of his day. He was born in an attic over a tailor's shop with a shadow on his birthright; at the age of thirteen he was a member of Parliament; at sixteen he inherited his father's titles and his great wealth, and took his place in the brilliant circle surrounding King Charles the Second. His enjoyment of rough sports and pastimes, his gay hours at Court, his earnest attempts to embrace first the statesman's and then the soldier's life, are tastes and ambitions shared with a dozen others of his contemporaries; but his connection with a successful treasure hunt and his experiences as Governor of Jamaica distinguish his career from that of the many. An adverse fate brought him close to lasting fame and then rebuffed him. The religious prejudices of the Devonshire militia deprived him of the power to suppress Monmouth's rebellion. His own untimely death, at the age of thirty-five, stopped further action in the matter of reforms in Colonial Government, which he had demanded of the home Government. These reforms, the necessity for which the Duke of

Albemarle had the discernment to perceive, had they been established, would perhaps have had far-reaching consequences in the history of the American Colonies.

A few disconnected words written on a piece of old parchment, forming part of a dispatch-case, once the property of Colonel Joseph Ward, of General Washington's staff, first introduced the Duke of Albemarle to my notice. This fragment proved to be a part of a royal warrant granted to Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, and his five associates, the Gentlemen Adventurers. It gave permission for the use of two ships with which to make search for a lost Spanish galleon. From this slender beginning this volume has developed.

It would be a matter of intense surprise to the Duke of Albemarle could he realise how completely he has been forgotten. Of high rank, rich, actively interested in various pursuits, he made a striking and brilliant figure in the social life of his day, and an unexpected amount of detail concerning him has rewarded the researches of his biographer. These researches have been conducted among contemporary records; state papers, domestic and colonial, private correspondence, diaries, news-letters, gazettes, and testimony given before various courts of law. The original documents have been consulted in all cases where it was possible to gain access to them. When the original letter was not available for examination, quotations have been made from the Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports. One or more of these documents can be cited as authority for everything contained in this biography. In its construction imagination plays no part.

In the course of my inquiries into the life of the Duke of Albemarle I have met with the greatest

kindness and courtesy in every place where material was to be found. The quest was necessarily carried on chiefly in England.

Of the American Ambassador to England, the late Hon. Whitelaw Reid, many courtesies and kindnesses are remembered. To the Duke of Portland, K.G., G.C.V.O., is due a gratitude that is not easily expressed. To his large generosity in permitting weeks of study among his manuscripts and portraits preserved at Welbeck Abbey is due what has been caught of the spirit and flavour of the seventeenth century. To the Duke of Portland I am further indebted for introductions to other owners of manuscripts. I tender sincere thanks to the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., K.T., for use of the Montagu House Manuscripts, and to the Duke of Leeds and his agent, Colonel Archer, for access to those manuscripts preserved at Hornby Castle. To Colonel Charles Waring Darwin of Elston Hall for particulars from old accounts. To Mr. Richard W. Goulding, Librarian to the Duke of Portland, I am under the greatest obligation for much valuable information from his great store of historical knowledge, and for kindness in reading and verifying the manuscript of the entire book. Grateful acknowledgments are also made to various gentlemen for courtesies in connection with manuscripts and books in public collections:—

Clare College, Cambridge (Mr. J. R. Wardale, M.A.); Emmanuel College, Cambridge (Mr. Peter Giles, M.A., and Mr. Philip Worsley Wood, M.A.); the Registry of Cambridge University (Mr. J. N. Keynet); the Bodleian Library (Mr. F. Madan); All Souls College, Oxford; the British Museum; the Public Record Office; the Privy Council Office; and the House of Lords.

In America, the Library of Congress, the New England Historical Society Library, the Boston Athenæum, the Boston Public Library, the Chicago Public Library, the Newberry Library, the John Crerar Library, the North-western University Library, the Evanston Public Library have been consulted.

I am indebted for many suggestions to Mr. H. P. Biggar of London; to Professor Charles M. Andrews of Yale University for much assistance in arrangement of footnotes; to Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster and Mr. George Bradley Ward for assistance in preparing and verifying the manuscript.

From this list it would be ungrateful to exclude the name of Christopher Monck. He has proved to be the most delightful of companions, and has led me through many ways and brought to me many interesting experiences. If, then, I can restore him in some measure to the world in which he so much delighted, it may serve as some return for the pleasure he has afforded me.

ESTELLE FRANCES WARD.

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, U.S.A., 1914.

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BOOK I

THE BOY CHRISTOPHER

'Strong were our Sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race before the flood,
And thus when Charles return'd our empire stood.'

DRYDEN, *Epistle to Congreve*, xi. 59.

CHAPTER I

CHRISTOPHER MONCK, second Duke of Albemarle, courtier, treasure seeker, and colonial governor, sprang from an ancient family. A pamphleteer of 1659 sets forth 'how he is descended from King Edward the Third, by a Branch and Slip of the White Rose, the House of York, and likewise His Extraction from Richard, King of the Romans.'[1] Despite this exalted ancestry Christopher Monck might well have passed his life as a simple country gentleman on the ancestral estates of the Moncks of Potheridge had not a boyish misadventure sent forth his famous father, George Monck, into the world to earn the honours and riches which descended to his son. This misadventure is of such import in the unfolding of the story of Christopher Monck that, although it took place nearly thirty years before his birth, its relation begins his biography.

In September 1625 all the little world of Devon was astir with excitement. A great fleet lay crowded into Plymouth harbour, planning to singe the Don's beard. The days of Frobisher and Drake were to be renewed, to the enrichment of the new King, Charles I., and to the lasting glory of the men of Devon. To add to the interest, the King, with the favourite Buckingham,[2] had journeyed down into the west

[1] *The Pedigree and Descent of His Excellency General G. Monck.* Printed for W. Godbid over against the Blew Anchor in Little Britain, 1659: London. Corbett, *Monck.* Christopher Monck's great-grandfather's grandmother was the heiress of Richard Campernown who held kinship with King John through Richard, King of the Romans.

[2] George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham.

country to witness the sailing of his fleet and to inspire his subjects to deeds of valour.

Sir Thomas Monck in the old manor of Potheridge, near Torrington, found himself in a serious dilemma. Seventeen generations of the Moncks, loyal men, in unbroken line, had lived on this estate. Surely Sir Thomas must be among those gentlemen who were gathering at Exeter to pay their duty to their new King. Was it not his right as great-grandson of that Arthur Plantagenet [1] over whose pretensions to the English throne, in opposition to little Edward V., Parliaments had wrangled? He whom Henry VIII. had clapped on the back—the bluff King's way, had called cousin, and made him Viscount Lisle and Governor of Calais? But the owner of an encumbered estate and the father of ten children found a serious impediment in his way. Lavish hospitality had brought him deeply into debt. He dared not visit Exeter, lest he should fall into the clutches of the law; for the sheriff had long lain in wait to arrest him on behalf of his creditors. In this crisis young George Monck, the second son, then some seventeen years old, made off to the sheriff armed with a bribe and such diplomacy as was needful to secure a cessation of hostilities during the visit of the Sovereign.

So Sir Thomas rode forth in all his bravery to kiss the royal hand; but almost at the instant of homage the perfidious sheriff, blind alike to his word and his respect for royalty, seized the debtor. Into plague-stricken Exeter young George followed the false

[1] Edward IV. = Elizabeth Lucie.

Arthur Plantagenet (created Viscount Lisle 1533). = Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Grey, Viscount Lisle.

Frances = Sir Thomas Monck of Potheridge.

sheriff, and, overtaking him, dragged him from his horse and beat him as he lay upon the ground.

A sordid story enough, but it resulted in a training for the boy which determined whether England should be ruled by Puritan or Cavalier. Obliged to hurry out of sight lest an outraged sheriff should wreak his vengeance on him, George Monck sought refuge in the waiting fleet, and he speedily sailed for Cadiz under the command of his uncle, Sir Bevil Grenville.

The descendants of Drake and Frobisher succeeded in capturing only 'cellars of sweet wines, where many hundreds of them being surprised and found dead drunk, the Spaniards came and tore off their ears,'[1] while the rich fleet of plate-ships that was to make King Charles independent of his Parliament slipped by, in safety, into Lisbon. Escaping mutilation, George Monck next pursued his fortune to France and the Low Countries, for many years the school for the real soldiers of Europe, and with many of the future generals of the English Civil War fought under Frederick Henry, Prince of Nassau. The year 1638 found him fighting still, now with the English flag against the Scots, and in Ireland. Under the patronage of his relative, Lord Leicester,[2] he rose in rank and in reputation. A strict disciplinarian, he was yet the most popular of commanders. The impetuosity of his encounter with the sheriff was gone for ever. He was known as a silent, observant man, biding his time, watchful of events, making no promises to any man.

With the breaking out of the Civil War, Lord Ormonde,[3] doubtful of his loyalty to the King's party,

[1] Howell, *Epistolae Ho-Elianae*, vol. i. sec. 4, p. 169.

[2] Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, 1595-1677. Connected with the Moncks through Elizabeth, wife of A. Plantagenet. Her first husband was Edmund Dudley.

[3] James Butler, 1610-1688, afterwards the first Duke of Ormonde.

sent Monck as a prisoner to Bristol. His jailer proved to be one of the numerous kinsmen with whom the Moncks were so richly endowed, and an interview was presently arranged between this stubborn colonel and his sovereign at Oxford. Charles was so much impressed with Monck's military capacity that he appointed him Major-General of the Irish Brigade, with whom he amply justified the King's impression. However, his days of command were terminated abruptly.

At Nantwich, January 25, 1644, General Fairfax made a capture that pleased him greatly. The Parliamentarians, as well as the King's men, had had an eye upon Monck, the successful soldier. Fairfax[1] had hoped to persuade him to abandon the King's cause, but his arguments were unavailing, and nothing remained to be done but to send General Monck to the Tower and hope that time would teach him wisdom.

Here he worthily employed some of his days in writing a treatise on military tactics and discoursing with the Bishop of Ely, his fellow-prisoner; and a strong friendship grew speedily between the two.

But a prisoner has many hours to fill, and Mars out of employment is a proverbial target. Even the least imaginative mind can clothe with grace this common romance. Anne Clarges, daughter of a farrier in the Strand, was wife of Thomas Radford. Together the Radfords kept a milliner's shop in the New Exchange, at the Sign of the Three Spanish Gypsies,[2] where they sold perfumes and wash-balls. In her capacity of sempstress Anne visited the Tower,

[1] Thomas Fairfax, third Baron, 1612-1671.

[2] *The Case of the Heirs at Law to George Monck, Late Duke of Albemarle.* Printed and sold by B. Bragg, at the Sign of the Black Raven in Pater Noster Row (1709).

and became known to George Monck. From the first she exercised a strange influence over the strong, silent man. He who feared no man listened to her opinion with respect, and in later years feared her tongue not a little. On her side, with strong Royalist prejudices, she was easily drawn towards the captive who refused to take the covenant or make his peace with the conquering Parliamentarians. The sempstress never held any claim to beauty. In later life the adulation of sycophants supplied her with a splendid pedigree; but at this time she was only the daughter of a farrier, wife or widow of a milliner, and sister of an apothecary, Dr. Clarges. Thomas Radford, never anything but a name, disappears from the story, either obligingly or of necessity. The date of his death was never known, and, in consequence, he caused untold trouble in later years.

In the Tower was a friendly bishop. Perhaps his hands blessed the pair; for on November 8, 1646, Frances Monck, the General's sister, writing to him in Scotland from the ancestral Potheridge, says that their brother Nicholas has written to 'your wife' to borrow money, and she exhibits so friendly a spirit towards Anne that among his own family no thought of irregularity in their union could have been harboured.[1]

When all hope of Royalist success seemed dead Monck finally consented to join the Parliamentarians, with the proviso that he should fight in Ireland and Scotland, and never against his old Cavalier companions. Before leaving the Tower he sought the Bishop of Ely to receive his blessing, saying: 'Now go I into Ireland, but I hope one day to do His Majesty Service against the Rebels here.'[2] So he received

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., *15th Report*, Buccleuch MSS., p. 308.
[2] Gumble, *Life of General Monck*, p. 118.

episcopal blessing and was dismissed. Anne Clarges accompanied Monck on some of his campaigns, and her father also followed the army as farrier.

In 1651, with health impaired by a life of warfare, Monck returned to London, where he went through a marriage ceremony with Anne, although she for some seven years had been privately recognised as his wife. The registry of St. George's, Southwark, Surrey, shows the record on January 23, 165$\frac{2}{3}$.[1] Later in this year, with that versatility with which generals of the seventeenth century were believed to be endowed, he commanded the English fleet against the Dutch. His wife was left behind in London in the care of her brother, Dr. Thomas Clarges, beset by serious trouble.

Such was the story of General George Monck and his wife Anne Clarges, the sempstress, and such were the events which preceded the birth of their son Christopher.

[1] Cokayne, *Complete Peerage*, edited by Hon. Vicary Gibbs. See also note under her burial, Chester, *Registers of Westminster Abbey*; Salkeld's *Reports*, i. p. 120 (ed. 1795), Hilary Term, 6 Wm. III., King's Bench.

CHAPTER II

On August 14, 1653, the gossips along the Strand and about Charing Cross had sufficient material to keep their tongues busy. Anne Clarges, the blacksmith's daughter, had a son born that day whom she called Christopher and named his father the great Parliamentary general, Monck, now temporarily an admiral and gallantly fighting the Dutch with his fleet. To those who pointed the finger of scorn and whispered that no good could come of one who had been sempstress to Monck, a Royalist prisoner in the Tower, she returned that the Parish Register of St. George's, Southwark, showed her marriage lines, where those who chose might read. To inquiries as to the whereabouts of Thomas Radford, the husband with whom she had kept shop at the Sign of the Three Spanish Gypsies, and sold lavender, perfumes, and soap balls to all the neighbourhood, the lady replied that he was dead and, as they all knew, had not been seen these several years. But why the child Christopher had been born in an attic over a tailor's shop instead of the home of her brother, Thomas Clarges, the apothecary, was a harder riddle to solve. Anne explained that she had visited the tailor's to purchase new stays.[1] But the wise ones whispered that Thomas Clarges, believing not at all in the Southwark marriage, had turned his sister out of doors, and the tailor in charity had lent her his garret

[1] Evidence, in case of Bath *v.* Sherwin, was given that stays were not worn at this time.

in her necessity.[1] So the tongues wagged and the heads nodded over against St. Clement Danes, where the old houses with timbered fronts and gabled roofs still overhung the streets of ancient London.

Firm in her assertions, Mrs. Monck, as we must now call her, was unabashed by these clamours. She produced twelve hundred pounds, a gift from the absent General, at sight of which Thomas Clarges renewed his brotherly interest and presently posted off to the fleet to inform Monck that he was father of a hopeful son. The General was found in a genial mood. Van Tromp, long England's bane, had been shot with a musket ball as he stood on the poop of his ship 'encouraging his men with a drawn sword.'[2] Mrs. Monck was quickly acknowledged, and her brother removed her and her child, now confirmed in the family name of Christopher, to Deptford. With them, as nurse, went Honour Mills, a vender of apples and oysters. Later they were received by Sir Peter Killigrew, still another of Monck's cousins, at his home in Dutchy Lane, near Somerset House.

The family were united soon after, and the General with his wife and son departed for Scotland to take command of the forces there. Some state now surrounded the Parliamentary general. In addition to his secretary, he had two chaplains: Dr. Gumble, suspected of spying on behalf of the Parliament; Dr. Price, well known secretly to favour the Stuarts. Each wrote a life of their patron. Spirited biographers they both are, and neither neglects to record

[1] Burnet, *History of His Own Time*; Aubrey, *The National and Domestic History of England* (London, 1867-70); Sir P. Warwick, *Memoires of the reigne of King Charles I., with a continuation to the . . . restauration of King Charles II.* (London, 1701).

[2] Gumble, *Life*, p. 63.

his suspicion of the other. Dr. Gumble thus records Monck's next move:

'The General himself, who had always an inclination to a country life, who much delighted in planting and husbandry, rented Dalkeith, a stately palace belonging then to the Countess of Buccleuch, about five miles from Edinburgh; where he had a very large and stately park walled about and full of trees, with two Rivers running through it, with a curious garden and orchard; where he lived in the midst of all the blessings a country retirement could afford. And took care that all others should enjoy the same blessings, which he wanted not, relieving his poor soldiers with good sums upon their necessity, having also equal charity for all Scottish men that they should obtain justice and right, so that now no great man durst oppress his poor neighbours. And now Gen'l Monck for some years lives very quietly, making no noise, nor meddling with Cromwell's business in England, which will afford little memorable. At this time he fell into a particular acquaintance with some of the Nobility and Gentry of Scotland and . . . there began to be a kind of hearty and mutual love between them; . . . he praised and admired no sort of men more for their noble and generous ways of conversation and with this opinion he continued to the day of his death.'

Dr. Skinner, a third contemporary biographer, adds further that

'in the intervals of publick business, he diverted himself with the pleasures of planting and husbandry, resembling the heroes of Ancient Rome. About this time as an alloy to his felicity the General lost his second son George, who in his infancy died of a fever attended with convulsion fits, and was buried in the chapel at Dalkeith House. The death of this child affected the General with such unusual and deep a sorrow as was greatly admired by those who knew not, that in the highest courage there is a mixture of the greatest tenderness.'

Dr. Gumble records:

'Never father took the loss of a child with more tears and grief, which would seem incredible, that a man of so great a heart should yield to such sorrows, but it was certainly an evidence of a great sweetness of temper and of a tender affection.'

The General's desire for wealth, which alone is cited against him as a fault, had begun to manifest itself, and, ably seconded by his wife, he was steadily adding to his possessions. Upon little Christopher, now the only son, rested all the parents' hopes for the future. Even in these early years he showed that strong resemblance to his father which is so noticeable in his later portraits, and this served to intensify the father's attachment to his only child. A companion and playfellow was desired for him, and his young cousin Mary, daughter of the Reverend Nicholas Monck, now came to live at Dalkeith House. We may imagine these seventeenth-century children, long-curled and active, playing about those gardens and stately parks as would children of a later day, little heeding the Scottish mists or wintry blasts.

In 1658 came a sudden change of public feeling, which even the children felt. Oliver Cromwell was dead, and Richard, his feeble son, endeavoured to rule in his stead. This was little to the mind of the Scottish army, and many a murmured word must the child Christopher have overheard. Monck's officers were moved to say: 'Old George for my money, he is fitter for a Protector than Dick Cromwell.'[1] Did not the child straighten his little back and walk more proudly, dreaming a baby's dreams of honours yet to come? His father was a great man now; all the armies of Scotland obeyed him. Then, too, Mrs. Monck, for ever warned to be discreet, might safely

[1] Gumble, *Life*, p. 94.

murmur in her little son's ear some of her own ambitions. Strangely enough, these were not of a kind to seat her husband in the coronation chair.

Nicholas Monck, the clergyman brother, ever loyal to the house of Stuart, had cast his fortunes with his cousins, the Grenvilles. Sir John, son of old Sir Bevil Grenville, had attached himself to the English Court in Paris, and was in constant communication with Royalist sympathisers in England. Sir John Grenville was permitted to return to his ancestral estates in Devon, although these were at present held by a Parliamentarian.[1] Here he lived in quiet, and Nicholas Monck, brother of the great General, became his neighbour. These two gentlemen soon laid their heads together, and much planning ensued concerning the darling project in the heart of each: the restoration of the Stuarts, in the person of Charles II., now a wanderer on the Continent. George Monck was their great hope, but up to this time he had refused to see any emissary or to hear any plans even from his wife. It was very necessary to divert suspicion from the ever watchful eyes of Parliament. Richard Cromwell was proving unequal to the task of government. Men's eyes looked about for another ruler. 'Why not Old George?' said the army in Scotland; and they felt that, like the legions of ancient Rome, they were in a position to carry out their own suggestion.

But Mrs. Monck was a power to be reckoned with and the one person the General feared. Her sympathies had always been with the Royalist cause. Her favourite chaplain, Price, quoted to her a principle of the Marquis of Argyll, 'that it was the character of a wise man not to let the world know of what religion he was.' But the General's lady found him

[1] Skinner, *Life of General Monck*, pp. 91-100.

one, for now she declared: 'Mr. Monck is a Presbyterian, and my son Kit is for the Long Parliament and the good old cause.'[1] Such sentiments, we may well believe, were carefully kept from the Chaplain Gumble, whom Mrs. Monck rightly considered a spy of the London government. To all these murmurers the General gave no countenance. Nevertheless, certain inquiries were made at the instigation of Parliament, but their inquisitors returned to London unsatisfied. All this made the path of the conspirators in Devon more difficult and thorny. Finally, they arranged a plan which gave them access to the General but diverted suspicion from themselves.

Nicholas Monck had two daughters, one of whom, Mary, as we know, was living at this time with her uncle George at Dalkeith House, under the motherly care of Anne, the late sempstress.[2] She was about to be married to one Arthur Fairwell. What could be more natural than that her father should journey from Devon to Scotland to escort his daughter home to her marriage? Much affectionate discourse passed between the brothers during this visit, but not a word could Nicholas give or receive about the King. Even Mrs. Monck, warned by recent events, turned a deaf ear to his pleadings. However, the chaplain, Dr. Price, listened to the Reverend Nicholas, but with great caution on both sides. Dr. Price conveyed the news—nothing less than a pressing message from the exiled Charles—to Mrs. Monck. What she managed to convey to the General is not reported. He maintained his masterly and famous silence and refused, 'in the hearing of some,' to have dealings with the exile.

[1] Price, *Mystery and Method*, p. 32.

[2] The fact that Nicholas Monck allowed his young daughter to live in the General's household seems to afford additional evidence that the Monck family considered the marriage of George and Anne to be perfectly regular.

GEORGE MONCK, FIRST DUKE OF ALBEMARLE

From the picture in the National Portrait Gallery

Behold now the flutter of feminine petticoats amid the serious councils of the King's adherents. Dr. Price reports: 'For her (Mrs. Monck's) custom was, when the General's and her own work of the day was ended, to come into the dining-room to him in her Treason Gown, as I call it, I telling him that when she had that gown on, he should allow her to say anything. And indeed, her tongue was her own then and she wouldn't spare it. 'Tis easy to conceive what her discourses were, when a woman had wit enough, always influence, and sometimes, as it was thought, too much upon her husband.'

Meanwhile events were crowding fast in London. The puppet, Richard Cromwell, was set aside; General Lambert was in possession. He tried by turns, force and flattery with Monck, who held the key to the situation. Unmoved by these appeals Monck dropped from his army all those upon whom he could not absolutely depend, and with this force of trained and devoted veterans he left Scotland, marched to Berwick, and set up his camp at Coldstream.

Though a market town, Coldstream provided no refreshment. General Monck contented himself with chewing tobacco, while his young officers finally obtained dinner through the hospitality of a neighbouring lord. Gumble, who accompanied Monck, says:

'The General's palace was a little smoky cottage that had two great dung-hills at the door, a hall or entry as dark and narrow as a man could not turn in it; the rooms were worse than I can describe. He ate and lodged in the same. His bed was like a bird's nest into which he was forced to creep. But yet it had so much state as to have a canopy of boards over it: curtains and vallens were things never heard of in this place and glass windows were as precious as crystal at Edinburgh!'

Mrs. Monck and the child Christopher accompanied

the army to Berwick, but the austerities of this winter camp were too great for their endurance. The General gave immediate orders that his family should go hence by sea to London. Thus having cleared his mind of domestic worries he was free to give his entire attention to political events. By a series of forced marches through the deepest snow of his time he brought his men to London, to the surprise and consternation of those in authority there. Marching through Chancery Lane and down the Strand, he took up his quarters at Whitehall Palace and emptied the town of other troops. Seemingly under the orders of Parliament, he proceeded to remove the barriers of the city. By a subtle diplomacy he made it appear to the citizens that he did this under protest, and so turned their wrath against the Parliament, and led them to consider General Monck their friend.

Presently leaving Whitehall he took up his quarters in the city at the Three Tuns Tavern, near the Guild Hall. Next he removed to the Bullhead Inn, Cheapside. The Glass House in Broad Street, Draper's Hall, and another large house, all served their turn, and made him more and more a familiar and powerful figure with the Royalist citizens. Back to Whitehall, he now held the city and the country in the hollow of his hand. Why should he not himself be Lord Protector?—and with more reason than 'Old Noll,' for he was an acknowledged descendant of the Plantagenet line, even if with the baton sinister. The greater part of the army under his command were devoted to his person. 'The rabble burnt Rumps to magnify General Monck, who was never more magnified by anything in his life, except it was when Sir Richard Willis and Colonel Doleman would have made a king of him. . . . I say nothing but what the historians said before, as descended from a bastard son of

Edward IV.'[1] The Royalists plucked up courage in this crisis of affairs, but were greeted by silence as profound as before from General George Monck. With Mrs. Monck and Christopher the General removed from Whitehall to St. James, to be more remote from the city and so also the less observed. He took on another chaplain or secretary, at his brother Nicholas's recommendation, one Mr. William Morris, who was given a room in a remote part of the Palace of St. James.[2]

Sir John Grenville, as became an affectionate cousin, called nightly at the palace together with many others who worshipped this rising star. But though he tried to outstay the latest comer and have a private word as to the 'King over the water,' the General always managed to escape him. Price says:

'The Parliament was now ready to sit down and the King's return was visible to the wise and discerning; provided that the General had not his reserves to give a stop to it. For he still kept himself in a cloud. Wherefore, the prying and suspicious, of which sort were women, found out little devices to sound what were his intentions, by giving small gifts to his son, a child then between six and seven years of age, . . . who innocently told these busy inquirers that his father and mother, in bed, had talked of the King's coming home.'

Parliament, alive to their opportunity, appealed to the General's baser side, and offered him Hampton Court Palace for a residence.[3] This he refused, but

[1] Eachard, *The History of England*, vol. ii. p. 886 (London, 1707-18).

[2] Skinner, *Life*, p. 287.

[3] *Bagford Ballads*, *Iter Boreale*, by T. H., a person of quality, vol. iii. No. 16:

'Quoth Vane and Scott; we tell you what,
We 'll have our plot and he shall not,
We 'll carry the sway; let 's vote him a thousand pounds a year,
And Hampton Court for him and his heir.
Quoth George, indeed you 're free Parliament men,
To cut a thong out of another man's skin.'

took twenty thousand pounds instead. About this time he acquired Newhall—whether by purchase or grant does not appear—and it became his favourite place of residence.

The Royalists appealed to his duty, and did not scruple to add offers of titles and riches as rewards of virtue, but Monck was still unmoved. Finally, Sir John Grenville, discouraged at the repeated rebuffs, consulted the new secretary, Mr. William Morris, who conveyed to the General the news that a letter from his royal master awaited his eyes. At last the silence was broken. A meeting was arranged at a late hour in the room of the secretary. Sir John Grenville attended the levee as usual, lingered about, and retired, apparently disheartened, as was his custom. He then took his way to the remote room of the obscure secretary and awaited the General. Up a secret staircase, built for lighter intrigue, came at last the bluff General, war-worn and old from fighting and exposure, with firm, closed mouth, silent as ever. But at the sight of Charles's letter he fell on his knees and read it with reverence.[1] Sir John, to satisfy his curiosity as to this change of front, questioned the General, and was informed that George Monck would always receive the commands of his Sovereign; that hitherto he had only been approached by agents. He promised his aid, and refused all promises of reward, preferring, he said, to rely upon the gratitude of his Sovereign when he should once more be at the head of his kingdom.[2]

At once there were great stirrings. Off went Sir John Grenville, Thomas Clarges, and others to Holland, where Charles Stuart was living privately to be ready at hand. And before many weeks the General journeyed down to Canterbury to receive

[1] Skinner, *Life*, p. 296.

[2] See p. 342, note 1.

his royal master, and the King had come to his own again.[1]

Little Christopher Monck all this time was living in royal palaces and playing about the gardens of Whitehall and of old St. James. Over his little head went the whisperings of mighty plans affecting the fate of the kingdom and the fortunes of its subjects. Being somewhat precocious, he must have heard and seen many things of which he had better have had no knowledge. His mother had tried to win the Parliament ladies with entertainments of a Puritan simplicity, but without avail. Doubtless these immaculate dames drew away their skirts from the neighbourhood of Mrs. Monck, not so long ago Anne Clarges, the sempstress. All these snubs had contributed their quota to the pressure brought to bear upon the General to bring back the King.

Mrs. Monck was without false pride herself, for she shortly made a call upon her old neighbours in the Strand by St. Clement's Church, taking Christopher with her, and reminding them of their kindness in her days of adversity. These old friends she, moreover, invited to the Cock Pit, a royal abode which she and the General ever afterwards used as a town house, a loan from a grateful sovereign.

George Monck, who was now known as His Excellency the Lord General, proved his wisdom in accepting no promises from his King, for honours were heaped upon him daily by the grateful and recklessly generous Charles. He was created Duke of Albemarle, Earl of Torrington, Viscount Coldstream, Baron Monck of Potheridge,[2] Beauchamp, and Teyes.

[1] See portrait of General Monck in the possession of the Duke of Newcastle at Clumber House, showing the reception of the King at Canterbury as a background.

[2] He had succeeded to the ancestral estate on the death of his elder brother.

He was Gentleman of the Bedchamber, Knight of the Garter, Master of the Horse, Lord General of the Army, and Admiral of the Navy.

General Monck's associates had not fared as well. Sir John Grenville was created Earl of Bath and appointed to be Groom of the Stole. A knighthood was conferred upon the late apothecary, Dr. Clarges. Dr. Nicholas Monck received his reward in ecclesiastic preferment—the See of Hereford was his ; while Christopher Monck of the Parliament days was now called Lord Torrington.

CHAPTER III

THE story of the Monck family for the next ten years is almost wholly that of the Lord General, who was again occupied with the Dutch Wars, where he appeared with Prince Rupert under the title of Admiral. In 1665 he showed all his old-time bravery in facing the plague, together with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl of Craven, when all the Court fled with the King from the stricken capital. The next year his conduct during the great London fire drew forth praise even from the reluctant Mr. Pepys. The Duchess, too, played her part at Court, where she was more successful with the Royalist ladies than she had been with the wives of the Parliamentarians.[1]

In these public events small Christopher remained unnoticed, but an account-book for the year 1667 gives some insight into the pursuits of a thirteen-year-old boy of the period.[2] For the sterner matters of life Christopher's father gave orders and paid the bills. Dr. Price informs us that Lord Torrington's education was partly under his charge. The humanities and theology would be properly under his care. Perhaps, also, the Cavalier chaplain deserves credit for that excellence in letter-writing,

[1] Pepys' disparaging allusions to her should be read with caution. Pepys was partisan, and his jealousy for the reputation of his patron, Lord Sandwich, caused him to undervalue the Duke of Albemarle.

[2] Manuscripts belonging to Colonel Charles Waring Darwin of Elston Hall: An account-book kept by Captain George Lascelles on behalf of George Monck, Duke of Albemarle.

not alone composition, but spelling and penmanship, for which Christopher was remarkable. The account-book records that the sum of two pounds ten shillings a month was duly paid to one Mr. Gunton for 'teaching my Lord Torrington ye mathemathicks.' In the pursuit of this science he was furnished with instruments costing one pound nine shillings and sixpence, books of varying value, and a surveying instrument at four pounds five shillings; 'fower scales' cost four shillings, and his pencils one shilling more. When the boy was bid to a 'crisning' (christening) it was by order of my Lord Duke that one pound was furnished him for his expenses.

To secure for her son the necessary training for a young gentleman of wealth and fortune was the care of the Duchess. By her orders 'my Lord Torrington's Dancinge Master' was paid the munificent sum of ten pounds. She also summoned the barber for 'trimging' (trimming) the young lord. Eight shillings was his fee. That Christopher was an active youth, for ever running about, may be read between the lines, for the Duchess is called upon no less than three times between August and November to supply new 'shoes and stockins' at four shillings and sixpence for 'my Lord's Footboy.' His hat, at six shillings, wore better. Only the incidental expenses of Lord Torrington's own wardrobe are recorded, and these are all under orders from the Duchess. He and 'John Neuve'[1] had silk stockings purchased for them at a charge of eighteen shillings and sixpence, while his cotton stockings cost four shillings a pair. Gloves and 'ribin' for Christopher came to one pound and sixpence. Of 'ribin' he was extravagant, for two months later one pound sixteen

[1] Possibly a relative of John Le Neve of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, Esq., married to Frances Monck, the General's sister.

ANNE CLARGES, DUCHESS OF ALBEMARLE

From an old engraving

is spent for that necessity. Trimming for a 'shurte' (shirt) costs three pounds. The Duchess luxuriates in lace. She and her son have charged against them in the same month eight pounds for this embellishment, while Christopher's 'pointe bande' (point-lace collar) cost five pounds, and another item of lace one pound twelve shillings. Even at this early age he carried a sword, for Mr. Ringrose charges nineteen shillings for mending it, and Mr. Best's bill for a girdle is one pound four shillings.

Christopher was, from a modern point of view, barely out of the nursery, but in the Dutch War of 1666 he held a commission to be captain in a regiment. This was the first step in his military career—a vocation which he strove to pursue throughout his life, and which proved ever an ignis fatuus to his hopes.

Little boys of the Restoration grew fast and blossomed early. In January of the next year he was returned to Parliament for the ancestral county of Devon. A thirteen-year-old legislator seems, in any age, an incongruity, so that the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, tottering to his fall, must have beheld with astonishment the youthful Lord Torrington entering into debates of the House of Commons concerning the great minister's impeachment and speaking with the solemn assurance of a conceited boy. 'Here was Monck's son Torrington and Monck's cousin Morris in the list of prosecutors of Clarendon, whose worst name for Monck was that of "The good Lord General."'[1]

The young legislator was embarrassed by lack of money. George Monck and his wife had Puritan notions of simplicity, and strove to keep their growing boy within their power by curtailing his funds. His

[1] Oldmixon, *The History of England during the Reigns of the Royal House of Stuart*, p. 534.

weekly allowance was ten shillings. After his fourteenth birthday this was doubled. All unknown to them, Sir Thomas Clarges supplied the boy with money and encouraged luxurious habits. The Duke and Duchess quite naturally had helped to the advancement of Sir Thomas Clarges, and the King was only too willing to accede to their requests. The apothecary, greatly inflated by his sudden rise in the world, grew ungrateful and insolent, and 'made both Duke George and his Duchess fall out with him.'[1] So great was the quarrel that Sir Thomas was forbidden the house. His greatest cause of offence lay in his taking to himself too great a measure of credit for the restoration of the King. So great was the anger of the Duke at this assertion that he added a caning to his prohibition of visits. After this Sir Thomas redoubled his efforts to keep up his interest and power with the Duke's heir. But the Duke and Duchess were still unaware of this intrigue, although they cut off brother Thomas from their wills and their interest. The Duke grew more violent in temper as the years drew on. According to Pepys, he threatened to kill Sir W. Coventry 'after his showing his letter in the House' (of Commons); and the same gossip records how the mystery surrounding the Monck marriage had come to life in new scandals whispered about among his enemies.[2]

'A certain lady . . . being certainly informed that some of the D of A's family did say that the E of T was a bastard, did think herself concerned to tell the Duke of Albemarle of it, and did first tell the Duchess, and was going to tell the old man, when the Duchess pulled her back by the sleeve, and hindered her, swearing to her that if he should hear it, he would

[1] Welbeck MSS., Deposition of Frances, Duchess of Newcastle.
[2] *Pepys' Diary* (Wheatley's edition), November 17, 1667.

certainly kill the servant that should be found to have said it, and therefore prayed her to hold her peace.'

The Duke was growing old. One last spark of his old spirit sent him to Chatham to drive the Dutch from the Thames. The illness from which he had formerly suffered returned with renewed violence. Late in the year 1668 his old distemper came upon him. He then retired to his house at Newhall, where he thought that good air and diet would restore him. But he grew so ill that he could not lie down or leave his room. 'In the times of the General's extremity in sickness, my Lord Canterbury, His Grace, came down to Newhall and visited him with great kindness and did give him much good advice and afterwards sent him several sheets written full of Godly and Spiritual counsels to prepare him for his death and dissolution, with many meditations proper to such sad occasions, which he thoughtfully accepted.' However, a temporary remedy was found for these ailments, and the General was not yet ready to make use of my Lord of Canterbury's ghostly counsels.[1]

In June 1669 arrived in England the young Grand Duke of Tuscany, Cosmo d'Medici III. He was making the grand tour, as did all fashionable young men of those days. His secretary, Magalotti, came with him to take down his master's impressions and describe his entertainments.[2]

The young Grand Duke, having been royally fêted by the Court in London, proceeded to visit the great houses of the kingdom. The first of these visits was paid to Newhall, at the invitation of the Duke of Albemarle and his son, Lord Torrington.

[1] Gumble, *Life*, p. 453.

[2] Magalotti, *Travels of Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, through England*, translated from the Italian MSS. (London, 1821), pp. 466-71 (1669).

The Prince describes the Duke of Albemarle as being of middle size, of a stout and square make up; of a complexion partly sanguine and partly phlegmatic, 'as indeed is generally the case with the English. His face is fair but somewhat wrinkled from age, he being upwards of sixty years old. His hair is gray and his features not particularly fine or noble.' Still further details of the Monck family come to us from this Italian gossip.

'Monck is married to a lady of low origin, she having been formerly employed in a mercer's shop in the Exchange, London. Falling in love with her, he overlooked every other advantageous connection that might have been more suitable to his rank, and made her his wife. Her former station shows itself in her manners and dress, being in no way remarkable for elegance or gentility. Her son, however, which she has born to the General, makes up for his mother's deficiency.'

The visit of the Grand Duke could hardly have failed to awaken in Lord Torrington a desire to see something more of the world. Yet he never took the grand tour. It was the only pursuit of a gentleman of fashion which he neglected, influenced doubtless by the reluctance of his parents to part with him at a moment when his father's health was in so precarious a state. The omission was unfortunate, and the lack of such an experience is perhaps accountable for a kind of splendid provincialism which marked moments of his later years. However, the thought of a continental tour must have soon been forgotten in plans, even more nearly affecting his future, which now filled the minds of both parents.

If the General had contracted a lowly marriage for himself he was determined that his son should not follow his example. In those days of his occupancy of Dalkeith House, when he had so much enjoyed the

conversation of the Scottish nobility, he had formed a friendship with Margaret, Countess of Buccleuch. This lady was now the wife of Lord Wemyss. The Duchess of Albemarle had conducted some correspondence with her, and, bethinking themselves of her daughter, the Lady Anne Scott,[1] now some eighteen years old, and Countess of Buccleuch in her own right, the Moncks beheld in her a suitable wife for their idolised son. True she was three years his senior, but she was a great heiress, and they had long determined that Christopher should marry only into the ranks of the old nobility. But Lady Wemyss was as ambitious as were the Moncks themselves, and after taking note of all possible suitors for her daughter's hand she refused Christopher, and fixed her final choice upon James, Duke of Monmouth.[2] So the Moncks were forced to look elsewhere for that daughter of 'some honourable and loyal family that might both counsel and support their son.'[3]

At this moment the General took counsel with his old friend, William Pierrepont,[4] 'the wise William' who was also beloved of Oliver Cromwell. This gentleman, while throwing in his fortune with the Parliamentarians, had exercised his wisdom in marrying his daughter Frances to Lord Ogle, son of that loyal Duke of Newcastle[5] who had made such great sacrifices in the cause of Charles I. The Newcastle estates were broad, and the eldest daughter of the Duke's heir might expect a generous dowry. The two old friends determined to make a match between the son of one and the granddaughter of the other.

[1] Graham, *A Group of Scottish Women*, p. 115.
[2] Son of Charles II. and Lucy Waters.
[3] Gumble, *Life*, p. 456.
[4] Welbeck MSS.
[5] William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle, 1595-1676; see Inquisitiones post Mortem, Welbeck MSS.

Elizabeth Cavendish, 'my pretty Betty,'[1] as her wise grandfather called her in his letters, was born on February 22, 1654, and was now but fifteen years of age. The prospective bridegroom was just past sixteen. The Duke of Newcastle was consulted, and his famous Duchess, Margaret Lucas. Many discussions and arrangements were entered into. The Duke of Albemarle settled a large income on his heir and made ample provision for the bride.[2] Lord Ogle, on his side, gave his daughter a dowry of twenty thousand pounds, secured by the Manor of Grindon.

All this time neither Lady Ogle nor the bride had seen the bridegroom. On December 1 the ladies came up from Welbeck Abbey to London, where the old Duke lay dying.

'For, as to his own concernments, he had brought them into a narrow room, having now but one mortal care upon him, which was the marriage of his only son, being then about sixteen . . . years of age—whom he was likely to leave young. So that His Grace was very desirous to live so long as to provide a match for him in some ancient and loyal family, which were the principal qualifications he aimed at. To that end, some weeks before his death, he entered into a treaty with the Duke of Newcastle, with whom he contracted a match for his son with the Lady Elizabeth, a fair and virtuous lady. By which alliance he united the ancient house of Newcastle and Dorchester, Cavendish and Pierrepont with his own ducal coronet.'[3]

The Lady Elizabeth had spent the years of her short life quietly enough with her parents at Glentworth, with, perhaps, occasional visits to her grandfather's

[1] Welbeck MSS., Letters of the Hon. William Pierrepont to Lord Ogle.

[2] Marriage settlement at Welbeck; one of George Monck's last signatures.

[3] Skinner, *Life*, p. 411.

seats, Welbeck Abbey, Bolsover and Nottingham Castles, and to her old Puritan grandfather at Thoresby. Her face, in her portrait,[1] shows us a curious haunting kind of beauty—sleepy, slanting eyes and a tiny mouth, the whole surrounded with pretty chestnut curls. This inexperienced child was brought, without volition of her own, into the presence of the old dying General. If she had ever dreamed of bridal gaieties she was doomed to disappointment. For on December 30, 1669, the marriage was solemnised in haste in the Duke's chamber, 'where with that little strength he had, he delivered the bride from his own hand into the arms of his son. When the ceremony was ended, he seem'd very much pleased that he had lived to see the accomplishment of it, being the last of his human cares.'[2]

In all the descriptions which have come to us of this scene, all the attention is centred on this old dying Duke. Not a word of the bride, not a thought for the bridegroom. The bride's mother was there, she tells us,[3] but no one else has recorded her presence. As for the Duchess of Albemarle, she too lay dying in a neighbouring chamber.

As all of Christopher's days were overshadowed by the greater glory of his father, as all his actions were dimmed by his father's exploits, so his wedding day was clouded by his father's death.

Dr. Skinner continues :

'And now the extreme difficulty of breathing which had all along been the most uneasy part of his sickness, increased so violently upon him that he could not lie down in his bed but entertained himself only with some short sleeps in his chair, in which posture he died, four days after the marriage of his son, January 3, it being about nine in the

[1] By Sir Peter Lely at Welbeck Abbey.
[2] Skinner, *Life*, p. 412.
[3] Welbeck MSS.

morning. And, as he lived in silence, so he died without noise; one easy and single groan did the work of death upon the stoutest and most valiant hero of the age he lived in.'

He left behind him a reputation for extreme loyalty, never regarding any concerns but the King's pleasure. 'For it was his resolution to bind up all his interests in the King's commands, which he so absolutely obeyed that no temptation could lower him to a neutrality, or any indifferency, and he taught his son to sing after the same tune, which was a service many omitted that were much obliged.'[1]

The sad news being conveyed to King Charles together with the insignia of the Order of the Garter, His Majesty paused for a moment in his pleasures and gave voice to a real expression of appreciation for this man who had done so much for him. At the earnest wish of John, Earl of Bath, to whom the vacancy had been promised, the King immediately commanded the Garter to be carried back to Christopher, the new Duke of Albemarle, together with an intimation that he should forthwith succeed to his father's place of Gentleman of the Bedchamber and should be Lord-Lieutenant of Devon. 'And, as a last act of His Majesty's gratitude to the deceased, His Majesty would himself take care of the funeral.'[2] This great honour proved of doubtful value. The General's body was in truth conveyed to Somerset House, where it lay in state, guarded by his old soldiers, but could not be viewed by the sorrowing multitude because the King had neglected to provide sufficient black velvet to hang the walls of the state rooms.[3] In fact, the poor body lay neglected for weeks and months, forgotten by the King and Court alike, and

[1] Gumble, *Life*, p. 451. [2] *Gazette*, January 6, 1669, 1670.
[3] Hist. MSS. Com., *14th Report*, Kenyon MSS., p. 84.

it was only after much pressure had been brought to bear at Court that time could be found for the great state funeral the King had promised. While awaiting that day other sorrows were coming thick and fast upon Christopher and his little bride.

The Duchess Anne had long been failing in health, and the loss of her husband seemed to hasten the end. So said her friends. But her enemies, and of these she and the Duke had not a few, whispered that 'old Anne's first husband, Radford, had been seen once more about the back stairs of the Cock Pit.' Nothing of this scandalous story is told by Frances, Lady Ogle,[1] who reports the events of the next two weeks. 'The old Duchess seemed to be much in the hands of her gentlewomen.' They had her keys and the custody of her wonderful jewels. Beside her bed stood a great tortoise-shell cabinet, wherein all the household knew that the jewels were kept.

Christopher, knowing that his mother's life was drawing to a close, was not so overcome by the loss of his father as to forget his mother's jewels, and some two days after the General's death his mother-in-law discovered him and his wife evidently in close discussion over the matter. Lady Ogle was nothing if not resourceful, and the matter being put in her hands by the new Duke, she ascended to the bedroom of the dying Duchess with the avowed intention of bringing back the keys of the jewel cabinet. She was unable to make her request to the Duchess, and only sent a message by a gentlewoman, Mrs. Lassels, who returned answer that the Duchess would give them to her son, whom she intended to have them, and nobody else. Then the Duke tried his hand. No one knows what took place at the interview, but

[1] Welbeck MSS., Frances, Lady Ogle, afterwards Duchess of Newcastle.

when he returned the keys of the jewel cabinet were in his hand. About a fortnight later the old Duchess died. She left no will, but all her possessions were taken over by her son. Visiting the young Duke and his wife the next morning, Lady Ogle reports,

'I came to them and found them in their chamber, beyond a very great room that was divided by mourning furniture, and found the same tortoise-shell cabinet, the same I saw in ye Duchess's chamber that had ye jewels in it. And there they were. And I do believe I saw them taken out of that cabinet for us to look at and put in again, . . . the young Duke had the keys about a fortnight before his mother died, but not the possession of them, that I know on, till ye morning after she was dead.'

Thus while the late Duke lay unburied at Somerset House, awaiting the state funeral promised by the King, the old Duchess lay dead in her chamber at the Cock Pit, awaiting the convenience of her son.

In the meantime a Chapter of the Most Noble Order of the Garter was held at Whitehall, February 4, 1669-70. His Majesty presided. The Duke of York, the Earl of Oxford, the Duke of Ormonde, the Earl of Sandwich, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Manchester, and the Duke of Monmouth were present.

'His Grace, Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, was, by the general consent and suffrage of the Companions, elected and chosen unto the said Most Noble Order. Then he, being sent for by Garter, was met at the door by the Earl of Manchester and the Duke of Monmouth, who conducted him to the Sovereign where, kneeling down, the Sovereign put about his neck the George and Ribbon. After the Duke of York and Ormonde buckled the Garter about his left leg, then he kissed His Majesty's hand, saluted the Companions and withdrew.' 'Lastly the Sovereign

declares in regard the Feast of St. George had not been kept these three years past, that the King of Sweden and the Prince Elector of Saxony had had the order sent to them the last year and ought to be installed by their proxies, as also the Duke of Albemarle now elected ; that therefore, he would keep the Feast at Windsor upon St. George's Day next ensuing.' [1]

These exciting events served to mitigate the grief of the young Duke, still less than seventeen years of age, and we find two days later the King is called upon to decide whether or not the young Duke of Albemarle is to be permitted ' to wear the Garter with the Glory upon his upper garment ' before his installation.[2] The King, finding that this had been the habit only in the ' interruption of the Order by the late unhappy times, and considering it would be but two months before the Duke would be installed, His Majesty was unwilling to dispense therewith, which Garter informed the Duke of, and they made this entry to the end that others that shall pretend thereunto hereafter may not expect greater indulgence than was afforded this Duke, for whom His Majesty hath extraordinary favour and esteem.'

Further interest was furnished by an order on His Majesty's great wardrobe of the following supplies for the installation of the Duke of Albemarle :—

' An embroydered panel upon satten and cloath of gold according to his colours. A fringe of blew silk and gold for same.
' 2 yards of fustian for the sacquet of the banner.
' A Crest carved in Gilt.
' A Staff for the Banner.
' 2 yards and a half of Cloath of Gold for the Mantle.
' 2 yards of cloath of Silver to line the Mantle.
' 2 large tassels of blew silk and gold.

[1] Bodleian Library, Ashmolean MSS. 1112, fo. 169.
[2] *Ibid.*, fo. 172.

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'2 knopps gilt with gold ; an Helmet of State gilt.
'A sword with a Crosse Hilt gilt.
'A Plate of his Arms and Stile.
'3 Escocheons of his Arms painted on Paper in metall and his stile underneath.
'1 yard and one half Crimson velvet for a cushion. 1 ell of Rich Taffeta to line the same. Silk and gold tassells and 4 yards of uncut fringe for the cushion.
'1 robe of Blew velvet conteyning 10 yards, having a Garter of blew velvet (About an escocheon of St. George's crosse) embroydered with Letters and Purses of Venice Gold and Pearls, to be set upon the left shoulder of the said upper robes with long strings and tassels of blew silk and gold.
'Also a Kirtle or Surcoat of Crimson velvet conteyning 10 yards and a hood of the same with a large Tippett.
'16 yards of White Taffeta or Ducase Sarsnot to line the Mantle, Surcoat and Hood.
'A cushion of purple velvet with buttons, Fringe and Tassells of Silk and Gold.
'A cap of Black Velvet.
'Fine Holland sheets of three breadths to fold the said Robes in.
'A Trunck to carry them in.'

OUT OF THE JEWEL-HOUSE

'A great Collar of the Order, of Gold and weighing 30 ounces with a Rich George to be fastened thereat.
'Another George, garnished or plain, as His Majesty pleaseth.
'A Garter of blew velvet with Buckles of Gold and Lres (letters) of gold, garnished with Pearls or stones, if His Majesty Please.
'Cases to put the Collar and Garter in.
'A book of Statutes covered with Crimson Velvet and the Sovereign's Arms painted thereon.'

Meantime the body of the old Duchess of Albemarle had been carried to the Star Chamber at

Westminster, and her funeral was on the night of the last day of February in the Abbey, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. 'And many great Lords of the Court were at it.' [1]

The new Duchess was not without her finery. This is a description of her mourning gown : 'The goune, a plain black sattin with a peake and a pare of sad coloured glufs and a twisted roll for her head, lased with blake satten and one lase with a wealt abote the hem and a pare of sleeves to it,' which, it is remarked, 'is the fashion for mourning this summer.' 'The gentill-man' who made this remarkable gown 'deed worke to the young Duchis of Albemarle and tow other Duchis and he is a very fashionable taylor.' [2]

On May 2, at two in the afternoon, the long-deferred funeral of the late Lord General took place. The fashionable world had all but forgotten him in the four months since his death, and his royal master was obliged to send privately to the great men of his Court to remind them that it was his pleasure that they should attend this funeral in proper state. Sandford has left a wonderful book illustrating the funeral procession from Somerset House to Westminster Abbey. These illustrations were used in a later day as a model for the funeral of Lord Chatham, and they have always served as an index to the costumes of the period.

The procession was of regal splendour.[3] The seven banners illustrating the late Duke's titles, the mourning horses in their trappings, the faithful Coldstream Guards, led by the Earl of Craven, all were there.[4]

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., 14*th Report*, Kenyon MSS., p. 84.

[2] Hist. MSS. Com., 5*th Report*, p. 398. [3] *Gazette*, No. 465.

[4] Welbeck MSS., The proceeding to the funeral of George Monck, late Duke of Albemarle, from Somersett House to Westminster Abbey on Saturday, April the 30th, 1670.

His servants and his friends, his 'Doctors of Phisicke, and the Chaplaynes to the defunct,' as well. The forty officers who had kept watch all those months at Somerset House, the Clerks of the Council, the Clerks of the Parliament, the Masters of Chancery, and Knights of the Bath; Dukes, Earls, and Barons, with their great trains of attendants, in their proper order. Then, lying on his great funeral car, rode the effigy[1] of 'His Grace, the defunct,' clad in his armour, with his baton in his hand. Six bishops walked before him, and behind came the chief mourner, Christopher, supported on the right by the Duke of Ormonde and on the left by the Duke of Richmond, followed by a train-bearer. Behind him came the Lord Chamberlain, and the Earls of Bridgewater, Peterborough, Sandwich, Carlisle, Suffolk, Mulgrave, St. Albans, Bath, and Arlington. Last of all, Bernard Grenville led the dead Duke's horse, assisted by his own old grooms, and the cortège ended with the Queen's troop, commanded by Sir Philip Howard. One man walked unheeded in this procession of brilliant folk, Ensign Churchill.[2] He alone, of all that gallant company, proved himself great enough to inherit the General's mantle.

Dr. Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, preached the funeral sermon. It was entitled: 'The Christian's Victory over Death,' and while eulogising the old Duke he spoke a good word for the new one.

'He was the best father in the world, and God was pleased to bless him with a son of eminent abilities of body and mind, fitted for the support of his honour and the continuance of his name and family. He lived to see him entered into the service of his country. As Hanno entered Hannibal against the Romans, so he entered him in the loyal anti-fanatical

[1] The body was conveyed privately, by water, to the abbey.

[2] John Churchill, later the great Duke of Marlborough.

House of Commons. He lived to see him disposed of in a very honourable marriage, seasoned by himself in the principles of virtue and religion, honour and deep loyalty, disposed to follow him in the ways of honour which himself had traced, and in God's due time to become a support and ornament of his country.'

BOOK II

THE YOUNG DUKE

'Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe to play withal.'

DRYDEN, *All for Love*

CHAPTER I

THE death of the Lord General marked the passing of old influences. Some three weeks after the great state funeral, King Charles, under the influence of his beautiful sister Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, secretly signed the Treaty of Dover, by which he became the ally and pensioner of Louis XIV. The remainder of his reign, in consequence, was marked by French influence, intrigue, and gold. The Grand Monarque thoroughly understood the character of his cousin of England, and paved the way for the future accordingly. In the train of the Duchess of Orleans came the beautiful Louise de Keroualle—Madam Carwall, the English people called her. She at once attracted the attention of King Charles, as she had been schooled to do, and for the next fifteen years envoys and statesmen found it to their interest to win this beautiful lady's ear, if they would have a successful hearing from the King of England. She, true to her native France, threw her influence strongly on the side of the aggrandisement of King Louis. Lovely as she appears in her portraits, hers was not the style of beauty to please a savant, for when Evelyn first saw her he recorded: 'I now also saw that famous beauty, but in my opinion of a childish, simple and baby face, Mademoiselle Keroualle, lately Maid of Honour to Madam, and now to be so to the Queen.'[1] As a consequence of foreign influence new intrigues and political coalitions already were forming at Whitehall when the day appointed for the Feast of St. George

[1] Evelyn, *Diary*, November 4, 1670.

and the installation of the Knights of the Garter drew near.

In response to his summons the new Duke of Albemarle, filled with youthful eagerness, betook himself, with all the Court, to Windsor Castle. Prince Rupert, Constable of the Royal Castle, had made some feeble effort to restore its ancient splendours; but it still all too plainly showed the marks of Parliamentarian spoilers, and the effect of the state apartments was 'exceedingly ragged and ruinous.' Many were the consultations on precedent and procedure one Sunday in the King's bedchamber, for there had not been an installation for five years, and many matters had been overlooked and forgotten. Elias Ashmole, Windsor Herald, relates in quaint, antique language the story of May 28 and 29, 1670.[1]

'On a Sunday morning, the 28th of May, the eve of the feast, all of the Order proceeded to the Chapel of St. George, where, after the installation of the Kings of Sweden and Saxony by proxy, the Duke of Albemarle was called, who was met at the door by the Earls of Sandwich and Oxford and conducted to the Sovereign, where the Duke kneeled down and kissed His Majesty's hand and returned to the lower end, where, on a velvet cushion, the whole habit of the Order was placed. And then the two Knights who introduced him, put on his kirtle or surcoat, girt his sword about him, and left him there. Then the Sovereign proceeded into the choir, all having made their reverence and taken their stalls and places.' After the Kings of Saxony and Sweden had been summoned, 'lastly Garter summoned the Earls of Sandwich and Oxford to descend, who . . . entered the Chapter House and thence at once they conducted the Duke of Albemarle, invested in his surcoat and his sword girt about him and carrying his

[1] Bodleian Library, Ashmolean MSS. 1112, fo. 184 *b*.

cap in his hand, and having made the accustomed reverences, the oath was given him in the seat below his stall by the register, Garter holding the book. Then he was conducted into his stall. And Garter first delivered the two knights the mantle w^ch^ they invested the Duke with. Then Garter delivered them the hood, wh they layd on his right shoulder. . . and fastened on his girdle. Then Garter delivered them the great collar of the Order, w^ch^ they put about his neck, fastening it with ribbons on his mantle. Meantime the book of statutes was delivered unto him and then the knights set the Duke down in his stall, embraced him, made him their reverence, then descended, did the like, took their stalls and so the services began.'

'Services being ended, they proceeded (out), two by two, youngest knight first, . . . by the Chapter House, out by the Cloyster door and so into the Presence Chamber (of the castle) and the two proxies delivered the mantles to Garter who sent them down to the Chapter House and so all retired until supper was set on the table. Then the Sovereign and knights, but not their proxies, with the officers of arms before the knights and officers of the Order before the Sovereign, proceeded to St. George's Hall. . . . The youngest knight entered and stood against his table and so everyone of them, according to their seniority, advanced and stood against his table, holding their caps in their hands. Then the Sovereign, with the officers of the Order before him, passed by them, ascended to the haut place and having washed, sat down, grace being said by the prelate. Then the eldest knight was conducted to his table by two officers of arms and so everyone of them according to their seniority, the youngest last. Then water was brought in to them by gentlemen pensioners and grace being said by every table by a prebend, they sat down and put on their caps. At this time there were leaven messes for nine knights, viz.: His Royal Highness, The Duke of York; Prince Rupert; The Duke of Ormonde; The Duke of Buckingham; The Earl of Sandwich, without companions and so ate single. The Earl of Oxford; The Duke of Monmouth; The

Duke of Richmond and the Duke of Albemarle with companions. Every table was six feet long and four feet broad and two feet left between every table for the knight to enter at the lower end. This for two reasons. First, not to have their backs to the Sovereign and because the youngest knight would take his seat first. Then the Prelate and Chancellor, with the Register, Garter and Usher, went to supper. And so did the officers of arms, but did not return again to the presence before the knights, only the gentleman usher at the black rod preceded the Sovereign after supper to the Presence Chamber.' [1]

Ashmole was a mine of learning in regard to ancient usage, and even in this formal report betrays the suffering with which he beheld the King and other of the knights wearing their hoods upon the wrong shoulder. 'The next day being St. George's Day,[2] before the proceeding began, the Sovereign directed, according to ancient practice and a particular order in the reign of King James, that every knight should wear his hood on his right shoulder, the pendant thrown [*sic*] over thwart to be fastened to his girdle; for the day before, (notwithstanding Garter's humble representations) both the Sovereign, by persuasion of the Duke of Richmond and some other knights, wore it on the left shoulder. But the Duke of York wore it on the right shoulder.' The old herald proceeds naïvely to record how it rained, and spoiled the effect of the procession to the west door. But the capricious sun being once more in evidence, the return to the castle was made under a fair sky to the sound of trumpets and drums.

'The proceeding was as on the day before, only at the stairs' foot, the sovereign was received under

[1] Bodleian Library, Ashmolean MSS. 1112, fo. 184 *b*.

[2] According to the Church Calendar, St. George's Day should be April 23.

a canopy carried by twelve gentlemen of the privy chamber and that the entry (into St. George's Chapel) was in at the West door and so up the nave to the chappel into the choir. But at the Procession, it having gone down out again at the West door, it began to rain, so the sovereign revoked the choir, poor knights and so forth, who were gone out. They proceeded up the south aisle, so round about the choir down the north aisle, down to the west door and so up the nave into the choir.' The ceremonial being over, 'the sovereign directed, it being fair weather, that the proceeding should be out of the West door, where the trumpets began to sound and so up to the castle, where, at the stair foot, the drums did beat and the sovereign ascending, the canopy was carried no further.'

The dinner of the Feast of St. George was even more elaborate than that of the day before, and an important ceremony was performed which, in spite of Ashmole's careful instructions in the King's bedchamber, the Sovereign had overlooked the preceding day.

'The seating was as on the eve, but between the first and second courses, the sovereign called for a great gilt boule of wine and all the people being put off from the knights' table, he drank to them and they all stood up, holding their caps in their hands and presently, after each of them having a glass of wine, stood up making a reverence to the sovereign, they all at once pledged him. (This ceremony is to be practiced every supper and dinner, but was forgot on the eve.) At the coming of the second course, Garter cried largess three times, then proclaimed the sovereign in three languages and Black Rod put ten pounds in gold in Garter's hat.' (Apparently he received at this time twenty-eight pounds in largess.) 'Then Garter went before Albemarle and cried his titles and so forth.' [1]

[1] The manners of the day were strangely rough and uncouth. In the quotation above Ashmole mentions the crowding of the spectators

Here is a picture of wonderful colour: the blue of velvet robes against the grey stone of the mediæval castle at Windsor, the jewels gleaming in the candle light; all the state and poetry of the bygone age of chivalry. It is an episode, a high moment in an age little given to pause. It makes a golden entrance into Christopher Monck's new life.

George Monck, Duke of Albemarle, had been richly rewarded for his eminent services with immense grants of Crown lands, and as he was notorious both for his covetousness and for his parsimony, he left fifteen thousand pounds a year in income and sixty thousand pounds in money. If this yielded seven per cent., the young Duke of Albemarle was third in the list of rich subjects in the kingdom[1]; for the Duke of Ormonde is reckoned to have had twenty-two thousand pounds a year, and the Duke of Buckingham, before his extravagance wrecked his fortune, nineteen thousand six hundred pounds a year.[2] The estates from which Albemarle's income was derived were situated in no less than twelve counties. Chief among them was the royal park of Theobald's, and what remained of the palace, James I.'s favourite residence. In Essex, in addition to beautiful Newhall with its park and forest, was Old Boreham Hall, Steeple Hall, Cuton Hall, Ridley Hall, and the farms of Bodnorths and

about the tables. Evelyn in his diary records of the feast given at Whitehall, March 23, 1667, at which he was a spectator, 'when was the banqueting stuff flung about the room profusely. In truth the crowds was so great . . . I now stayed no longer than this sport began for fear of disorder.'

[1] Macaulay, *History of England*, vol. i. p. 231 and note.

[2] In those days the Archbishop of Canterbury received but five thousand pounds a year. The average income of a temporal peer was three thousand pounds, of a baronet nine hundred pounds, of a member of Parliament less than eight hundred. But when we take into account that the value of a pound in those days was at least five times what it is to-day, these figures do not appear unduly small.

Shorts. The Manor of Grindon, in Staffordshire, had come into the family as a part of the dower of Elizabeth Cavendish. In Lancashire was held the Honour of Clitheroe, and the selection of the representative of this estate for Parliament caused Christopher to wage bitter quarrels. The Lordships of Furneys and Hawkeshoase [*sic*], the Manors of Staidbourne, Newly, Dalby, and Broughton, were also in Lancashire. A single manor in Lincolnshire—Norton Disney—is among these possessions, and but two are found in Yorkshire, New Park and the Manor of Sutton-on-Derwent. In Surrey there were lands in the Parish of Rodisse [*sic*]. The ancestral Devon furnished, in addition to Potheridge, the Manors of Ranton and Rewton. In Hertford and Middlesex were held the Parishes of Cheshunt, Waltham Cross, North Hall, and Enfield. In Berkshire, Moote Park, near Windsor, afterwards purchased by the King and added to Windsor Park; Midgeham Hall and its Tide Mills and the Manor of Clewer. Flournoy [*sic*] Park, near Southampton, ends the list of English lands. In addition, Christopher and his father held broad acres in Ireland and vast grants in the Carolinas and the West Indies.

The new Duke of Albemarle was now seventeen years old, married, and master of this huge fortune. The prudent habits of his parents had left him without experience in the use of money and with an inordinate desire for the luxuries he had seen about him but never enjoyed. The first ten years of Charles II.'s reign had developed in his Court a late autumnal blossom of the Renaissance—a flower rich and alluring but fraught with all the repulsive attributes of a plant fed by a noisome swamp. The great men of the Court set an example eagerly followed by the youthful nobleman. To him the Duke of Buckingham, as

the King's favourite, was one to envy and emulate. Rochester, Cornbury, and Henry Sidney were brilliant, dazzling luminaries. All the gallants of Gramont's memoirs had daily taken their way before his boyish eyes, and now suddenly become his own master the path he chose to tread was wide and steep. James, Duke of Monmouth, only four years the senior of the Duke of Albemarle, claimed the leadership in revels too profligate to relate. He had just been accused, quite falsely later historians prove, of causing the death of the beautiful Duchess of Orleans, at the hands of a jealous husband, and consequently his social star was greatly in the ascendant. In this group together with the new Duke of Albemarle were found the Duke of Somerset and a train of lesser lords. These young men quickly exhausted the pleasures of the Court, tired perhaps of the beauties who had so long reigned supreme. If the King took his pleasure with an orange girl, they would plunge even lower, into the very dregs of the slum of Whetstone Park. Of one escapade in this neighbourhood John Pennecke writes to his friend John Rogers from London in the latter part of February $16\frac{7}{1}\frac{0}{0}$:

'Public money never scarcer and so I think private also, though the vanities of this place are as much as ever. Everybody in coach and cloak endeavouring to surpass one the other and the actions of both sexes I think never worse. There was a grand ball to be at Whitehall last night, but it was suspended, on what score I know not. Saturday last at night, was killed a beadle, the constable's assistant, for attempting a house in or near Whetstone Park, a scandalous place, where was the Duke of Monmouth, the Duke of Albemarle, the Duke of Somerset, with others, at a very unseasonable time.' [1]

[1] History MSS. Com., *4th Report*, Rogers MSS., p. 405.

Mr. Pennecke, had he known it, himself reported the cause of the postponement of the great Whitehall ball. Widespread was the scandal over the killing of this beadle. Unseasonable is but a mild word to describe the errand of these three dukes and their friends. Among the occasional verses of this time is one describing the event.[1] After relating the story of the night's revel with great frankness and particularity, the writer leads up to the dramatic moment when the young men's evil deeds in Whetstone Park arouse the watch.

'In came the Watch, disturbed with sleep and ale,
By shrill noises, but they could not prevail.
T'appease their Graces straight rose mortal jars
Betwixt the night blackguard and silver stars,
Then fell the Beadle by a ducal hand . . .
The way in blood certain renoun to win
Is first with bloody noses to begin.'

Sobered by the death of the beadle, and pursued by the infuriated populace, the alarmed youths hurried back to Whitehall.

'They need not send a messenger before
They 're too well known to stand long at the door.
See what mishaps dare e'en invade Whitehall
This silly fellow's death puts off the ball
And disappoints the queen, . . .
The fiddlers, voices, entrees, all the sport
And the gay show put off where the brisk court
Anticipates in rich subsidy coats,
All that is got by mercenary votes,
Yet shall Whitehall, the innocent, the good,
See these men dance all daubed with lace and blood?'

The poet then ironically suggests suitable punishment:

'Near t'other Park there stands an aged tree
As fit as if 'twere made o'th'nonce for three,
Where that no ceremony may be lost,
Each Duke for state may have a several post.'

[1] *State Poems before 1697.*

Great was the consternation in Court circles. Monmouth was the darling of the King, his father, and Albemarle was the King's particular favourite. The common people cried out for punishment. All was confusion and excitement. Finally the King pardoned the entire party.

Albemarle's hand must have committed the actual deed, for his pardon bears the earliest date and, to make assurance doubly sure, protects him from the consequences of all assaults, woundings, crimes, misdemeanours, trespasses, and forfeitures whatsoever committed by him alone or with any other person from February 28 to March 14, whether the assaulted or wounded person shall die or not.[1] The Duke of Monmouth, Robert Constable, Peter Savage, John Fenwick, and Edward Griffen, Esq., were all provided with like suitable parchments. The Duke of Somerset appears not to have been so deeply implicated as the others, for his pardon is not recorded.

Seldom is a black sheep without his spot of white, and Albemarle had a goodly share of snowy covering. Yet it is hard to identify the leader of so dissolute a prank with a high-minded youth attending quietly to his own affairs and to the needs of his less fortunate relatives. During these months of lawless pleasure, for the Whetstone Park adventure is only one of many hinted at in letters of the day, he was greatly interested in assisting his cousin, Elizabeth Pride. This young lady was the granddaughter of Duke George's deceased elder brother. Her mother had married during the Commonwealth days a son of the regicide, Colonel Pride. The political aspect of events made General Monck of that day view this proceeding with entire complacency, and his consent

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 34, fo. 878; vol. 288, fo. 112, March 23, 1671.

was readily given. After the Restoration the Moncks changed not only their title but their politics, and Christopher felt even more enthusiastic loyalty for the Stuarts than did his father. This Elizabeth Pride was now his heir-at-law, and his first will, as well as those that followed, was made with the view to cutting her out from his inheritance, as he had determined that no child of a regicide should inherit his money. She had lived with her uncle George from her eighth year, and after his death with her cousin Christopher until her sixteenth year. At this time she was anxious to contract a marriage with Mr. William Sherwin.[1]

The young lady's charms seemed not to have been sufficient to entangle the desired Mr. Sherwin, so Miss Betty Pride engaged Lord Montagu to write to her cousin begging a present of five hundred pounds wherewith to increase her dower, and this is the young Duke's reply [2] :

'NEWHALL, *Jan. 7th*, 1671 (-2).

'MY LORD,—Your Lordship's letter of the 6th instant came to me with an accompt of my cousin Bettey's intention of marriage and her desire of five hundred pounds from me to further her preferment; but at present your Lordship knows my condition is such that I have nothing in my own power but the revenue of my estate, out of which, according to the port wherein I now live, I can spare nothing from my ordinary expences; but something I owe her, which shall be presently payd, and when I come to age, If I see she lives discreetly and well, I will make up that

[1] This man was famous in the history of English art as having made the first English mezzotints. He was introduced by the Duke of Albemarle to Prince Rupert, who had acquired the art abroad, and learning the process, produced the first picture made by an Englishman under this process. His prints of King Charles II. and of Elizabeth, Duchess of Albemarle, are among the finest examples in the collection of the British Museum.

[2] MSS. of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. (Montagu House.)

sum to be 500 pounds ; but as to my consent to her marriage, it 's an affaire too nice for me to be concern'd in, and I hope her own prudence, with your Lordship's good advice, will sufficiently instruct her to governe herselfe in that matter. The respect I have to the memory of her father [1] induces me to wish well to her ; and though her demeanour towards me has not bin obliging, I cannot resist the motives your Lordshp uses in her behalfe and I wish she may deserve them. The hast(e) of the messenger gives me not time to enlarge farther than to assure your Lordp that I am, My Lord, Your Lord's affectionate kinsman and servant, ALBEMARLE.' [2]

Meanwhile the fashionable world to which Albemarle belonged was given over to gaiety. The Court went to Newmarket in October, where was run a great race between ' Woodcock and Flatfoot belonging to the King and a Mr. Eliot many thousand being spectators. A more signal race had not been run for many years.' Observant Mr. Evelyn further records that at Newmarket he ' found the jolly blades racing, dancing, feasting and reveling, more resembling a luxurious and abandoned rout, than a Christian Court.' He further tells us of the doings at Lord Arlington's great house at Euston, where the King is becoming more and more attached to the beautiful French maid of honour, and he repeats scandalous tales, only to declare them false. A week later: ' Came all the great men from Newmarket . . . to make their Court, the whole house filled from one end to the other with Lords, ladies and gallants ; there was such a furnished table as I have seldom seen, nor anything more splendid and free, and so for fifteen days there were entertained at least two

[1] The prejudice of the Duke against Pride was purely political.

[2] This letter confirms Lord Denbigh's opinion: ' Your Grace knowes very well I made a resolution never to write letters to one who is so great a judge of them as yourself ' (Montagu House MSS.).

hundred people, and half as many horses, besides servants and guards, at infinite expense.

'In the morning we went hunting and hawking, in the afternoon, till almost morning, to cards and dice.'

We can hardly realise the unreliable reports and baseless rumours which passed for news in the seventeenth century. All the government officials kept their own agents in the various centres to report to them all happenings which came under their own observation. The ports were especially fruitful of news. Lord Arlington's agent at Harwich writes thus to London:

'Our harbour has been filling with ships ever since a fortnight, by reason of the badness of the weather. . . . Last night came hither in one of His Grace's, the Duke of Albemarle's coaches, from New Hall, some gentlewomen and gentlemen, incognito and hired a small vessel to pass to Holland and sayled hence this morning, leaving a small retinue here till their return.'[1] Another report says that these mysterious passengers were bound for Hamburg. Their destination is still a mystery. They flit across the Channel, whether on a visit to the Prince of Orange, or a diplomatic journey to the Emperor, perhaps for a few days' jollity in Louis XIV.'s Court; then they sail back again, rejoin their retinue, and return to the obscurity from which they came. Whether they journeyed on state business or private intrigue, this news-letter alone is left to stir the imagination.

Before this year was over the King redeemed another promise, and Albemarle was created one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber to His Majesty. His patent reads: 'To enjoy all fees, privileges,

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 278, No. 23.

perquisites, salary and advantage of that place belonging in as full and ample a manner as the late George, Duke of Albemarle, or any Gentleman of the Bedchamber hath enjoyed and ought to enjoy the same.'[1] And a year later he received a grant of a yearly pension of one thousand pounds as Gentleman of the Bedchamber for and during the term of his entire life.

The semi-weekly newspaper preserves the memory of a most unfortunate loss suffered by the Duke during the summer of 1672. The *Gazette* of July 18 contains the following advertisement: 'There was a trunk on Saturday last cut off from behind the Duke of Albemarle's coach, wherein was a gold George, 18 shirts, a tennis sute laced, with several fronts and laced cravats and other linen; if any can give tidings of them to Mr. Lymbyry, the Duke's steward, near Whitehall, they shall have five pounds for their pains and all charges otherwise defrayed.'[2]

In the light of the theory that men of the seventeenth century had none too nice standards of personal cleanliness, we are glad to be confronted with eighteen shirts in the possession of this courtly dandy. His pictures show his several fronts and cravats deeply laced with Venetian point, so that surely this advertisement must have brought results or else Mr. Lymbyry would have been sent on a hurried errand to replenish his lord's wardrobe.

During these early years the Duke's letters show him as a man interested not only in his own affairs, but attending, with diligence and skill, to the business interests of his grandfather-in-law, the old Duke of Newcastle.[3] But his pleasures scarcely harmonise with these more serious moments.

[1] S.P. Dom., Entry Book, vol. 36, No. 145, January 18, 1672.
[2] *Gazette*, No. 748.
[3] Welbeck MSS.

CHAPTER II

EARLY in 1673, to assist in the war with Holland, the King determined to raise eight new regiments. The first of these was under the command of the Duke of Albemarle. The remaining regiments were under the leadership of the Earl of Ogle, the Marquis of Worcester, and the Earls of Mulgrave, Peterborough, Carlisle, Arlington, and Belasyse. 'It is supposed,' writes Godolphin, 'they are to supply ye places of standing forces here who are designed to make a descent upon Zealand this spring.'[1] Many were the wirepullings for preferment in these regiments. By this means a chance to distinguish themselves or to rise in the world was given to hangers-on of great families, and Albemarle's list of officers shows the result of his industry in looking after his own and his father's friends.

Sir Joseph Williamson was at this time envoy to Cologne, and his confidential agents wrote him daily the gossip of the eight new regiments gathering on Blackheath. Says one of them: 'The young gentry strive much to go with the Duke (York) if he goes, ye certainty of which I heare not, and ye flower of ye nobility will personally be in action.'[2] This was in doubt, though the colliers were ready to take the regiments abroad. Great excitement was aroused by the arrival of 'Messeur Shondberg' (Schomberg), who, gossip said, was to command the

[1] Stowe MSS., 201, fo. 107. Godolphin to Essex.
[2] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 336, No. 17. Ball to Williamson.

troops in the place of the Duke of Buckingham, to whom the command had been promised.[1] Buckingham was unpopular with the people, and it was hoped that Schomberg, a stranger, 'though of an English mother,'[2] would settle all disputes about priority. But the Duke of York, unable to take the oaths made necessary by the Test Act, decided to remain at home, and in consequence much of the enthusiasm among the commanders on Blackheath was quenched. The young lords took their commands very easily, for 'Not a Colonel bydes [bides] in the field with them but the Earl of Mulgrave, who appears a very active Colonel.'[3] The lack of discipline among the colonels naturally resulted in disorder among the men. 'A Drummer of the Duke of Albemarle's regiment . . . being got drunk, and for it carried to ye horse, the soldiers got together and declared they saw no reason to example him for what ye officers had never been free from since their coming thither, and then took him from them and rudely treated their officers, Colonel Vane having a musket pressed to his breast.'[4] The officers were mustered, and the riot only stopped when each captain drew off his own men and quieted them as best he could. Punishment, dire and swift, was visited on the offending regiment. They were sent immediately to sea, and their gay uniform coats taken from them to give to the new recruits.

At length it was announced that Prince Rupert was to be the commanding officer, with Schomberg as Lieutenant-Colonel. Nothing was given to the Duke of Buckingham, 'though he has been more at camp than any.'[5] Much jealousy ensued, and the

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 336, No. 27. Ball to Williamson.
[2] Anne Sutton, daughter of ninth Earl of Dudley.
[3] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 336, No. 48.
[4] *Ibid.*, No. 87. [5] *Ibid.*, No. 97.

Duke in a pique refused to serve under Schomberg. To add to the general dissatisfaction, the weather had become rainy, and the officers encamped on Blackheath, unused to such rough life, begged to be quartered in the villages and towns for better shelter. Patriotic ardour was obscured by personal animosities. Prince Rupert alone seemed alive to the necessity of pursuing the war. He was in the greatest difficulty to find sailors for his fleet, and hearing that one company of the Duke of Albemarle's regiment consisted almost entirely of men accustomed to the sea, he demanded them for his use aboard the ships, and returned, in their place, some of his own recruits who had proved to be landsmen.[1]

Albemarle, remembering his father's equal fame as general and admiral, accompanied his men, and we next hear from him on board Prince Rupert's flagship the *Sovereign*.

Meanwhile rumours of the army's destination came thick and fast. The latest, that the troops were to land at Dunkirk to reinforce the French king's army, drew many a grumble from the people. On July 18, they at last embarked at Gravesend ;[2] the King, the Duke of York, Lord Arlington, and many other lords, going down to the fleet to take a last look at them. But they sailed only to land near Yarmouth,[3] where Schomberg found the troops and officers in such need of discipline that he proceeded to drill them daily for many hours to their great discomfort. The greater part of the colonels remained with Prince Rupert and the fleet.

'Prince (Rupert) did believe the Dutch, on the first appearance of the fleet, would fight them, and therefore thought it safest that they (the colliers) should

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 336, No. 75.
[2] *Ibid.*, No. 137.
[3] *Ibid.*, No. 168.

continue at Yarmouth till they saw what the enemy would do.[1] And after their landing at Yarmouth it was very convenient for the sake of the men and to prevent other distempers, which their being crowded together on board might have occasioned. And then they may be shipped again in two hours' time. Our politicians in the town, in the meantime, make a mock of this descent, as they called it, and they say they expect no other will be made.'[2] The gossips were right for once. The only visible result of this parade of arms was that the city of London lacked coal the next winter, as all the colliers had been employed to transport the army.

Albemarle did not immediately return to England, and he may have been with Prince Rupert in the battle of the Texel. His visit to Charleroi, in Belgium, may possibly have taken place at this time. Several years later the Duc de Havre[3] writes that he, at some previous date, had the honour of having the Duc d'Albemarle at his house at Havre after the affair at Charleroi. Be that as it may, he lost much entertainment by his devotion to duty. The court paid very little attention to either the Dutch or the French, and gave themselves up to gaieties of all kinds. The letters of the day picture the life of the times in many references such as this :

'On Tuesday night, the King, Duke, and all the young lords and ladies went up to Barn-Elmes and there intended to have spent the evening in a ball and supper amongst those shades. Ye trees to have been enlightened with torches. But the report of it brought such a train of spectators that they were faine to go dance in a barne and sup upon the water. Ye treat was at ye cost of Mademoiselle Carwole '[4]

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 336, No 48. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] Montagu House MSS. [4] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 336, No. 167.

(Keroualle). This party was evidently a great success, for its hostess the next day was created by the King, Duchess of Portsmouth, and rumour later said he planned to buy Clarendon House for her habitation.

The Duke of Monmouth, Albemarle's old companion in midnight adventures, had been winning golden opinions in the French Wars. During the excitement and discussion over the commanding of the English troops, he arrived in England, travelling in great state: 'The people doing nothing but confer honours upon him.'[1] On coming to Whitehall he entered with zest into the social joys of this summer. 'On Thursday last, His Grace, the Duke of Monmouth, invited his Majestie to a very noble entertainment at My Lord Robert's [*sic*] at Chelsey, where all gallants were pleased to be present. Ye entertainment was intended to have been on the Bowling Green, which was enlightened by lamps in an extraordinary manner. But it being too cold for ye ladyes, His Majesty supt within ye house, so that all preparations was to little purpose.'[2] Again: 'The king and whole court continue very merry and jocund. This night My Lord Arlington treats them most nobly at supper, whither they are now all gone to Goring House.'[3]

Much of the gossip of the day is related only to be stamped as false in the next sentence. But true or false these letters serve to show the trend of men's minds about the Court, and how important it was to know which favourite triumphed day by day at Whitehall and what the world said of it.

The Duchess of Albemarle diverted herself during her husband's absence with a round of visits. When

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 336, No. 167.
[2] *Ibid.*, No. 236. [3] *Ibid.*, No. 172.

Evelyn rode down to Berkeley Castle to dine with his old friend Lord Berkeley, 'it being his wedding anniversary,' he found there the Duchess of Albemarle and other company. Together with all her world she doubtless whispered over Ralph Montagu's marriage to the widow of the Earl of Northumberland, of how the lady was believed to have hoped to be the Duke of York's second Duchess, the bridegroom only waiting to further his ambitions with the bride's rich dowry. Did no vision come to warn her of this same Ralph Montagu, and the influence he should have upon her later life?

If we may judge by the rewards which speedily became his, Albemarle must have conducted himself in this Dutch war with fair success. On his return to Court from the fleet the King presented him with certain large and valuable tracts of land in Ireland that had been previously bestowed upon George Monck during the Commonwealth days. The Attorney-General in vain suggested to the King that these towns might well be restored to their own ancient privileges. Albemarle came speedily into possession of them.[2]

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 336, No. 273.
[2] S.P. Ireland, vol. 334, No. 94.

BOOK III

THE MAN OF FASHION

'Methinks I see the wanton houres flee
And as they passe, turne backe and laugh at me.'

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *Commonplace-book.*

CHAPTER I

As Whitehall had its rise and fall of favourites, its changes of ministers of State, its small bickerings and great scandals, so the Albemarle household reflected in miniature the life of the King and his Court. It also had its rise and fall of ministers and its rival factions, headed respectively by the Earl of Bath and Sir Thomas Clarges. Intrigue sprang from fruitful soil. Pretty cousins aided by their needy husbands were the Duchess's favourites or her rivals in the Duke's attentions as their necessities were best served. Backstairs gossip and wirepullings can be perceived throughout the family correspondence.

The Duke was greatly charmed with his Duchess, and gave her twelve hundred pounds a year for her spending money. 'He ruended (ruined) her by letting her have her own will,' gossips Mrs. Archer to Cousin Fairwell.[1] Yet ever his errant fancy led him to the bright ladies of the Court. Then, too, his affection for his girl cousins was always a thorn in the Duchess's side, and a far deeper cause of offence to her than his exploits with the denizens of the Whetstone Park. To offset the Monck cousins, the Duchess kept with her from time to time one of her young sisters—Katherine or Arabella Cavendish. So there grew up in the household rival parties, and the very servants ranged themselves in opposite camps, with the Duke or the Duchess as interest or inclination counselled.

If Whitehall had its sins which it took but small pains to conceal, so too had Albemarle House. Still

[1] See p. 160.

another cause of bitter heartburnings to the Duchess in these early years comes to light, when the Lord Chief-Justice Treby, in his summing-up of the great case of Bath versus Montagu,[1] casually mentions the Duke of Albemarle's natural son, to whom one hundred pounds was given by his will of 1687. On examination of the copies of this will both at Welbeck Abbey and Somerset House only one name is mentioned among the beneficiaries which cannot be accounted for—Captain Thomas Monck, to whom one thousand pounds, not one hundred pounds, is left. If the Lord Chief-Justice was not mistaken in his facts, the birth of this Thomas Monck must be ascribed to those first wild days of the Duke's freedom from parental restraint. Otherwise this Thomas Monck could not by any stretch of the imagination have held the rank of captain in 1687. He was bred to the Navy, and was a Lieutenant on the royal frigate *Crown*. On April 15, 1687, the Duke wrote to the King to remind him that he had promised the command of either the *Falcon* or the *Drake* to Captain Monck. The appointment not being forthcoming, he was given command of the Duke's own yacht on the voyage to Jamaica. The Duchess in her bereavement at the time of the Duke's death would not stir without him, and was greatly dependent on his care in her return voyage to England. He presumably received his one thousand pounds and forthwith disappeared, perhaps to the Massachusetts Plantations, whither certain of the Fairwell family took their way. It is curious to note that one of those killed in the Boston Massacre of 1774 bore the name of Christopher Monck.

The Duchess was always opposed to Lord Bath, perhaps because his increasing air of assurance con-

[1] 22 Eng. Rep. 963, 3 Chan., Case 54.

tinually reminded her of the lack of an heir to the Albemarle name. Yet he bore witness to his own friendliness towards her. 'I had,' said he, 'great honour and regard for the Duchess, who was very young when first married, and did . . . industriously study to do good offices and prevent breaches between her and her noble husband on several occasions.'[1] Truly the path of this peacemaker was hard.

The Duchess undoubtedly was capricious, for she was not always on friendly terms with the faction headed by the Clarges family. Perhaps it was in some moment of pique that she first championed the cause of still another Thomas Monck, the mysterious Captain—later Colonel—of that name. This man stalks like a phantom through the Albemarle story. His military stride and clanking sword give him the air of a soldier of fortune. Christopher's first careless letters asking for favours for this soldier of his own name attract little attention. But when his last will makes Colonel Monck heir to the bulk of his fortune, and when he follows this with a petition to the King that 'His Majesty will be pleased to grant to the said Thomas Monck and his heirs-male the title of Baron Monck of Potheridge, so that the name of Monck in this manner by His Majesty's Grace and goodness ever remain together with my estate unto the Name and posterity of the Moncks in memory of my most dear father and myself,' interest is aroused and some inquiry into the nature of his connection with the Monck family must be made. All the Monck cousins stoutly denied that this Thomas was even distantly related to them, but they forgot to account for his position in the Albemarle household. Lord Bath alone gives meagre details of his early life.[2] He also denied that he held any kinship to the Moncks.

[1] *P.R.O. Chancery Proceedings*, Reynardson, vol. 426, No. 9, 1690. [2] *Ibid.*

This Thomas Monck first appears as a miserable little boy taken up 'in charity' by one of the old Duke's sisters. At the Restoration he had come up to London and joined the Duke's household, but in so lowly a capacity that 'he did sometimes eat with the grooms and inferior servants of the family,' but 'never with the Duke or even with his Stewards or chief officers.' Soon he became a private soldier in his 'Grace's foot regiment.' As early as 1662, George Monck wrote from the Cock Pit to Thomas, Earl of Ossory, asking for an ensign's place for Thomas Monck in one of his regiments.[1] This favour presumably was granted, for when we next hear of him he is an ensign or lieutenant in a regiment in Ireland. In 1673, Albemarle wrote to Lord Essex asking that a 'gentleman of his name and somewhat related' to him may come to England on 'very earnest business.'[2] A month later, writing to Essex on the same subject, he calls him my 'cosen Monck,' and the late ensign is now Captain Monck in Albemarle's regiment of Foot.[3] How unworthy he proved of this trust, the King's order for a court martial on Captain Monck and Lieutenant Terence Bryne for false musters and other misdemeanours shows.[4] This misfortune banished Captain Monck's name from the family correspondence, and perhaps he was dispatched to the wars in the Low Countries, for in 1682 Albemarle busied himself among the great ones in Holland on behalf of Thomas Monck, as the following letter to the Duke from Monsieur Bentinck explains:

'A' LA HAYE, *ce* 13 *Mars* 1682.

'MONSIEUR,—C'est avec bien de la joye que j'ay receu l'honneur de la vostre, et je n'en saurois avoir

[1] Hist. MSS., *5th Report*, Cholmondeley MSS., p. 334.
[2] Brit. Mus., Stowe MSS., 201, fo. 105.
[3] S.P. Dom., Entry Book, vol. 35, No. 50a.
[4] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 336, No. 250.

de plus sensible qu'en rencontrent les occasions de vous obeir en ce que vous m'ordonneres. Monsieur, j'ay bien de la joye de ce que Mr. Monck aye reussi dans sa sollicitation ; je vous prie de me continuer un peu de part dans vostre Souvenir, puis que je vous honore et respecte, et que je seray tousjours, Monsieur, Vostre tres humble et tres obeissant Serviteur,

'W. BENTINCK.' [1]

The collection of letters in the possession of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu reveals the fact that the Colonel, as we must now call him, had been endeavouring to raise men in Exeter for the English regiments in Holland, but with small success, owing to 'the malice of the Whigs.' His conduct was still not above reproach, for three months later he writes to his superior officer apologising for having contended with him, confessing that he was very drunk at the time, and praying for forgiveness without the matter being brought to a hearing, which would ruin him.[2] He was, moreover, in debt, and his application to the Duke for one hundred pounds was refused, and it was only after great persuasion that he received funds upon his bond.[3]

A few years later Colonel Monck died in Holland, leaving a widow and two sons, Christopher and Henry,[4] in great distress. The Duke was in a far country, but he wrote instructing his trustees to

[1] Montagu MSS. W. Bentinck to Albemarle.

'AT THE HAGUE, *this* 13 *May* 1682.

'SIR,—It is with much joy that I have received the honour of yours, and I could not have greater satisfaction than in meeting occasions of obeying your commands.

'Sir, I am much pleased that Mr. Monck has succeeded in his position ; I beg you to continue to hold me a little in remembrance, since I honour and respect you, and shall always be, Sir, Your very humble and very obedient Servant, W. BENTINCK.'

[2] Hist. MSS. Com., 15*th Report*, Montagu of Beaulieu MSS., p. 181.

[3] *Chan. Proc.*, Reynardson, vol. 426, No. 9. Lord Bath's testimony.

[4] This is not the Henry Monck who inherited the Irish estates.

relieve their immediate necessities. His namesake, Christopher, being brought to London was placed in the riding school kept by Monsieur Faubert—either with design to give him the training of a gentleman and make him his heir, or, as Lord Bath believed, to prepare him for a page and a soldier's life. For the Duke's pages were sent to this school to learn riding and fencing. In the great contest over the Duke's will this youth fared very ill. He was married at fourteen, on the strength of his prospects, to a pastry cook's daughter, and after many misfortunes due to his taste for drink he perished miserably at an early age. His younger brother Henry then inherited his claim to the estates, but he vanished without them into obscurity.

Who then was this Colonel Thomas Monck, destined by the Duke to inherit his money and name? May not conjecture make him the elder brother of Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, born while the marriage of George and Anne was of questionable legality, and in consequence making him ineligible to the place of eldest son? Walpole, in his anecdotes of painting mentions a picture at Chatsworth representing General Monck, Anne, and a child. If, as Walpole asserts, the painter was William Dobson, who died in 1646, this child could not be Christopher, but might well be Thomas, the name given through many generations to the eldest sons of the Moncks. He was possibly left to the care of one of the General's sisters during the Scottish campaign. The blot on his birth might explain the obscurity of his life under the General's roof. It is only in some such way as a tardy effort for justice that Christopher's will of 1687 can be explained. So only can we account for Albemarle's tender care throughout his life for this worthless wanderer.

CHAPTER II

THE Duke's family connection was large. Half of Devon claimed kinship. All the impoverished daughters of the Monck name found at one time or another a home beneath his roof. He gave them much affection, portions when they married, and left legacies in his wills for them and their children. Moreover, he promoted the fortunes of their husbands. William Sherwin, husband of Elizabeth Pride, owed his introduction to Prince Rupert and the King to Albemarle, and so indirectly was under obligation to him for his instruction in the art of mezzotinting. Arthur Fairwell, husband of Mary, daughter of Nicholas Monck, Bishop of Hereford, was secretary to the Duke for many years, and it was not Albemarle's lack of effort that prevented him from gaining a seat in the House of Commons.[1] Curwen Rawlinson of Cork Hall, husband of Elizabeth Monck, held the office of bowbearer[2] of Bowland on the Duke's estate in Lancashire.[3]

Outside of this household circle Albemarle could claim kinship with many of the great English families, bringing him powerful ties both political and social. The Grenville sphere of influence was like his own, a close and intimate connection with the King and the Duke of York, built primarily on services at the Restoration, and continued by reason of their own deep devotion to the Crown. The large

[1] Controversy with University of Cambridge, MSS., Clare College.

[2] The bowbearer in old English law was an under officer of a forest whose duty was to give information of trespass.

[3] Hist. MSS. Com., 15*th Report*, Montagu of Beaulieu MSS., p. 181.

Montagu connection was friendly in these early days, but differences in politics separated them as years went on. The great Sidney family with its varying political associations could be claimed as old friends as well as kinsmen. Dorothy Sidney, 'Saccharissa,' writes to Henry Sidney in 1680: 'My Lady Lisle [her sister-in-law] has another boy; the two grandfathers and the Duchess of Albemarle did christen it. Our brother (Lord Leicester) made her Grace stay above two hours for him, and she had not many more to stay in town.' Even more influential were the family connections of the Duchess. The Cavendishs were a power in themselves, and strong in the principles of the old Royalist families. The Pierreponts gave allegiance to quite different political principles, and when Gertrude Pierrepont married Lord Halifax, 'the great Trimmer,' she gave the Duchess of Albemarle a powerful uncle.

When the strength of the Cabal was broken, Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby, rose to power. He was a strong adherent of Church and King, and followed generally the traditions of Clarendon. Two lines of influence connect him with Albemarle: he was the neighbour and intimate correspondent of Lord Ogle; and Martha Osborne, Danby's eldest daughter, had married Lord Granville of Lansdown,[1] eldest son of the Earl of Bath. To Danby's party Albemarle definitely belonged; yet he managed to avoid disaster when that minister fell. Lord Shaftesbury had been George Monck's good friend in the last days of the Commonwealth, but his espousal of the Duke of Monmouth's claim to the throne diverted Albemarle's path from his.

However, in these early years the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle were more attracted by the

[1] Commonly called Lord Lansdown.

social than the political within the Court circle, and public duties interfered but little with the pursuit of pleasure. New pastimes were daily devised by time-servers to keep up their interest at Court. The latest mode now produced a comedy given at Whitehall, December 14, 1674, when all the parts were taken by women. To appreciate the audacity of this innovation, we must realise that it was only after the Restoration that female parts generally had been taken by women even upon the public stage, and the reputation of these actresses was of the worst. So when the *Masque of Calisto or The Chaste Nymph*, by John Crowne, was given at Court, enacted by the two daughters of the Duke of York, Lady Mary and Lady Anne, both later Queens of England, Lady Henrietta Wentworth, afterwards famous for her connection with the Duke of Monmouth, the Countess of Sussex, Lady Mary Mordaunt, Mrs. Blagg, who had been Maid of Honour to the Queen, and Mrs. Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough, great was the scandal. The Duke of Monmouth, Lord Dunblaine, and Lord Deincourt were among the dancers. Three professional actresses, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Knight, and Mrs. Butler, also acted and sang.

Evelyn, who attended the performance, says :

'Saw a comedy at Court last night acted by ladies only. . . . My dear friend Mrs. Blagg who, having the principal part, performed it to admiration. They were all covered with jewels.' The event was so successful that it was repeated on December 22, when 'Mrs. Blagg had about 20,000 pounds worth of jewels, of which she lost one worth 80 pounds, borrowed of the Countess of Suffolk. The press was so great, that it is a wonder that she lost no more. The Duke (of York) made it good.'

Great was the vogue of this new amusement. All the fashionable world followed suit. Albemarle

House, never allowing itself to be outdone, gave a ladies' masque, in which the Duchess herself took a conspicuous part. The news of this enormity spread quickly to Welbeck. Who told tales we may only surmise. Not the Duchess of Newcastle, for she was lately dead, else, writer of plays though she was, she would have deeply disapproved. Elizabeth Pudsey, one of the women attendants of the Duchess of Albemarle, seems capable of such gossip.[1] Lady Elizabeth Pierrepont comes also under suspicion. She was the Duchess's great-aunt, and belonged to a different age.

We are accustomed to think of the Restoration of the Stuarts as bringing about a transformation in the habits of the entire country—as if everywhere, as at Court, the old standards of virtue had been forgotten and the whole world given up to feastings and pleasures. In reality the frivolous Court circle formed but an incrustation over a people practising the same virtues that the Anglo-Saxon race has ever held dear. The Cavendish family at Welbeck fervently supported the royal prerogative, but adhered just as fervently to their own ideas of propriety. Lady Ogle had explained on another occasion that her husband 'had bred all his children in that way that these liberties others think very reasonable are not thought so by us,'[2] and she would not permit one of her daughters to write to her future husband. Lord Ogle and his wife could hardly believe the stories they heard of their eldest daughter's amusements. Lady Ogle wrote in haste a letter of admonition. The Duchess taking these upbraidings in very ill part, returned a spirited reply. Lady Ogle again addresses her daughter thus :

[1] See her letter to the second Duke of Newcastle, Welbeck MSS.

[2] Letter of the Duchess of Newcastle to Lord Thanet, Welbeck MSS.

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF ALBEMARLE

From the picture by Lely at Welbeck Abbey

'*Mar.* 24, 167$\frac{4}{5}$.

'My deere Betty,—I received yours of the 11th and gave your father that you sent inclosed to him. They have given us very little satisfaction. But yett it has given mee sum, For, I am very glad it was a woman that acted the man's part with you and that noe young man came downe to make a prologe and epeloge. Since you have read my letter, I am sure you can not bee ignorant, seeme what you will, whoe it was that tould your father all that I have mentioned in my letter. Call it nursery storys with as much contempt as you will. Nether can your memory bee soe short as to forgett that I intemate of the lady you mention. But you have read my letter so slightly over that you are full of mistakes. I never said you received any letter from her you call cosen, nor never hard you did. Nor I never thought of Mr. Porter nor Mr. Farwell, when I writt to you, nor never was told a word of them, and that 's all I shall answer to all you have writt. But that if you are not of my opinion that those are ill that I thinke are ill, it shews your great wisdom. You and I may bee as happy as any, if you will. 'Tis whoely in your power and will lie att your doore if it bee ever other ways. Your letter is on of the unkindest, undutyfullest letters that ever was writt to a mother in requytell for her affectionon (and) care and good councill. I had bin sharpe and you ware very angry and made too greate hast to write your answer beefore you well understood my letter. But to shew you I cannot be angry att anything you can doo to mee soe you bee your owne freind, I doe most hartyly forgive it all, and am as hartyly freinds with you as I was beefore your father came downe, and as if nether my leter nor yours had ever bin writt. Only I wish you to take care hereaffter for God never blessis undutyfull children ; we are all well heere. God in heaven bless you, your Lord and Katy.[1] I am your most intirely affectionate mother, Ogle.'

[1] The Duchess's younger sister, Lady Katherine Cavendish, afterward the Countess of Thanet, who was visiting her sister.

'I was very ill in a feavorish fitt the night affter I read your letter and am ill still; it may bee not soe much better for you if an end com of my life as may bee sum would have you beeleave though an ease to myselfe, I should bee well satisfied if you keept noe company with any but what your Lord likes and I beeleave thare can bee noe greater signe of deerenes with any then keepeing them company.'[1]

Such was the anxiety of the father and mother at Welbeck that Lord Ogle journeyed up to London to satisfy himself of the state of affairs at Albemarle House. Elizabeth, as he often says in his letters, was his favourite child, and she easily persuaded him that all was going well with her. Peace being restored, she writes the following letter to her mother:

'DEARE MOTHER,—I give you many thanks for your letter. I never was soe well satisfied in my life as I am now at this time, and I am the most bound to father for his love and kindness that ever was in the world. Deare mother, you can not emagin how kind he was to me. You can not blame me for being overjoyed after haveing soe pleasant a time with my father. Now I have tould you my mind in this, I must give you most humble thanks for giving my sister leve to larn french. I thank God with Great adoe I have made her read English as well as I could wish, but I taught her myselfe. This is all I have to saye. I humble beg all your blessings. I am your most affectionate Dutyfull Daughter,

'E. ALBEMARLE.

'*Ye 5 of July* 1675.'[2]

It is addressed: 'For the Countess of Ogle at Wellbeck, leve this with the Post Master of Tuxford, Notingchamshire. Pd.'

It is sealed with the Cavendish arms.

The letters of the Duke of Albemarle belonging to this year make no mention of the controversy be-

[1] Welbeck MSS. [2] *Ibid.*

tween his wife and her family. His desire to avoid any discussion of this subject may account for the colourless character of his letters to his wife's grandfather, William, Duke of Newcastle. When writing to Mark Antony Benoist,[1] once tutor to Lord Ogle and his son, and now in his old age confidential secretary to the family, he is frank, open, and natural; but his letters to the aged Duke of Newcastle are as devoid of personality as a public document. However, Albemarle's own increasing importance led the old friends of his wife's family to pay some court to him. Sir John Reresby, who knew the great world and how to address himself thereunto without wasting any ideas, thus delivers his soul of a sheet of polite letter-writing, and so contrives to keep himself in the mind of the young man.

'To ye Duke of Albemarle.

'MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—Confidence yt (has) grown to that hight in this age that it disturbs ye quiet of Princesses, and of Persons ye most priviliged wch this preamble will sufficiently convince yr Grace of ye truth of: which though a light mischief to yr Grace admonishes me for my presumption, a coulourable cause sometimes going far to excuse an ill thing. All I can plead for myself in this matter is my beliefe that I doe my duty; with sops to selfe that seeing yt dog leap upon his master thought himself civil in doing the same thing. Many persons my Ld addresse themselves to ye after a fitt and serious, I after this rude manner, but not being capable of the first, I choose rather Your Grace should suffer by thus offering myself to your Memory, then do it myself by being silently forgotten that am, My Lor, Yr Gr his most obedient Sevt., J. R.'[2]

[1] Welbeck MSS.

[2] Bodleian Library, Rawlinson D., vol. 204, fo. 16.

CHAPTER III

THE gaieties of a reckless Court and the excitement of a Dutch war might arouse the envy of the Moncks' old neighbours in the Strand, but life was not entirely cloudless even to this careless child of fortune. Albemarle's broad acres in themselves proved something of a burden. Delinquent tenants and incapable agents put many a furrow in the brows of his trustees, for the Duke was not of age, and the House of Lords had appointed Sir Thomas Clarges and John Grenville, Earl of Bath, to act in that capacity.[1] Albemarle, in turn quarrelled with one of his guardians on account of his rapacity, and ran into extravagance under the gentle rule of the other.

Anne, Duchess of Albemarle, with her last breath had exclaimed to Lady Ogle that Clarges was the worst brother in the world, and the most insolent and ungrateful man, and bade Lady Ogle beware of him that he might have nothing to do with her son or any of his business. For if he had, 'he would certainly ruin or be the ruin of him.' But those 'conveniences of money' in the lean days of his boyhood had done their work too well. 'Duke Christopher was very kind to him,' and Sir Thomas took upon him the management of Christopher and all belonging to him.[2]

How can we suspect guile in a man who in his

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., *8th Report*, App. I., House of Lords, p. 147.

[2] Welbeck MSS., Answers of Frances, Duchess of Newcastle, to interrogation.

letters expresses so much right feeling? Yet Frances, Duchess of Newcastle (the Lady Ogle of the preceding paragraph), further testifies: 'That all Sir Thomas Clarges's services to the Duke of Albemarle were to get all he could from him, both at present and in reversion to that degree that he made use of his power with the Duke in the management of his affairs, of which he was the sole disposer, to buy lands with his money and to buy and settle it on himself and his son if the Duke should die without issue. 'Till it was so shamefully manifest that the Duke was sensible of it and complained to the Hon. Mr. William Pierrepont, and the Duke had a meeting with his uncle (Clarges) at his (Wm. Pierrepont's) house, where they discoursed about three hours to the urging of the Duke to anger to a great degree, had he not had great temper (self-control), as Mr. Pierrepont informed his daughter. At last Mr. Pierrepont told Sir Thomas that he would advise him to deliver all up to the Duke to dispose of as he pleased. Sir Thomas answered that he could not do that, it would injure his son Sir Walter Clarges. Mr. Pierrepont replied, My Lord Duke may dispose thereof without you—and that put Sir Thomas terribly out of countenance.'

So here was an end of Sir Thomas's influence, so carefully tended through so many years. Henceforward it was well known among the family that the Duke quite 'forsook both the conversation and assistance of his uncle to his dying day.' Some struggle Clarges made to right himself, and wrote in protest both to his nephew and to Lord Montagu. This letter to Albemarle contains much worldly advice.

'*September the 7th*, 1675.

'My Lord,—The bussiness I would have moved to your Grace was to make a visitt to My L^{d} Lieutenant

of Ireland (L^d^ Essex) to show your resentment of the kindnes your Grace had received from him in compliance with severall requests made to him on behalf of Captain Monck and others, and for the favour his Excelency always shewed to any of yor Grace's concerns in that Kingdome. The character of his office is very great, and by shewing respect to such men your Grace does a right to yourself and an honour to the King; but as your Grace has an interest in that Country, your Grace is more obliged thereunto then others. Whilst I was less a stranger to your Grace then I now am, I was as watchfull of the methods of civility which were to be perform'd by your Grace as of your profitt, for honour and estate are very insignificant without esteeme and respect, and these are neither gain'd nor preserv'd but by reciprocall motives.

'I had something else to have sayd to your Grace concerning the present condition of your fortune, which I fear is allmost irrecoverably plung'd into difficulties by the unhappy purchase of Clarendon House. (Young men never see their unhappiness until they feel it.) But my letters have bin of late subject to so much censure, that I shall reserve myself in those matters till your Grace shall have found by experience the difference betwixt the natural affection of an uncle, and others of more remote interest, nor should I have sayd anything or writt so much at this time If I could have satisfied my own conscience with seeing your Grace in a condition of ruine to my poore aprehension without haveing some resentment of it, and that your Grace may not hereafter reproach me with silence in such a circumstance, but I hartely wish I may be mistaken in my iudgment (judgment) so yo^r^ Grace may not be unfortunate, and I intreate yo^r^ Grace's excuse for this effect of my affection to your Grace, whoe can never be other than, My Lord, Yo^r^ Grace's most affectionate uncle and Servant,

THO^S^ CLARGES.'[1]

To Lord Montagu he had written some six months earlier:

[1] Montagu House MSS.

'*February the 16th*, 167⅞.

'My Lord,—There is one thing I beg of yo^r Lord^p in justice to me, That you will represent to his Grace when you see him. That since he finds upon examination, That what was insinuated to him of me was fals and a mere malicious contriveance to make a difference betwixt so neere relations, That he will shew some resentment of it to Mr. Farwell and they that prompted him to it. For I will be bold to say there be some in the world that think there is nothing but me in the way to make themselves masters of his whole estate and whither (*sic*) such contrivers will have that care of his person as nature instructs me to imploy for him, I rather feare then hope. There are many temptations wch attend those of his quality, prayse, flattery, opinion of their own witt and iudgment (judgment), and the like, which cunningly insinuated will not be easily resisted by youth and greatnes, when truth, as she is naked, will be slighted and starv'd with hunger and cold. There be two steps which become a wise man in his choice of friends, The first to be well inform'd of the faith and integrity of the person he takes to him as such ; and the next never to beleive without evident demonstration any ill of him. There was once a faith like this amongst mankind, but whither (*sic*) there be enough such men to make a corporation I can not tell ; if there were it might not be unworthy of the name of a Royall society. I beseech yr Lord^ps pardon for this scribbling, and am with that duty I aught to be, my Lord, y^r Lord^ps most obedient humble servt.,

'Tho. Clarges.'[1]

It was now the opportunity of the other trustee, Lord Bath, to show his abilities on behalf of his young relative. This nobleman had been but poorly rewarded for his devotion to the Stuarts in bringing about the Restoration. True, he had the King's promise[2] in writing to the effect that if Christopher left no male heir, the dukedom of Albemarle should

[1] Montagu House MSS. [2] Stuart MSS. See p. 342, note 1.

be his, together with the lands of Theobald's which in such a contingency would revert to the Crown. He also had at least a verbal understanding with both the first and second Dukes of Albemarle, that the greater part of their vast estates should go with the title. Lord Bath may have led his young charge into extravagance, but his attitude towards him was ever that of an indulgent father. He testified in later years that he found the Duke both charming and lovable. Lord Bath's son, Lord Lansdown, and his younger brother, Bernard Grenville, grew up in intimacy with Albemarle, and speak of him in their letters with something of the affectionate tolerance shown to an indulged younger brother. A younger son, Bevil Grenville, was Christopher's godson.

In 1675 Christopher came of age. Before he could take his seat in the House of Lords he was obliged by the Test Act to take the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. This he did at the parish Church of Boreham, in Essex, near Newhall. His summons bears the date of April 12, 1675. He attended next day, and was appointed on the Committee of Petitions and Privileges, on which he ever after served. His oath of allegiance was not taken until April 30.

To this period belongs the purchase of Clarendon House, so much deplored by Sir Thomas Clarges. Did the Grenvilles advise it, the Monck cousins clamour for it, or the Duchess demand it ? Nothing is reported. Hardly yet of age, the Duke bought this magnificent mansion for twenty-five thousand pounds.[1]

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., *7th Report*, part I. John Verney to Sir P. Verney, August 12, 1675. 'The Duke of Albemarle has bought Clarendon House for 25,000 Pounds; payment thus, 3000 pounds last Saturday was sen'ight, L4000 last Thursday, 6000 pounds in a month, and the rest in three years. 4000 pounds each with interest.'

Fashion had, for some years, been deserting the old ducal palaces in the Strand. The paving of the streets, however roughly, led to a greater use of horses and coaches, and slowly but surely the river was losing its prestige as the fashionable highway between the Court and the City. 'Several new palaces,' as Evelyn calls them, had sprung up in the fields beyond St. James's Palace, fronting on what was then called the Great Bath Road, but is now Piccadilly. In the height of his prosperity, the Earl of Clarendon had built himself a great house in this quarter. Rumour said that the material came from that supplied for the restoration of old St. Paul's Church; still others murmured that it was built with the price of the sale of Dunkirk to the French. Andrew Marvell's verses serve to keep alive the memory that this mansion was derisively nicknamed Holland, Dunkirk, or Tangier House.[1]

'Here lie the sacred bones
Of Paul beguiled of his stones:
Here lie golden briberies,
The price of ruined families;
The cavalier's debenture wall,
Fixed on an eccentric basis:
Here's Dunkirk Town and Tangier Hall,
The Queen's marriage and all,
The Dutchman's templum pacis.'

In the end the erection of this house contributed largely to its owner's fall. Evelyn visited it many times in Clarendon's day, and it could have changed but little in the passage of ten years. He calls it in his diary 'a goodly pile, but with many defects as to architecture, yet placed most gracefully.' Having just returned from one of these visits he writes

[1] Wheatley, *London Past and Present*, vol. iii. p. 88, says, 'The two Corinthian pilasters, which stood one on each side of the Three Kings' Tavern gateway in Piccadilly (removed in 1864) were thought to be the only remains of Albemarle House' (Clarendon House).

from Sayes Court in a less censorious vein to Clarendon's son, Lord Cornbury :

'*20th of January* 166$\frac{5}{6}$.

'I went with prejudice and a critical spirit, incident to those who fancy they know anything in Art ; I acknowledge that I have never seen a nobler pile. My old friend and fellow-traveller has perfectly acquitted himself. It is without hyperbole the best contrived, the most useful, graceful, and magnificent house in England ; I except not Audley End, which though larger and full of gaudy barbarous ornaments, does not gratify judicious spectators. Here is state and use, solidity and beauty, most symmetrically combined together. Nothing abroad pleases me better, nothing at home approaches it.'

A print in the British Museum shows a dignified structure two stories in height built on the plan of the letter H. A cupola adorns the centre of the roof, and dormer windows add to the effect. A broad driveway sweeps up to the house from the great gate in Piccadilly where the print shows a magnificent major-domo on duty.[1] The house stood on the present site of Stafford Street, between Bond Street and Dover Street. It was surrounded by extensive gardens opening toward the palace on the one side and toward open fields on the other.

The house was 'bravely' furnished, and as Albemarle had few ancestral possessions of furniture, he possibly took over with it much of its original plenishings. These would not be of a distinctly English or even French character only. With the acquisition of Bombay as part of the Queen's dower, the treasures of the East became accessible to English collectors. The Jesuit missionaries to Japan and China sent to Europe wonderful specimens of oriental work. So that Japanese and Indian curios were now seen in

[1] Grace Collection, fo. 110, 114-17.

the best houses, in rooms adorned with Grinling Gibbons' carving. A description of an admirable house of the period discloses :

'A whole cabinet of elegancies, especially Indian. In the hall are contrivances of Japanese screens, instead of wainscot, and there is an excellent pendule clock inclosed in the curious flower work of Mr. Gibbon, in the middle of the vestibule. The landscapes of the screens represent the manner of living and country of the Chinese. But above all, his lady's cabinet is adorned on the fret ceiling and chimney-place with Mr. Gibbon's best carving. There are also some of Streater's best paintings and rich curiosities of gold and silver as growing in the mines.' [1]

One of the most gorgeous rooms of the day was the bedroom of the Duchess of Portsmouth at Whitehall, whither Evelyn accompanied the King and the Court gallants :

'What engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, whilst Her Majesty's does not exceed some gentle ladies in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry for design and tenderness of work and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I have ever beheld. Some pieces of Versailles, St. Germaine's, and other palaces of the French King with huntings, figures, landscapes, and exotic fowls and all to the life, rarely done. Then for Japanned cabinets, skreens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, braseras, all of massy silver and out of number, besides some of Her Majesty's best paintings.'

No great house of that day was complete without ceiling and wall-paintings of Antonio Verrio. For Ralph Montagu's new house in Bloomsbury he had

[1] Evelyn, *Diary*, October 4, 1683.

painted Dido's 'Funeral Pyre,' the 'Labours of Hercules,' the 'Fight of the Centaurs' for the staircase, and an apotheosis on the walls and roof of the great room.

Such fashionable people as the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle must surely have had as fine wall-paintings as any one in London. And it is gratifying to find among Verrio's accounts the record of sixty pounds paid by the Duke of Albemarle for a ceiling, and as the word 'more' precedes the entry we may well believe that he was extensively engaged in embellishing some one of the Duke's houses. Albemarle House, as their new acquisition must now be called, was the object of their greatest interest for some years to come, and it is fairly safe to claim it as the scene of Signor Verrio's activities. They had spent large sums upon their new house and were very proud of it. More prudent relatives prophesied speedy ruin from these expensive toys, but the young people, never heeding, continued their life of gaiety. Yet with all the fashionable world they kept early hours. They arose at seven, dined at midday, were seen at the play at four o'clock, supped and went to bed betimes.

A large retinue of servants [1] was necessary to keep up proper state in the new house. Among these should be mentioned first those who dealt with the collection of the Duke's income: an auditor of the revenue, in modern term a bookkeeper, and a receiver of the rents, whose duties are the same in all ages. The steward of the house was a man of great importance. He was engaged by the Duke in confidential negotiations, and is spoken of with great respect in the family business correspondence. Mr. Lymbyry was the name of this functionary, and he served both Dukes of Albemarle throughout their lives.

[1] Welbeck MSS. List of the servants of the Duke of Albemarle.

His salary in the old Duke's time was seven pounds ten shillings a quarter,[1] and there is no reason to suppose that this sum was increased by the second Duke.

Another important functionary was the 'Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Privy Purse in one person.' This comprehensive title seems to fit the duties performed by William Chapman.[2] He probably assumed this office at the time of the Duchess's marriage, and the connection was only severed by his death in 1685. His relations with the Duke and Duchess were also of a confidential nature, but his accounts show that his devotion to their service left them greatly in his debt.

Spiritual matters lay under the care of the 'Chaplaine,' an office held first by Dr. Price, who had performed like service in the old Duke's household. He was succeeded by Mr. Philip Brown, who was later provided with the chaplaincy of Albemarle's regiment in the Dutch War.

Of lesser servants in the house the list records : one groom of the chambers, a gentleman usher to Her Grace, six footmen, a servant more to a barber, two pages, a wardrobe-keeper to be an upholsterer, clerk of the kitchen and caterer in one person, master cook, under cook, one servant in the kitchen, a chief butler and under butler, a porter. The attendants of the Duchess were 'Two Gentlewomen to Her Grace,' and the names of various 'ladies' appear throughout the years in connection with this office. Cupid was responsible for many of these changes, and not a few of them married exceedingly well. The old family nurse of the Cavendish sisters, Madame Frances Gregory, was often with her former charge, and

[1] Account book of Captain George Lascelles ; manuscript in possession of Colonel Charles Waring Darwin of Elston Hall.

[2] Welbeck MSS. Accounts with the Duchess of Albemarle.

though she was a bit despotic, her young mistress was more fortunate when in her hands than when the two Wright sisters had her under their care. Of other women servants we note : two chambermaids, two housemaids, one woman to keep all the linen, one woman to have charge of the plate, one woman under her to clean the plate, and four laundrymaids. A 'gentleman of the horse' was in charge of the stables ; his staff consisted of a yeoman of the horse, two coachmen, two postillions, three grooms, and two helpers. There is no record of the Duke's racing stables, though the names of some of his horses are preserved. Although horses were used largely, a barge was still a necessity, and a crew of watermen should not pass unnoticed.

While living in London a small staff of servants was left on duty at Newhall ; these were a housekeeper, one maid-servant, one wardrobe-keeper for the house. For the estate there were provided a receiver of the rents, a bailiff, a gardener, one servant, two carters, and a decoyman to serve the Duke's ducks.

The officers and agents of the estates preserved a semi-military character, and their names often appear in the lists of lieutenants of Albemarle's Essex militia.

So busy were these young people with settling their new home, and amusing themselves with various diversions that the Duke, at least, neglected an important office. His duties as Gentleman of the Bedchamber sat but lightly upon him. If others had not proved more faithful, His Majesty's shirt would have remained unwarmed, the pallet bed beside the royal couch untenanted. Lord Bath, as Groom of the Stole, administered fatherly admonitions as to these neglects. They were of a piece with the jeremiads of Sir Thomas Clarges, and called forth the following explanation from the contrite Duke.

'My Lord,—. . . I am, as I alwayes have been since I knew anything, infinitely sensible of your Lord^ps good advice and kindness to me, and I am sorry that at this time some circumstances in my family do hinder me from complying with it, especially in a matter wherein my duty and interest oblige me so much as in my attendance upon his Majesty in this Sumers progress, and I confesse it a fault that I have not been more sedulous at other times in performing of my duty to him. My wife for her health and many other reasons is necessitated to go to the waters of Yorkshire this Sumer and to begine her jurney thither about the 22^nd of this month that she may wait on my Lord of Newcastle in her going thither, and, in regard it is the first visit she has made to a Relation so near, I cannot let her go but in an equipage sutable to her quality, and to make up that, she must have both my setts of coach horses with her own and most of my servants which disables me from [letter torn] especially since his Mat^ie begines so soon as I hear he does unless I had had longer time to make my provision for it, but I will not fail to be at Windsor at his Ma^ties returne and stay there till the end of July, at which time I have promised to meet my wife at Welbeck to performe my part of the respect to her Grandfather. . . . If I may be serviceable to your lord^sp on any occasion none shall with more willingnes doe it then My Lord, Your most affectionate kinsman and faithfull Ser^vt.' [1]

These plans for a visit to Welbeck may have had to be changed to meet the obligations undertaken by Lord and Lady Ogle. The Duchess of Newcastle, the 'thrice noble Margaret,' [2] died in December 1673. A draft of a letter written by Lord Ogle and his wife to the lonely Duke has recently been discovered among the Welbeck Abbey manuscripts. In it they petition the aged Duke that they may come and live with him. They offer to 'find themselves' out of the plentiful allowance which His Grace makes them

[1] Montagu House MSS. Draft in Albemarle's hand. [2] Charles Lamb.

in 'wine, sugar, all sorts of groceries, soap and horse-meat, desiring also that wee may keep Worsop [Worksop] Man^r in our hands ready furnished as it is that if my daughter Albemarle, her L^d, or any other should come with intentions to lodge w^th y^r Grace, wee may goe thither and entertain them that they may not trouble y^r Grace, but only come to see y^r horses.' They further promise that he shall not be troubled by visits from their acquaintances or friends 'at meales or night time or further than an afternoon visit,' and they will be in everything 'as obedient and observant of y^r Grace as if wee were in y^r house in the same manner as y^r son was formerly at 10 years of age.'

If this noble offer was accepted, Elizabeth saw little of her grandfather on her visit to the north. This same journey of the Duchess calls forth polite comment from her great-aunt, Lady Armyne, in a letter to Lady Ogle:

'WIMBLTONE, *July* 28.

'RIGHT HON^R . . . Madam, I hope my lady duches, y^r dauter hath receaved muche good by the Yorkeshire waters. I hard not wethr her Grace was yt retorned to yr lady^PP, I hope and praye the Lorde will give such a blesinge to these meanes as her lady^PP maye make yo a joyful grandmother of many sones. To all these earthly honores and comfortes I moste humbly besiche Almity God to ade a greter and more desirable, his love, . . . and to put his love and feare in all yr hartes that yo maye neur departe from him, that the duste of earthley honores and all abundance maye not dime yr eyes from loukin Heunward.'[1]

Old Lady Armyne's pious wish for many sons to be born to the Duchess was never realised. One son was born to them during these early years, but he hardly survived his first breath.

[1] Welbeck MSS.

BOOK IV

THE DUKE IN PUBLIC LIFE

'Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim.'

MATTHEW PRIOR.

CHAPTER I

The Duke of Albemarle now had reached the age of twenty-three. Well emerged from boyhood, master of his great estates, and a fashionable figure in Court circles, he began to take upon him the duties of his position. Outwardly as absorbed as ever in the gaieties of life, he occasionally gives voice to a deeper note and shows the stirrings of an ambition to be something better than a Court gallant. Before relating the events of the next seven years, it is fitting that his qualities of mind and spirit should be estimated and his chief characteristics rehearsed, that they may serve as a key to his conduct. No general summary of his life by a contemporary writer has been discovered. Letters and diaries give but the most superficial comment. A more exhaustive survey must be derived from his own letters and private papers, and from his conduct in crises of political affairs.

His outward aspect was comely. His face, painted by Crosse in 1680, shows more strength and directness of gaze than the earlier picture. The lips are firmly set, although his chin already shows a tendency to double. His great wig, of fashionable size, obscures the outline of his head. His armour gleams in the light, and is relieved of its austerity by the blue of the Garter ribbon and the cravat of Venetian lace.[1] Dr. Gumble, who had known him from his first year,

[1] Miniature by L. Crosse, painted in 1680, belonging in 1914 to Mr. E. M. Hodgkins, 158B New Bond Street, London.

credited him with good parts and conditions of mind.[1] To these qualities may be added a nice discrimination in the choice of agents, which presupposes a certain keenness in his judgment of men. While he was in no sense a statesman, he was involved and deeply interested in public affairs. Yet during the reign of King Charles II. he succeeded in so steering his course that he was never under suspicion of disloyalty. Whether Papist or Nonconformist, Whig or Tory were discovered plotting against the existing form of government, the Duke of Albemarle always received rewards for fidelity. As his strongest characteristic was his unswerving loyalty to his King, so his weakest point was an over-sensitive personal pride. He held himself high and watched that others should do the same, seeing slights where none were intended. In the exhibition of this weakness he was far more temperate than his contemporary, the Duke of Somerset.

Albemarle's extravagance called forth the greatest censure from men of his own day. This was a fault so general among his fellow-courtiers that it would have hardly caused remark had it not shown such a radical departure from the habits of his parents. He was not without certain practical qualities. In an age when men of fashion dabbled in chemical experiments, he turned his attention to mechanics and invented certain improvements in the diving bell of the period.

He delighted in sports, horse racing, greyhound coursing, hunting, hawking, tennis, and feats of strength, and he did not shun a bear baiting. Pleasures of a more intellectual nature attracted him in a less degree. He was more often a spectator at a wrestling match than at a play; yet he is spoken of

[1] Gumble, *Life*, Introduction.

as the patron of Mr. Haynes, an actor of the King's House.[1]

In the personal relations of life he showed a sweet responsive nature, good temper, generosity, and even indulgence to those he loved. He was universally kind to his social inferiors, who returned him a devoted allegiance. To these he showed a more winning side of his nature than he did to the generality of his associates. In these qualities, as well as in his arrogant behaviour toward his equals, he greatly resembled Prince Rupert—his father's friend,—and it is entirely within the bounds of possibility that the dashing Cavalier general, now living a retired life among his crucibles, had served as a model to the youthful Albemarle.

Such, then, was the man, happy for the moment in the prospect of a royal visit to Newhall, who in April 1676 set forth with all the Court for Newmarket to attend the spring races. Mr. Secretary Coventry also accompanied the bright company to establish communication between the officials in London and the King and his ministers. The times were troubled. The Duke of York had officially acknowledged his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church and ceased to attend the services of the Church of England. This in itself tended to depress the ministry and the people generally. Then, too, the country was in difficulties over the settlement of Tangier's affairs. Coventry's letters to his colleagues show great disquietude of spirit on his part, and disclose to the reader of a later age how shamefully, in the seventeenth century, the King and ministers of State neglected public business. On April 2, 1676, Coventry thus writes to Williamson from Newmarket :

'. . . The ground is too hard either for hunting, racing or any other sport but bearly taking the ayer,

[1] Hist. MSS. Comm., 15*th Report*, Montagu of Beaulieu MSS., p. 182.

which His Majesty doth more on foot than on horseback. It is early yet to discourse of how long we shall stay, but I believe most people are of the opinion we left a very good town when we came from London.'[1]

The weather conditions precluding horse racing, the secretaries hoped to obtain some definite instructions from the King about public affairs. All the reports were sent down to Secretary Coventry, and he, with the greatest difficulty, found opportunity to present them to the King and the Duke of York. He writes to Williamson in great discouragement :

'We have store of the Privy Council here, but as yet no council heard. Whether the arrival of My Lord-Lieutenant, who is expected here this night, may produce one, I know not. But New Market is not a clime for such congregations.'[2]

Just when he hoped that the King would return to London, 'a day's rayne'[3] altered all resolutions, and the King departed to Euston on a visit to the Lord Chamberlain Arlington, where everything was indulged in except public business.

From Euston, the King determined to set out for Newhall to visit his most loyal Duke of Albemarle.[4] In connection with these arrangements, Coventry further says :

'I perceive there will be no direction in the matter till his (the king's) own arrival (in London) which is resolved to be on Saturday night. On Friday night he lyeth at New Hall and dineth there the next day. We have had no committee of the Council. . . . Nor, I believe, shall before our departure. However, I keep those pages I mentioned in our last to be ready in case any combination should be resolved on.'[5]

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 380, No. 120.
[2] *Ibid.*, No. 140.
[3] *Ibid.*, No. 146.
[4] *Ibid.*, No. 152.
[5] *Ibid.*, No. 161.

On another day he writes :

'We have been almost all day, morning and afternoon, in the field and His Majesty is at this time at the Cock Pit by canale [candle] light, and so farewell to Newmarket.' [1]

The occasion of this royal visit gives an excellent opportunity to inspect Newhall, handsomely bedecked for so joyous an event. The story of the Manor of Newhall begins in earliest days. In the reign of Edward II. it belonged to the monks of Waltham Abbey. After passing through the hands of various owners, Thomas Boteler, Earl of Ormonde, received it from King Henry VII. as a recompense for the sufferings of his family during the Wars of the Roses. He had licence also to build thereon 'walls and towers.' This house was called New Hall to distinguish it from a more ancient building, the Old Hall, and not even the iron will of Henry VIII. could change the name to Beau Lieu,—and Newhall it is, even to this day. The great Henry came into possession through exchange with Sir Thomas Bullen, father of his second queen. He completed and beautified the house 'in a composition of Roman and Gothic styles.' The great gate-house, leading to the grand court, bore an enormous shield with Henry's own arms carved in stone, with this inscription :

'Henricus Rex Octavus, Rex inclitus armis
magnanimus struxit hox opus eximium.' [2]

This coat-of-arms is at the present day in what was once the great hall, but is now the chapel of the

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas, II., vol. 380, No. 172.

[2] *Vetusta Monumenta quae, ad rerum Britannicarum memoriam conservandam Societas Antiquariorum Londini Sumptu suo odenda curavit. Londini* 1747. Vol. ii. pp. 1-7. The material for the history of Newhall comes entirely from this book.

owners, the Sisters of the Holy Sepulchre. Queen Mary I. called it her favourite residence, and many of her state papers are dated from Newhall.

The glory of the chapel[1] was the great glass window, now in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. This window is perhaps the most beautiful example of stained glass in England. It was originally intended for Henry VII.'s Chapel in the Abbey of Westminster, and was made at Dort in Flanders. Unfortunately, it contained portraits of Henry VII.'s eldest son Arthur, then Prince of Wales, and Katherine of Aragon. This prince coming to an untimely end, his brother, Henry VIII., inherited his titles and also his wife. He disliked to be reminded in this public fashion of his predecessor, and so presented the window to the monks of Waltham Abbey. At the dissolution of the monasteries, its glass was successfully preserved from destruction by removal to Newhall. So that this wonderful window looked down upon the devotions of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, and later, turning Protestant with the times, saw Queen Elizabeth enjoying the royal manor. She placed over the house door the arms of England in a garter, supported by a crowned lion and a griffin sided by caryatides, and over them this inscription :

'Viva Elizabetha.'

And under the arms :

'In terra la più savia regina, En cielo la più lucenta stella.
Virgine magnanima, dotta, divina leggiadra, honesta e bella.'

Elizabeth granted the house to Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, and it passed from that family in 1625 to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. From him it descended to his son George, and during the

[1] Now a schoolroom.

NEWHALL

From an engraving by George Vertue

Commonwealth was sequestered by Parliament. It was sold to Oliver Cromwell for the consideration of five shillings, the yearly value being computed to be £1039, 12s. 3½d., but he exchanged it for Hampton Court Palace. Escaping the demolition which was the fate of many of the old manors, it was probably restored to the Duke of Buckingham by the King and from him passed into the hands of General Monck.

Newhall was a glorious mansion at the time of King Charles's visit. With its red Tudor brick and picturesque chimneys it bore some resemblance to the older parts of Hampton Court Palace. It consisted of two large courts, a magnificent great hall, and the state apartments usual to such a mansion. As well as the great window, there was in the chapel a large painting designed by Inigo Jones and painted by Sir Balthasar Gerbier, for which had been paid five hundred pounds. The stonework displayed the various coats-of-arms and devices of the different owners of the house.[1]

Evelyn saw this mansion July 10, 1656, and recorded in his diary :

'It is a fair old house, built with brick, low, being only of two stories, as the manner then was ; the gatehouse better ; the court large and pretty ; the staircase of extraordinary wideness, with a piece representing Sir Francis Drake's action in the year 1580, an excellent sea-piece ; the galleries are trifling ; the hall is noble ; the garden a fair plot, and the whole Seat well accommodated with water ; but above all, I admired the fair avenue planted with stately lime trees, in four rows, for near a mile in length. It has three descents, which is the only fault, and may be re-formed. There is another fair walk of

[1] Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex ; Fitzwalter ; Burcell ; Botecourt ; Lucy ; Multon ; Mortimer of Attilborough ; Culcheth ; Sidney ; Clunfford ; Barrington ; Mercy ; Mandeville ; Chetwynd ; Baard ; Brandon ; Dudley, Earl of Leicester ; Henry VIII. ; Katherine of Aragon.

the same at the wall and wilderness with a tennis court, and pleasant terrace towards the park, which was well stored with deer and ponds.'

The Duke of Newcastle, whose own stately houses were worthy of comment, once wrote to Albemarle :

'I am perfectly of your Grace's openion there is noe place so fit and proper for my daughter in all respects as your Grace's Noble House of New-Hall. It is the best House, the best Seate, and the best furnished of any subject's House in the Kingdom.' [1]

The passage of two hundred years has sadly changed that noble avenue. Those limes which still survive are broken and drooping; the three descents which so offended Evelyn's taste are 'reformed,' and nothing remains to show their character. The court 'large and pretty' has vanished. The ornamental lake is now a horsepond, while white ducks swim in what was once a moat. Only the great hall and its surrounding apartments remain to testify to the departed glories of the last Duke of Albemarle.

But too long have we kept His Majesty waiting for dinner, which we may well believe was a far better one than the meal criticised by Cosmo, dei Medici, in the old Duke's time. For twenty-four hours the great house shone brilliantly; the halls and galleries resounded with the merry voices of courtiers; the greensward of the gay pleasance and stately avenue bore the unechoing footsteps of beauties and favourites. Then, on Saturday night, the Court departed for London, leaving the Duke of Albemarle to irksome quiet. For, as Lord-Lieutenant of Essex he remained at home to exercise his militia on the Ox-eye Green, near Chelmsford.[2]

Later in the year, he made a great journey to

[1] Montagu House MSS. Duke of Newcastle, formerly Lord Ogle, to Albemarle, December 14, 1684.

[2] S.P. Dom., Entry Book, vol. 44, No. 129.

Devonshire to visit his ancestral home in Potheridge.[1] His father had rebuilt and embellished this old manor house at enormous expense, but little time seems to have been spent there by either of the Dukes. Great preparations were made for the Duke's reception, and after his stay at Potheridge he went on a progress through the county, attended by most of the great men of the place. Exeter was his first stopping-place, and Plymouth, where the Earl of Bath commanded the citadel, was in a great state of excited anticipation of his promised visit, and, with the uncertainty of all public arrangements in those days, reported to London his expected arrival from day to day for nearly a week before he really put in an appearance.

Philip Lanyon writes of the joyous occasion to Mr. Secretary Williamson, September 30, 1676 :

'His Grace, the Duke of Albemarle, accompanied by most of the gentry of this County, coming to this place . . . was met about ten miles off by Colonel Hugh Piper, Deputy Governor, by the Right Honourable the Earl of Bath, Governor of His Majesty's Royal Citadel of Plymouth, at the head of about eighty horse from thence conducted His Grace to the entrance of this Town where he was received by the trained bands, which guarded him quite through the town, until entering the precincts of the Citadel. As His Grace came through the Town, just before the Guild Hall, was the Mayor with his brethren in Scarlott and the Common Council men in their formalities to compliment His Grace ; where he made a stop and alighted off his horse to salute the Mayor, after which he was mounted again and rode to the Citadel, where he was received by the whole garrison in arms and a salvo of cannon from off the walls. His Grace being lodged in the Earl of Bath's house, the Mayor, with his brethren and Common Council in their formalities, came to welcome him to this

[1] The barns were still standing in 1850.

Town ; at which time the Mayor invited His Grace, with all the gentry accompanying him, to dine with him this day, which His Grace was pleased to grant. When he, with all the gentry of this County accompanying him, was treated with all the varieties these parts could afford. Before dinner, His Grace, with the Chief Gentry, were invited to the Guild Hall, where the Mayor, Magistrates and Common Council being in session time, were in those formalities. His Grace and the Gentry being entered the Guild Hall, were complimented by the Mayor and Magistrates, affording His Grace and about thirty of the Chief Gentry the Freedom of this Town. Which His Grace was pleased to accept of and accordingly, His Grace and the thirty Gentry were sworn for Burgesses. From the time of His Grace's entry into this Town, all demonstrable expressions of joy have been expressed by wringing of bells and so forth.' [1]

From Plymouth Albemarle journeyed to Totnes to meet all his Deputy-Lieutenants and discuss the affairs of the militia, a subject in which he was deeply interested. Soon after his return from this journey, at Christmastide, occurred the death of the Duchess's grandfather, and Lord Ogle became Duke of Newcastle. He was given the Garter, as was also Thomas, Earl of Danby. Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, and John, Duke of Lauderdale, were commissioned by the King to install them at Windsor at a chapter which was held upon April 19, 1677.[2]

As the new year advanced, public affairs took on a still graver aspect. Albemarle's attention was much engaged therein, and he actively arrayed himself with the King's party. Consequently he had little sympathy with those who opposed the King's contention that there was no limit to the time for which he could lawfully adjourn Parliament.

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 385, No. 243.
[2] All Souls College, Oxford, vol. xxxi. No. ccl.

The Duke of Buckingham opposed the King, and he and his supporters, Shaftesbury, Salisbury, and Wharton, found themselves in the Tower, and likely to stay there unless they begged the pardon of the King and House. Andrew Marvell, writing to Sir Edward Harley, gives some details of how they won forgiveness :

'Worthy Sir,— . . . The E. of Salisbury, after having his petition several times corrected, broke the ice and at last acknowledged therein his unadvised discourse concerning the Prorogation. Here upon he was fully discharged only with conditions to make the same submission to the House of Lords when sitting. The L. Wharton writ after the same copy and had the same order. The King jested with him and said he would teach him a text of Scripture, "Sin no More." "Your m^{ty} has that from my quotation of it to my L^{d} Arlinton [Arlington] when he had been before the House of Commons." "Well, my Lord, you and I are both old men and we should love quietnesse. Besides all other obligations I have reason to desire it having some £1500 a yeare to lose. Ay, my Lord, but you have an aking tooth still." "No indeed, mine are all faln out." The D. of Buckingham petitioned only that he had layd so long (in the Tower) had contracted several indispositions and desired a month's aire. This was by Nelly (Gwenn), Middlesex, Rochester and the merry gang easily procured, with presumptions to make it a liberty. Hereupon he layd constantly at Whitehall at My L. Rochester's lodgings leading the usual life. The D. of Yorke, the Treasurer (Danby), and, they tell me too, the D. of Munmoth, remonstrated to the King that this was to leap over all rules of decency and to suffer his authority to be trampled on, but if he had a favour for him he might do it in a regular way, etc. Never the lesse it was for some days a moot pointe between the Ministers of State and the Ministers of Pleasure who should carry it. At last Buck: was advertised that he should retire out of

Whitehall. He obeyed and since presented they say a more acknowledging Petition then either Salisburyres or Wharton's, whereupon I heare that he was yesterday bye the same Rule dismissed. People were full of vaine imaginations what changes he would make in Court, but he loves pleasure better then Revenge, and yet this last is not the meanest luxury.' [1]

Secret negotiations were meanwhile proceeding between the English Court and the Continent. Danby disliked the French connection, but, to further his own interests, closed his eyes to it. To cement the English friendship with the Dutch was his first aim, and to this end he favoured the negotiations for marriage between Mary, eldest daughter of James, Duke of York, and William, Prince of Orange. Monsieur William de Bentinck, as the representative of the Prince, had already visited England to confer on this subject.[2] These negotiations must have been an entire secret from the members of the Council, for Sir Joseph Williamson knew nothing of what was going forward.

Albemarle, in August, went abroad, ostensibly to join the Dutch army, where the Earl of Ossory had already gone. Monmouth and Feversham were dispatched to France, that the balance of friendship might not be disturbed.[3] But Albemarle had with him a permission to transport a large number of servants and fifteen horses to Ostend in Flanders, 'Being for his own private use in his Travels.' [4] These travels were certainly conducted very privately, for Williamson confides to his own notebook :

'Our English everywhere affronted in Flanders, even those who went to serve in the confederate troops

[1] Welbeck MSS., London, August 7, 1677.

[2] The friend of the Prince of Orange, created Earl of Portland in 1689.

[3] Welbeck MSS. Andrew Marvell to Sir Edward Harley.

[4] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 334, No. 405.

as the Duke of Albemarle, not received at all in his passes through Brussells by the Governor.' [1]

Albemarle was the kind of man who demanded and received much public attention, and we may be sure that this neglect in Brussels was of his own seeking.

In less than two months he returned to Harwich on the pacquet boat. It would seem that his arrival was most unexpected to Silas Taylor, Williamson's agent at this port. This worthy, being summoned to the ducal presence, was commanded to report to the President of the Council that the Prince of Orange had accepted the use of 'His Grace's Horses and Coaches.' [2] Albemarle, highly pleased with himself, posted off to Newmarket, perhaps bearing the tidings of the completion of the negotiations for the marriage, and, after an interview with the King and Duke, he returned to the port that he might be the first to welcome the Prince. The port of the Prince's arrival was not so much a matter of secrecy as a question of wind. The influence old Æolus had over State matters is amazing. Dynasties might tremble, battles might be lost for lack of reinforcements, conspirators might fail of the tryst, but if the wind held in the east, England could take no action. The uncertain wind made philosophers of statesmen. The Duke of Albemarle at Harwich, the Dutch Ambassador waiting at Ipswich, and some of His Majesty's coaches on the Suffolk side, made it certain that some notabilities would meet His Highness on his arrival.[3] He finally did land at Harwich, to the delight of the waiting Duke, and together they departed in great haste to Newmarket. Early in October the Prince, with all the Court, returned to London, where the

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 336, No. 437. Williamson's Notes.
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. 396, No. 191.
[3] *Ibid.*, vol. 397, No. 191.

marriage was celebrated on November 6, 1677. Ranelagh writes to Lord Conway of the occasion :

'My dearest dear Lord,—Great rejoicings at the Prince of Orange's marriage, which was performed privately in the Duke's closet at St. James's on Sunday night last. About a fortnight hence, the young couple leave England. In the meantyme, nothing is thought of but mirth and fine clothes, of which I have none, being grown an old man.' [1]

At the Queen's birthday ball the bride and bridegroom appeared and danced together to the admiration of Mr. Evelyn. The last of November the Prince and Princess departed on their journey to Holland.

The friendship so auspiciously begun between the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Albemarle was not allowed to languish. In December, the Duke sent over to His Highness a present of dogs and pots of venison.[2] The Duchess, not to be outdone by her husband, entered into an agreement with William Chapman, the Duke's 'Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Privy Purse,' who had received a gift of a diamond ring from the Prince of Orange. Either the beauty of the ring or a romantic interest in the handsome young Prince excited the desires of the Duchess. She greatly coveted the ring. William Chapman declined to sell it, but was willing to lease it to the Duchess for life, on consideration of the yearly payment of twenty-five pounds. The agreement reads as follows :

'Know all men by these pressents that I, Elisabeth, Dutches of Albemarle, doe promise to pay unto William Chapman yearly the summe of twenty-five pounds during my life and his life. That is to say, at the deceas of either life this obligation shall be voyd, on consideration of a diamond ring which was given the afor-sayd William Chapman by the Princ

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 397, No. 147. [2] *Ibid.*, No. 75.

of Orange In witness wherof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this six and twentyeth day of January, one thousand six hundred and seventy-seven. (167$\frac{7}{8}$). E. ALBEMARLE.

'*Witness*: Elizabeth Pudsay.
Dorothy Levet.
Mary Brown.'[1]

So businesslike a promise should certainly have been fulfilled. But, some ten years later, on William Chapman's decease, it was found by his accounts that the Duchess had never paid one farthing of these yearly dues.[2]

The Duke made another journey to Holland in the spring of 1678. The Marquis of Worcester writes the news to his wife; only a fragment of the letter is preserved. He tells her that the French and Dutch army are

'very neere of an equality in all other respects, for 'tis likely all but my Lord Ossary will come too late, there being news to-day of an engagement, and the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Feversham and the Earl of Plimouth going not till Tuesday, the two first to the French, the last to the Holland Army, and to-day the Duke of Albemarle and Lord Moulgrave the first to the Dutch, and second to the French, so that the King will have one sonne on one side, and one on the other, a Duke on one side and a Duke on the other, two Erls and two knights of the Garter on each side. I am sure you 'll be glad that another did not go to make it uneven, I mean your most affectionate husband.'[3]

Lord Worcester's prophecies proved but too true. Although Albemarle hurried to Holland eager to grasp at military honours, he was once more disappointed. Fighting was over for a time, and he was again in England on April 25, taking the Sacrament in preparation for the new session of Parliament.

[1] Welbeck MSS., January 1678. [2] Welbeck MSS.
[3] Hist. MSS. Com., *12th Report*, App. IX., Beaufort MSS., p. 67.

CHAPTER II

With the autumn of 1678 came the disclosure of that widespread delusion, the Popish plot to kill the King, set up the Duke of York in his stead, and restore the Roman Catholic Church to its former place. Very little fire produced a vast cloud of smoke. The murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, a zealous Protestant Justice of the Peace, before whom the details of the plot were publicly sworn, drove the country into a frenzy of blind injustice. All the Roman Catholic nobles were at once in deep disgrace, and, before all, the Duke of York. Five peers were thrown into the Tower under impeachment. Titus Oates, the informer, lodged in Whitehall, had his own guard and a pension of twelve hundred pounds a year. His daily disclosures claimed new victims, hangings and imprisonments followed, and it behoved even the most favoured and truly innocent to walk warily.

Albemarle, ever loyal to the Crown, busied himself in raising a new Regiment of Horse, for the King embraced every opportunity of increasing his standing army. With the new session of Parliament in October, the influence of public excitement was even more evident, and, on October 30, the House of Lords passed a Bill to exclude all Roman Catholics from sitting in that body. On November 30, Albemarle took the oaths and subscribed to the Declaration 'for the more effectual preserving of the King's Person and Government by disabling Papists from Sitting in Either House of Parliament.'

The Duke of Newcastle had remained quietly in the country during these disturbances, letting his son-in-law attend to such public business as was needful. The following letter belongs to this November :

'ALBEMARLE HOUSE, *November the 12th.*

'MY LORD,—According to Your Graces command I have made your excuse, and when I have the honour to receive Your Grace's Proxy I shall use it to the best of my Judgment as I think Your Grace would give your vote if you were here, this being all at present that I have to trouble Your Grace withall, I beg leave to subscribe myselfe, My Lord, Your Grace's most faithful, and most obedient Sonne, and Servant,

'ALBEMARLE.

'I beg my most humble duty may be presented to her Grace.' [1]

This letter is sealed with the arms of Monck impaling the Cavendish arms surmounted by a coronet.

The Lord Treasurer, Danby, convinced of the fictitious nature of the plot, made every effort to defend the Duke of York, and consequently found himself in deep waters. He had fallen out with Ralph Montagu, late his agent at the French Court, and this gentleman, returning to England, was elected to a seat in the House of Commons. Danby knew him to be a dangerous enemy, and, on his return, seized his papers. But the astute Montagu managed to secrete at least one of the first importance. This was nothing less than a letter from Danby empowering Montagu to stipulate for a payment by France to the King of England of six hundred thousand livres annually for three years, as the price of his neutrality. At the bottom were written the fateful words : 'This is written by my order, C. R.' The public excitement

[1] Welbeck MSS.

of this Christmas week had seldom been equalled in the course of English history.

The King, endeavouring to save Danby from impeachment and the Tower, saw nothing to do but dissolve Parliament. This Parliament had sat for eighteen years, and had been elected in the first wave of enthusiasm over the restoration of the monarchy. Although strongly Cavalier in its character, it had long been at variance with the King, and the chances were decidedly against the coming election bringing in anything but a majority of members diametrically opposed to the Court party.

Albemarle had now an opportunity to try his skill at an election, and on February 13, 167$\frac{8}{9}$, he writes to Lord Danby, giving his opinion of the strength of the various candidates for election from Essex.[1] That the fight was 'brisk'[2] William Harrington assures Thomas Littleton in describing one of the elections, and he continues :

'They appeared in the field on Tuesday, supported by the Duke of Albemarle and most of the principal gentry. They were opposed by Col. Mildmay who, upon the refusal of Sir E. Mildmay the night before to join him, had taken in a young Mr. Honeywood. . . . Lord Gray of Warke managed the country very briskly for them, and the two parties nearly came to blows. Sir E. Mildmay's party, though not a tenth in number, were drawn up in the field of their oponents, called for a poll. But after dragging it on to noon on Friday, they then retired on finding that they were in a hopeless minority.'

A newsletter of the day continues :

'The poll of Essex ended not well yesterday noon. It was a mighty election in point of Numbers, and several mischiefs had like to have happened. One

[1] Leeds MSS., Hornby Castle.

[2] Hist. MSS., 13*th Report*, App. VI., Fitzherbert MSS., pp. 19-20.

Mr. Turner was so rude that he struck Col. Mildmay (the successful candidate) on the face and pulled him by the Nose, giving him very ill language.'[1]

The triumph of Colonel Mildmay was far from pleasing to the Duke of Albemarle, for he branded him one of the 'fenathticks' [fanatics].[2] Another letter records how a countryman retorted 'to a great man, who told him he had better be at home looking after his harvest, that he had rather trust God with his crop than the Devil with the choice of Parliament men. Others saying they would venture their corn to save their land.'

More material support than the hand of Providence was invoked in most quarters. Mr. Evelyn complains in connection with his brother's election as Knight of the Shire for Surrey, that 'the country coming in to give him their suffrages were so many, that I believe they eat and drank him out of near 2000 pounds, by a most abominable custom.' At Norwich, Sir Thomas Browne wrote :

'Then was a strange consumption of beer, bread, and cakes. Abundance of people slept in the market-place, and lay like flocks of sheep in and about the cross.'

In this crisis of events the King summoned Sir William Temple from his garden on the Thames. Under his advice, a new scheme for the formation of a Privy Council was drawn up. This, in order that all the members might consult together on State matters, was restricted to thirty men. That it might be above considerations of self-interest, and also represent authority, its members must be men of wealth ; their joint income must not fall beneath

[1] Quoted from Newdigate-Newdegate, *Cavalier and Puritan*, p. 131.

[2] Leeds MSS., Hornby Castle. Letter of Albemarle to Lord Treasurer Danby, February 13, 167$\frac{8}{9}$.

three hundred thousand pounds a year. Its character was half official and half popular. Under Temple's insistence, Halifax was summoned as a member by the reluctant King; but the charm and wit of his conversation speedily won his Sovereign's regard. To the amazement of all parties, Lord Shaftesbury was made President. Albemarle and the Duke of Newcastle received early appointments. This Council was a failure from the first. Shaftesbury's dismissal soon followed, leaving Halifax, Essex, and Sunderland to form a coalition nicknamed 'the triumvirate.' The other members of the Council were now mere figureheads. Albemarle's attendance was rare; and unless he had some private end in view his name seldom appears among those present. On the other hand, he was constant in his attendance at the House of Lords.

The new Parliament, elected at such vast expense of beer and gold, struggled through a three months' session, leaving but one result of their meeting worthy of record—the Habeas Corpus Act, and 'that only passed its third reading in the House of Lords because the Whig tellers, in joke, counted one very fat lord as ten.'[1]

A storm, however, was brewing in Parliament which could not fail to break before many days had passed. The Duke of York had been ordered to Brussels to avoid disaster. Lord Danby, on the other hand, was obliged to endure calumny as best he might. In exasperation he writes to the King concerning the treatment received by him at the hands of the Duke of Monmouth:

'Whose animosity against the writer has moved his Grace to declare publicly that he (Danby) ought not to be allowed to plead the King's pardon. And

[1] *Cambridge Modern History*, vol. v. p. 224.

Sir Thomas Armstrong had some hot words yesterday with the Duke of Albemarle to the same purpose, and said the Nation could not be safe whilst I was in being.'[1]

Also the Duke of York complained to his son-in-law, William of Orange, from Brussels, June 8, 1679 :

'I know so well the concerns you have for me as easily to believe the trouble all these extravagant proceedings of the House of Commons against me has givene you. I did not thinke they could have been so violent, and have so sone forgott the oath of Allegiance that they had so lately taken, but when we consider how strong the Presbiterians are in that house it is not so extraordinary a thing for they will never fail to lay hold of any oppertunity to downe with monarky, and S^r^ Tho: Clargis made a very good remarke in the speech he made against the bill, that most of those that were for itt, I think he sayd all, were either Presbiterians or their sonns, but I hope these and some other proceedings of the Commons will have so allarumed his Ma: [Majesty] and the Lords that he will at least take some vigorous resolution and they will stand by me.'[2]

As a pawn in the political game, Monmouth was now of the first importance. The discovery of the Popish plot had thrown the nation into a frenzy of alarm. Men dreamed of the fires of Smithfield and the terrors of the Holy Office. When they considered the prospect of a Roman Catholic king in the person of James, Duke of York, their terrors were renewed. Statesmen deftly fanned these fears, and the result was Shaftesbury's famous Exclusion Bill, which was designed to prevent the Duke of York from inheriting the crown of Great Britain and Ireland, and which dominated politics for the next two years. Who should be heir in James's stead divided the factions still more violently. William, Prince of Orange, son

[1] Hist MSS. Com., *9th Report*, part II. p. 456.

[2] Manuscripts of the Rt. Hon. F. J. Savile Foljambe, Osberton.

of the daughter of Charles I., was the choice of Lord Danby and his followers. If Charles II.'s queen remained childless and James had no son, he would reign in any case, as his wife was the eldest child of James. The terms of the Exclusion Bill placed him one instead of two steps from the throne.

Shaftesbury, father of the Bill, drew his political strength from the Nonconformists. Their candidate and his was the Duke of Monmouth. Shaftesbury started the false story of a mysterious black box said to contain a contract of marriage between Charles II. and Monmouth's mother, Lucy Waters. The Council and people at large were much agitated by this tale. So much so, that when the King became seriously ill, in August 1679, Lord Halifax, alarmed at what might happen, hastily recalled the Duke of York, lest he should be out of reach at the moment of the King's death. The King, however, recovered, Monmouth was banished to the Netherlands, while the Royal brothers returned to London amid bonfires and ringing of bells. Halifax at this juncture retired from office, and the Duke of York, after another brief visit to Brussels, returned to receive a great ovation from the City of London before his departure for Edinburgh.

Although Monmouth was suffering banishment, his empty but beautiful head was quite turned by the prospect held out to him by Lord Shaftesbury and his party. He had always been a spoiled child from his first introduction at Court, and his father, the King, had forgiven him many an escapade. But when he returned to England, without permission, and insolently struck the baton-sinister from his arms, he stretched the bonds of Charles's good nature too far. In spite of his earnest prayers, the King refused to see him, and commanded him to leave the Court. Mon-

mouth so far obeyed as to leave London, but only to go on a semi-royal progress through the west, attended by shouts of the populace, who acclaimed him the 'Protestant Duke.' In his character of Prince of Wales he touched for the King's Evil.

Dire and swift was the punishment that befell him. Monmouth held numberless offices, both civil and military, and from all of these he was summarily removed. The King had not far to look for another favourite upon whom to bestow these vacant offices. He summoned the Duke of Albemarle from Newhall[1] in haste. In response to the royal command the Duke arrived at Whitehall late the same night, when the King made him Captain of His Majesty's Life Guards of Horse on the spot,[2] and Captain and Colonel of the 1st (King's own) Troop of Horse. His commission reads :

'Ch. R. To Duke of Albemarle, Capt. of Guards.

'We reposing our especiall trust in your loyalty and experience in military affairs doe hereby appoint you to be Captain of all the Guards of Horse, Life Guards of Horse levyed and raised and shall be levyed and raised to attend our person in that quality in the roome of James, Duke of Monmouth. Giving you hereby authority to arme, traine, exercise, order and command them in all things according to the use of warr and as belongeth to the Power and office of a Captain of our Life Guard of Horse and to hold and enjoy all such rights and priviledges, Preheminence Honours and Allowances as are in any way appertaining to the charge and office of Captain of all our Life Guard.—You are to obey such orders and commands as you shall from time to time receive from us only.[3]

'*Nov.* 29, 1679.'

[1] *Correspondence of the Family of Hatton* (Camden Soc., 1878), vol. i. p. 207.

[2] Luttrel's *Diary*, vol. i. p. 27.

[3] Quoted from Arthur, *The Story of the Household Cavalry*, vol. i. p. 141-2, note 5.

To Monmouth, the sight of his junior, Albemarle, commanding his Horse Guards was most galling. For Albemarle, who had once followed so admiringly after Monmouth in many a midnight revel, had, in these later years, kept close to the King's person, and voted with the King's party, until he had become the trusted supporter of both the King and the Duke of York. That very summer, just before the King's illness, he had attended him at Windsor and accompanied him to Hampton Court. From this palace he later joined the King in his barge on a visit to Deptford to view the launching of the *Sterling Castle*, a new third-rate frigate. From thence the royal party betook themselves by sea to Portsmouth—for King Charles in these days took an unwonted interest in his navy.[1]

The Popish plot had resulted in death to many, fines and imprisonment for more; even at the end of two years its fury had not been exhausted. Albemarle was still called upon to give orders for the pursuit of suspected persons among his old neighbours in Essex—a duty which must have been painful to one of his friendly nature.

'Collnel Warcup, being informed upon Oath that one Paulson a Jesuit and Procurator for the Jesuits in the County of Essex, and places adjoining, had been lately seen in the House of Old Lady Petre, Mother to the Lord Petre in the tower, and that there was a great probability of his being there still, gave notice thereof to the Lords of the Council who immediately gave order that his Grace the Duke of Albemarle should give directions to all the Depty-Leutenants to search the House with a considerable force as well as for the said Paulson as for what writings and papers they could find. . . . The Old Lady being demanded upon her Honour whether the said Paulson were in her

[1] *Domestic Intelligence*, Tuesday, August 5, 1679.

House or no, her Answer was that she would not speak an untruth upon her Honour, neither would she betray him if he were there, but gave them full liberty to make as long and as diligent a search as they could.' [1]

Amid these great affairs, Albemarle had time to engage in one of his favourite amusements, that of coursing with greyhounds—a sport in which he had long been interested.[2] The Duke of Ormonde evidently looked upon greyhound racing with contempt, and a correspondent, Colonel Cooke, writes to him in this wise from London :

'A monsterous nationall concerne of a grey-hound match between the Duke of Albemarle and Sir Ralph Dutton obligeing my judgship to appearr hear, . . . Yesterday, the two great antagonists for the lawrell of being the best grey-hound master have matchd five greyhounds for one hundred pounds each dog and one more. The odd match to be run the first day the weather will permit. The judg for both, I have backd my country man with fifty-five ginys. Of the successe Your Grace may expect a perfect account heare after.' [3]

Unfortunately, the promised letter was never written, or the Duke of Ormonde did not preserve it, for we have no record of the success of the 'two great antagonists.'

Letters are rare during these years—perhaps destroyed at a time so full of distrust. We must depend upon the semi-weekly newspapers for news of the Duke's affairs.

'Newmarket.—On the 18th Instant was a Race Run for 100 pounds between the Duke of Albemarle and

[1] *The True News, or Mercurius Anglicus*, No. 28, February 29.

[2] Among the Belvoir MSS. there is an account of ten shillings having been paid to the Duke of Albemarle's servant who had brought a leash of greyhound whelps to Lord Roos.

[3] Hist. MSS. Com., *6th Report*, App., Ormonde MSS., November 18, 1679, p. 741.

Mr. Ossley the six mile course. Mr. Ossley rid his Own gelding himself against the Duke's Horse which is called Tinker. There was great odds against Mr. Ossley, but he won the Race. His Majesty and His Royal Highness were on Horse back to see it run.' [1]

'The Duke of Albemarle had a Wrestling, etc., at his House for the better diversion of the Best of men' [The King ?].[2]

'A difference lately happening betwixt 2 Gentlemen of the Guard, wherein a Duel had ensued had not his Grace the Duke of Albemarle interposed, and by his wonted goodness obliged them to obedience to his Majesty's late Proclamation and their own old friendship.' [3]

The Court was again at Newmarket in the spring of 1680, and John Stewkeley writes to Sir Ralph Verney (April 29, 1680):

'On Tuesday, the King went to Newmarket. He dined at Audley Inn (End), treated at night by the Duke of Albemarle.' [4]

The Privy Council journal shows that the Duke was in London throughout June, attending with unwonted zeal the frequent meetings of the Council. The Colonial papers report him acting as Lord High Constable of Carolina, and appointing all military officers in that colony. Throughout August he was absent from Council meetings, but in September he was once more in London.

October was a month of strain and tension. The Exclusion Bill had passed the Commons, and a bitter fight might be expected in the House of Lords. The names of Whig and Tory for the opposing parties had now come into common use, and the parties them-

[1] *Smith's Current Intelligencer*, No. 12, March 20-3, 1680.
[2] *Mercurius Civicus*, No. 7, April 8, 1680.
[3] *Ibid.*, No. 9, April 14, 1680.
[4] Hist. MSS. Com., *7th Report*, App. I., Verney Letters, p. 478.

selves were more sharply defined than their immediate predecessors of the town and country. The Whigs were in the ascendant, and the Green Ribbon Club flourished. Its meetings at the King's Head Tavern at the bottom of Chancery Lane were attended by Shaftesbury himself. The final overthrow of the Bill took place November 19, when hour followed hour of debate before the King and a crowded House. The King was heard to whisper 'the kiss of Judas,' when Monmouth urged the passage of the Bill as the only means to safeguard the King's life. Halifax replied to every onslaught of the Whigs by a series of brilliant speeches—fifteen or sixteen times he spoke that day, and finally at nine o'clock at night the Bill was overwhelmingly defeated by a vote of sixty-three to thirty. The Commons were furious, supplies were refused, and a Bill introduced to form a Protestant Association for the government of the country with Monmouth at its head.

Parliament had yet another duty to perform before the year was concluded, in the trial of Lord Stafford for plotting against the King's life. Evelyn gives many details of this occasion. Westminster Hall served as a background, where were both Houses of Parliament seated with great dignity, and an especial box provided for the King, and another for the Court ladies. At the opposite end sat Lord Stafford, dignified, admirable in his carriage. He was sixty-nine years old on the very day of his trial. Grouped with him were the Lieutenant of the Tower, the fateful axe-bearer, the guards, and the prisoner's two daughters. Old Sergeant Maynard led for the managers of the trial, 'being now nearly eighty years old, the same who had prosecuted the cause against the Earl of Strafford forty years before.' It was a painful occasion and a sight from which many shrank,

so that 'the Lords made an order that if any peer who was in town, without absolute proof that he was not able to be there, should absent himself at this vote. . . . Whosoever he was he should be sent to the Tower.'

Lord Stafford defended himself with energy and ability, but to no avail. The Peers voted individually, each arising as his name was called and laying his hand upon his heart, answered guilty or not guilty, adding 'upon my honour.' The final count condemned the prisoner to a traitor's death. Lord Halifax and the Duke of Newcastle were among the minority. 'All the other Dukes, to wit: Cumberland, that is Prince Rupert, Monmouth, Albemarle, and Lauderdale, voted him guilty.'[1] 'Many Lords that were neer relations to the Prisoner voted against him,' for he was not a favourite in his family circle. This was on December 5, and the execution took place on Tower Hill on the 29th.

The times were ominous. Men looked about for signs and portents. Even scientific Mr. Evelyn, looking out of his chamber window one December night, towards the west, viewed with foreboding:

> 'A meteor of an obscure bright colour, very much in shape like the blade of a sword, the rest of the sky very serene and clear.' 'What this may portend, God only knows,' he exclaims. '. . . I pray God avert his judgments.'

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., 14*th Report*, Kenyon MSS., p. 105.

CHAPTER III

In January 1681 the King prorogued and then dissolved Parliament. Another election was therefore imminent. The ancient charters not only of the City of London, but of many country towns, had been removed by the King's order, and new charters more advantageous to the Crown had been issued. Albemarle, in consequence, received several letters such as this:

'*Feb.* 168$\frac{0}{1}$.

'May it please your Grace,—Wee thinke it our Duty to returne your Grace our most humble and hearty thankes for the new Charter which Wee have received from his Ma^{ty} by your Grace's favour. Wee have unanimously and with greate pleasure chosen our two Worthy Friends to set in Parliament which formerly served us, and now recommended by your Grace Which oblidges us to subscribe as We really are, —Your Grace's Most humble and obedient Serv^{ts},

Jno. Rolfe.'[1]

(And sixteen other signers.)

Albemarle did not enter into this election with the same enthusiasm that he had shown on the former occasion. His new military duties interested him far more. 'The new Commandant of the Life Guards' (*i.e.* the Duke of Albemarle), observes a contemporary record, 'since he hath been Captain of the Guards, hath made a reform, putting out all Papists and others Popishly affected that he could find

[1] Montagu House MSS. Sir Philip Parker and Sir Thomas Middleton, who were re-elected for Harwich at this election.

therein.'[1] As an anti-climax to this zeal, *Smith's Protestant Intelligence*, No. 9, records :

'London, *Feb.* 23.—On Sunday last about One or Two of the Clock in the morning, his Grace the Duke of Albemarle returning to Town from the Election at Colchester, his Coach was stopp'd by the City Guards who declared to their Captain that they suspected the persons in the Coach for Priests ; but upon the Captain's coming to the coach, and knowing his Grace, the Captain begged his Pardon for their Stopping him, and allowed the Coach to pass through the City to his Lordship's house.'

Others were more actively interested in the coming session of Parliament. Lord Danby, now in the Tower and still untried, continued to advise the King by letter. It was his suggestion that the new Parliament should meet at Oxford to avoid the hostile atmosphere of London. The Whigs were again triumphant at the election and pledged to uphold the Exclusion Bill, the Association, and the restriction of the King's right to prorogue and dissolve Parliament, and they rode down to Oxford surrounded by bands of armed retainers. The Government, not to be outdone, put the Tower, Windsor Castle, Lambeth Palace and Whitehall in a state of defence, and posted a regiment along the road to Oxford for the protection of the King.

Meantime stirring preparations were being made in the old University town.

'The Common Council voted that no soldier shall be quartered within the City.' 'The Vice-Chancellor hath issued forth his Order, or to give it you in the University term—Programa,—prohibiting all Scholars from frequenting Taverns, Ale-Houses and Coffee Houses during his Ma^ty's residence there, upon penalty of being entered into the Black Book ; which it is observed, will pre-

[1] Arthur, *The Story of the Household Cavalry*, vol. i. p. 142.

vent all manner of disputes which may accidentally happen betwixt the Scholars and the Members of Parliament.'[1]

The King sent word that he wished Corpus Christi, Christ Church, and University Colleges 'for his appointment,' and that 'he would send the Lord Chamberlain down to prepare them.' Consequently, 'All the Students of Oxford under the degree of Master of Arts are ordered to retire to their friends to make room for the Court.' It was affirmed that the innkeepers of Oxford stubbornly refused to quarter any of His Majesty's guards, either foot or horse, and had humbly prayed His Majesty to dispose of them in other ways.[2]

The King, Queen, and Court arrived some days before the date set for the opening of Parliament. The King spent the interval most pleasantly:

'His Majesty went yester in his Coach about six of the clock, attended by the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Albemarle, the Earl of Feversham, and several other noblemen to Burford and at Whitney His Majesty took Horse, there waiting for his coming several Gentlemen and others. His Majesty went Hawking across the Country to Burford, where the Bailiff, attended with the Officers of the Town, presented His Majesty with a Rich Silverlac'd Saddle with Haulsters and bridle, worth about fifty Guineas.'[3]

The Queen was not the only lady who travelled down to Oxford. *The True Protestant Mercury*, No. 25, records:

'His Majesty was pleased to be present at the first play here, beeing Tamerline (*sic*) the Great, where also was the Duchess of Portsmouth and Madam Guin (Nell Gwynn).'

The Parliament, secured after so much preparation,

[1] Newdigate-Newdegate, *Cavalier and Puritan*, p. 137.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 140.
[3] *Smith's Protestant Intelligence*, No. 16, March 21-4.

lived but one short week. The King had come to an understanding with France, and was assured of sufficient income from King Louis. The Commons insisted on passing the Exclusion Bill. While they debated the King unexpectedly summoned them to his presence. To quote Burnet's words :

'Very suddenly, and not very decently, he (the King) came to the House of Lords, the Crown being carried between his feet in a sedan : and he put on his Robes in haste, without any previous notice, and called up the Commons, and disolved parliament ; and went in such haste to Windsor that it looked as if he was afraid of the crowds this meeting had brought to Oxford.' [1]

The newsletter continues :

'Here are various discourses concerning the disolution of Parliament, as to the Consternation of the Inhabitants of Oxford, who had made provision for three months, and the very hour the Parliament was dissolved it was discoursed they would sit till August.' [2]

Albemarle's attitude toward public affairs at this moment is stated in his circular letter written with his own hand to his Deputy-Lieutenants of Militia in Devon:

'NEWHALL, *23rd Aprill* 1681.

'GENTLEMEN,—I have received yours of the 15th from Exeter at your last meeting there, and am sorry to heare that the militia is in noe better posture and that you make noe greater appearance at your general meetings, which I desire may be amended for the future, as a matter very much conducing to his Ma^ties^ Service, especially in these times when loyall men ought frequently to meet and joyne together to disapoint the wicked desines of rebellious and seditious people for the preservation of the

[1] Burnet, *History of His Own Time* (London, 1818), vol. ii. p. 112.
[2] *Cavalier and Puritan*, p. 140.

CHRISTOPHER, SECOND DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, K.G.

From the miniature painted by L. Crosse in 1680, now in the possession of Mr. E. M. Hodgkins

peace of the gover(n)ment as it is established in Church and State by law, Whereby, & by noe other rule his Ma^tie^ intends to governe according to his late most gracious declaration. I need say noe more to persons soe loyall and well affected to his Ma^ties^ service only to desire you according to your wonted care & zeale to meete as often as you may till you have settled the militia in such a good posture as it ought to be, & therein you shall be sure to have the best assistance that I can give you, expecting to heare constantly from you of your proceedings therein, So wishin (g) you all good successe & happines, I rest, Gentlemen, Your most assured and affectionate friend to Serve you, ALBEMARLE.

'Endorsed.—A cop(y) of a lre sent to S^r^ Copleston Bamphfeild, Sir H. Acland, Bar^ths^ & S^r^ Tho. Carew K^nt^ or to eyther of y^m^ to be Communicated to ye rest of ye D. Le^ts^ [Deputy-Lieutenants] at Exeter Devon.'[1]

Never did he more truly than at this time exemplify the motto of his house, 'Fortiter, fidelitur, felicitur.'

The unexpected ending of Parliament sent Albemarle back to London in a state of great jubilation. His master had triumphed at last, and Parliament need no more be considered.[2] He himself received as the reward of loyalty another Joint Lord-Lieutenancy, this time of Wiltshire, and he was the constant companion of the King. His conduct grew more high-handed, and he insensibly gave forth more impressment in his bearing. He had scarcely reached London before Fate spread a pitfall for his feet.

[1] Montagu House MSS.

In spite of the state of public affairs the Newmarket races were not forgotten. The following notice appeared in March: 'Mouse, the Duke of Monmouth's gelding against the Duke of Albemarle's grey gelding, the best of three heats, 12 stone for 200 pounds.'—*The Domestic Intelligence*, No. 70, March 21, 1680.

[2] Parliament did not meet again in this reign.

Captain Bevil Skelton,[1] perhaps to celebrate the discomfiture of the Whigs, gave a supper party at his house, where were gathered, among 'divers others,' the Duke of Albemarle and Colonel George Legge.[2] These two named guests sat at supper deep in discourse. The discussion turned on the Duke's contract for the garrison of Plymouth, of which town Legge was Governor, and it suddenly 'grew hot.' The merry revellers were startled to hear, 'You 're a rascal,' shouted by the irate Colonel at the excited Duke. Quick as thought the Duke hurled his glass, wine and all, in the Colonel's face. It is a miracle that the bottle did not follow the glass. Blows would have been added had not the company thrown themselves on the combatants and forcibly restrained them. One frightened guest sped to the King with news of what was imminent. Whereupon the King commanded them, upon their allegiance, not to stir nor presume to fight. 'And there it stops,' says gossip.[3]

Private concerns were also filling the mind of the Duke at this time. For, in June, he sealed and executed at Albemarle House the Deed of Release which played such a prominent part in the great lawsuit concerning the Duke's wills. By this deed he, in the event of his remaining childless, deeded to Lord Bath all of his possessions, reserving for himself only the life interest in the estate. Lord Bath was present on this occasion, and the witnesses were well-known friends of both parties.[4]

[1] Burnet speaks of him as 'one of the haughtiest but withal the weakest of men.' He served as envoy to Vienna, Venice, and the German courts. Vol. ii. p. 243.

[2] Created Baron Dartmouth, December 2, 1682.

[3] Hist. MSS. Com., 14*th Report*, Kenyon MSS., p. 186. Guicciardini Wentworth to R. Kenyon.

[4] *Chan. Proc.*, Reynardson, vol. 426, No. 9.

Albemarle had ordered that this settlement should be kept a close secret, but Lord Bath could not resist the temptation to tell the story of his happy prospects to the members of his own family. Lady Lansdown, his daughter-in-law, so far forgot discretion as to repeat the tale, in strictest confidence of course, to Lady Clarges. This lady, wife of Sir Walter Clarges, Albemarle's cousin and early playfellow, felt it her duty in 'respect and kindness to the Duchess of Albemarle' to acquaint her with what was going forward. From that moment Albemarle was never free from the importunities of his wife to alter his decision.[1] This deed also changed and enlarged the marriage settlement of the Duchess in case of his death. In this matter the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle were consulted, and their satisfaction in the new settlement is amply recorded in letters still preserved at Montagu House.

Albemarle's popularity at Court was not without its drawbacks, for, on the presentation of an address from some gentlemen of the Middle Temple to the King, His Majesty gave them thanks and ordered the Duke of Albemarle to entertain them at dinner.[2] He was soon, however, to spread his table for a far more illustrious guest. After much diplomatic correspondence and consultation of statesmen, the Prince of Orange had come again to London.

'On Thursday the Prince of Orange came to Arlington House, where he was treated at the King's charge. On Friday he dined at the Duke of Albemarle's.'[3]

Lord Arlington proved his frugal qualities, but

[1] *Chan. Proc.*, Reynardson, vol. 426, No. 9. Deposition of Sir Walter Clarges, Bart.

[2] Luttrell's *Diary*, vol. i. p. 101.

[3] *The Currant Intelligence*, No. 29, Saturday, July 30, to Tuesday, August 2, 1681.

Albemarle paid for the entertainment given at Albemarle House, and a splendid one it was. Of it *The Loyal Protestant* records that it was 'a noble dinner.'[1]

The entertainment of the Prince greatly occupied the Court. Windsor was the scene of the next festivity.

'On Wednesday last (Aug. 3) there was a great match of Wrastling at Windsor betwixt the Duke of Albemarle's servants and those of the Earl of Pembroke, of which his Majesty, the Prince of Orange, together with many persons of quality, were Spectators.'[2]

Interest centred in the illustrious guest, and the newspapers forgot to tell the world of the result of this contest, but *The Loyal Protestant* is more generous with details of a like occasion during the same summer.

This was also a wrestling match 'where the abettors were the Monarch and the Duke of Albemarle, each being represented by twelve men.' Behold the scene gaily spread in the meadow below Windsor Castle, where a ring or enclosure was formed. The Queen and her ladies, fair but distant spectators, looked down upon the scene from the terrace. Not too distant, however, to distinguish the red waistcoats of the King's men from the blue of the Duke's, and many a pretty wager passed among them as the struggle progressed. The King, as one of the 'abettors,' sat in the royal coach inside the enclosure, while his antagonist, 'the Duke (of Albemarle), mixed with the crowd,' where his activity excited much applause. When one of the number offered foul play, the Duke punished him by 'tripping up his heels.'

The first victory lay with the Duke, and he cheer-

[1] *The Loyal Protestant*, August 2, 1681.

[2] *The Currant Intelligence*, No. 30, Tuesday, August 2, to Saturday, August 6, 1681.

fully pocketed two hundred guineas, the amount of the wager. The victorious wrestlers received twenty shillings each, while the defeated men were content with half that amount.

'After which the King's men challenged the Duke's at backsword. In which exercise, some being unskilful, others were taken in to complete the number. This was performed with great skill and courage, but not attended with those barbarous circumstances which were usual with the Roman Gladiators, who to shew the Emperor sport, sheathed their Swords in one another's bowels. Our most clement and gracious King abominating all acts of cruelty, the issue of this was only some broken pates and the palm was again given to the Blues.' After this second defeat, the record says, 'the King's men were heated and unwilling that the Duke should carry all before him. So they determined to try once more. This time the challenge was to a game of football. The Duke and his men were nothing loth. Hastily the Goals are staked out and the ball placed,' 'the Duke held the handkerchief over the ball, the letting fall of which was the signal to give the start. And the handkerchief a reward to him who got the first kick, which was one of the Duke's own men.'

This valiant fellow had been in all the sports so 'signally active' as to draw upon himself the royal approval. 'His Majesty took particular notice of him, and gave him a guinea.' 'Fortune still appeared on the Duke's side,' and the honours of the football game were also his. Yet notwithstanding, 'His Majesty seemed highly pleased with that day's divertisment.'

To return to England's guest, the Prince of Orange:

'The same evening the said Prince took leave of their Majesties and the whole Court, in order to his Return to Holland. His Highness came that night to Arlington House, where he was treated at his

Majesty's charge, and the next day went to New Hall in Essex, where he was splendidly entertained by his Grace the Duke of Albemarle.' [1]

The Currant Intelligence continues the narrative :

'Last night about six of the clock came hither (Harwich) His Highness the Prince of Orange, accompanied by His Grace the Duke of Albemarle, and several other Persons of Quality. The Yachts appointed for His Highness transportation into Holland not being come, he was resolved to have gone forthwith in one of our pacquet Boats, which was immediately got ready for His Highness against he had refreshed himself at His Majesty's charge ; but about 9 of the clock that night the Yacht appearing before our Harbour he took boat.' [2]

So Albemarle became a more and more striking figure at Court, and at the Newmarket races this year he again entertained the King :

'He supped last night at the Duke of Albemarle's, and all the jockeys with him, in order to make some horse matches.' [3]

That autumn public interest was diverted with much talk and some scandal concerning a young and beautiful widow, the Countess of Ogle, and the story touched the Duke of Albemarle somewhat nearly. She, the last heir of the great Percy name, was a charming young girl, with red hair and pouting lips, of the plump type so greatly admired in the days of the Restoration.[4] At the age of twelve years she had been married to the Duchess of Albemarle's brother, young Lord Ogle. But he, dying in his eighteenth year,[5] left his young widow without suitable pro-

[1] *The Currant Intelligence*, No. 30, August 2-6, 1681.

[2] *Ibid.*, No. 31, Saturday, August 6, to Tuesday, August 9, 1681.

[3] Hist. MSS. Com., *7th Report*, App., p. 513, September 25, 1681. Daniel Finch to his wife.

[4] Lady Elizabeth Percy. See portrait at Welbeck Abbey.

[5] November 1, 1680.

tectors. While the two great families of Cavendish and Percy discussed the possession of her fortune, the young girl was left to the inefficient protection of her grandmother, Lady Northumberland, for her mother was already married to Ralph Montagu, for whom rich widows held an irresistible attraction. Lady Ogle secretly married Mr. Tom Thynn, one fine day, but speedily tired of the gentleman, and, to the horror of all her relatives, disappeared. Rumour said that she had betaken herself to 'my Lord Duke of Albemarle's protection.'[1] But the truth was that, pretending a desire to purchase some plate, she drove in her own coach to the Old Exchange, where, descending, she gave orders that her servants should await her return. These servants were, of course, somewhat in her confidence, for they awaited her return till eight o'clock in the evening, when, returning to Lady Northumberland, they gave the alarm. Great was the search for the lost lady. She was not with the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle, and it finally transpired that she had gone abroad to the protection of Lady Temple, wife of the ambassador in Holland. The end of the story was tragedy. She had already attracted the attention of Count Königsmark. He determined to marry the heiress at all costs, and going over to London, with some of his own German mercenaries, contrived to have them set upon Mr. Tom Thynn in his coach as he drove through Piccadilly, where they wounded him so severely that Lady Ogle was very soon a second time a widow. Königsmark was arrested, and great was the scandal. In his distress he wrote to Albemarle, who furnished him with sympathy, but nothing else.[2]

[1] Belvoir MSS. Charles Bertie to the Countess of Rutland.

[2] The letters which passed between Königsmark and Albemarle are preserved among the Montagu House MSS.

The matter was finally adjusted when the actual murderers were executed, and the Count, shamefully acquitted by the jury, escaped to France, where he renewed his suit to Lady Ogle,[1] but without success. Two years later she was happily married to the Duke of Somerset, who had such great satisfaction in her manners and her ancient lineage that after her death, when he had contracted a second marriage, he reproved his new wife, who had laid her hand upon his shoulder in an uninvited caress, with the words :

'My first wife, who was a Percy, never presumed upon such a familiarity.'

This year, so full of great deeds, closed with a whisper of scandal concerning the Duke of Albemarle himself. The following letter tells its own story :

The Earl of Westmorland to the Duke of Albemarle

'JERMIN STREET, *Nov.* 28, 1681.

'Being so highly elevated with your wine, which you gave me, may in some measure plead my excuse for presuming to contend with you at a game I never saw before, and then paying not long after 500 pounds, which was a sum far greater than I use to play for, I hope it may upon Second thoughts be thought by you a sufficient acknowledgement of my folly—which I ought to pay for. These reasons, and my Lord Oxford's acquainting you how very prejudicial it stands with my fortune to pay more, I hope will satisfy your Grace.' [2]

Lord Westmorland should not have complained, for he was in the height of the mode. Dorothy, Lady

[1] Dean Swift nicknamed the lady 'Carrots from Northumberland,' and this pleasantry cost him a bishopric.—Sidney, *Diary of the Times of Charles II.*, vol. ii. pp. 224-5, note.

[2] Hist. MSS. Com., 15*th Report*, Montagu of Beaulieu MSS., p. 177.

Sunderland had written to Lord Halifax hardly a twelvemonth earlier to tell him that :

'My Lord Cavendish had taken up money, at fifty and three score pounds in a hundred, to go into France, and he lost a thousand in two nights at Madame Mazarins (Hortense Mancini). That stops his journey for a time.'

Lord Sunderland, Chief Secretary of State, playing at basset, gambled away five thousand pounds in a single night. High play was the delight of both men and women. When Lord Thanet desired the place of Chamberlain to the Queen, he made his court 'in letting one of the bedchamber women play his money with Her Majesty at l'autre leu.'[1] The King himself did not disdain to fill his purse at the expense of foreign visitors. This same letter records that :

'The King, Queen, Duchess of Portsmouth, and my Lord Feversham made a bank of 2000 pounds and they won 2700 pounds of the Frenchmen.'

[1] Quoted from Cartwright, *Sacharissa*. Dorothy Sidney to Lord Halifax. MSS. of the Duke of Devonshire.

CHAPTER IV

THROUGHOUT these tumultuous months of 1681, the Duke of York had remained discreetly in Edinburgh. From thence he wrote to Colonel Legge to condole with him for the loss of some office and also to rejoice :

'That the Duke of Albemarle is to have it, since you were to part with it, for he is true to the Crowne.' [1]

Ten days later the Duke of Newcastle wrote to the Earl of Danby, dating from Nottingham Castle :

' My wife went erly this day to Wellbeck, retorning to-day, to order our little building there soe that we may goe there three weekes hence. Wee are certaine, God willing, to have my daughter Albemarle here a Thorsday.' [2]

And later, the Duke writes to the same friend :

' I know your Lordship loves me so well as to pardon me that I acquainte your lordship that my daughter Albemarle is here and in good health.' [3]

While the Duchess was paying this visit to Welbeck the Duke spent his Christmas in London. Athletic exercises still held his interest. *The True Protestant Mercury* reports that on December 30, 1681 :

'A match of boxing was performed before His Grace the Duke of Albemarle, between the Duke's footman and a butcher. The latter won the prize as he hath done many before, being accounted,

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., 11*th Report*, Dartmouth MSS., p. 70.
[2] Welbeck MSS. [3] Welbeck MSS.

though but a little man, the best of that exercise in England.'

The Duke accepted an invitation from the Gentlemen of the Temple 'to keep the Revels' with them. There he found himself in the company of the Duke of Grafton, Lord Feversham, Lord Hyde, and several persons of quality who also did them 'the honour to dine with them there, and were splendidly entertained.' Old Narcissus Luttrell's words give hope that these noble guests enjoyed the 'Lord of Misrule,' and dancing, song and jests. For the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple were accustomed to give masques and revels with much magnificence and considerable expense. Evelyn, with the superiority of a modern critic, characterises these entertainments 'as an old riotous custom,' having 'relation neither to virtue nor policy.'

The Domestick Intelligence, No. 64, records that the guests were received at their landing, for they entered from the water gate, and 'were saluted by His Majesty's Trumpeters and conducted through a guard of Halbertiers to the Hall,' where they 'No sooner entered but they were again saluted with musick and sumptuously entertained with abundance of varieties. Their Majesties' healths going joyfully round.' We are further informed that the noble guests 'departed highly satisfied.'

Monmouth, in these days of enthusiastic loyalty, was sadly out of favour, a condition which he took with very bad grace. He grew petulant and quarrelsome, challenged Halifax to a duel, accusing him of being the cause of all his misfortunes. Moreover, the sight of Albemarle gaily prosperous and blithely commanding his old troop of guards was too much for his proud spirit. Two days after the great dinner at the Inner Court the two young men met. Monmouth,

who had witnessed a parade of the guards, thought, or at least said, that he found them lacking in discipline. Such words could bring about but one result. 'The Duke of Albemarle challenged and would have brought it to a duel.' But Monmouth, feeling perhaps that he was already sufficiently in the bad books of his father, 'avoided it.' [1]

The thoughts of both young men were diverted by interest in strange guests who came to the English Court early in the year. The Muscovite Emperor had sent an Ambassador, whose outlandish manners and dirty habits greatly amused the ladies and gentlemen. Now came an Embassy from the Emperor of Morocco. Hamet Ben Hamet Ben Haddu [2] seems to have been cleaner than the Russian, but his many ceremonials, as a devout Mohammedan, greatly inconvenienced his escort. He would never travel before sunrise or after sunset. Nor would he or any of his suite, except the mufti and the cook, drink wine, a painful deprivation to his English hosts. All the party dressed in their native garb, with scimitars and slippers, their legs and breasts bare, and as they passed through the country they were much admired by the rustics. 'They were met at the Tower of London by His Majesty's coach of state and also a vast number of coaches of the nobility who had come out to see the strangeness of the sight.' [3]

The Ambassador and his retinue also gave great pleasure to their entertainers by riding their Barbary steeds in Hyde Park, but they were soon driven

[1] *Hatton Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 12.

[2] Engraving by R. White after Kneller. George Vertue (Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 23069, p. 30) records 'the picture of a Morocco Embassador half length by the life done by Mrs. Rosse, dated 1682, his name and titles above; she painted the picture at the same time as Kneller painted him in oyl, but sitting to have both at once.'

[3] *Loyal Protestant and Domestic Intelligencer*, January 3, 168½.

indoors by the January cold. The Duke of Monmouth entertained him, and was astonished and not a little offended to be told by the frank Ambassador that it was his duty to fear God and honour the King.[1]

A stranger in London in those days was shown much the same sights as a traveller of to-day. Hamet was conducted to the Abbey for a sight of the tombs, to Dr. Busby's School, Westminster Hall, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons.[2] He proved to have a very catholic taste in entertainment, and was 'pleased to divert himself at His Royal Highness's Theatre, where, to the satisfaction of His Excellency, was acted the tragedy of Mackbeth.' And, on another day, 'His Excellency went to view the rarities of the Tower.'[3]

The King received the Embassy in his great banqueting hall and with unusual ceremony, for it was believed that a commercial treaty between England and Morocco would prove of great value in connection with the occupation of Tangier. The Emperor's present to the King proved as diverting as the Ambassador, nothing less than two lions and thirty ostriches. The King laughed heartily when he saw them, and said he could think of nothing more appropriate to send in return than a flock of geese.[4] The crowd was such that the gates had to be shut and the path lined with guards.[5]

The Duke of Albemarle, with the rest of the Court, had been much attracted by the Ambassador. They became good friends, and together 'gave themselves the divertion of the Bear Garden when several dogs

[1] *Loyal Protestant and Domestic Intelligencer*, January 20, 168½.
[2] *Ibid.*, February 7, 168½.
[3] *Ibid.*, February 18, 168½.
[4] Reresby, *Travels and Memoirs*, p. 76.
[5] *Loyal Protestant*, February 18, 168½.

were killed. His Excellency seeming very well satisfied with the sport.' [1]

To enjoy the spring races of this year, 'Their Majesties with the whole Court departed from White Hall to Newmarket,' where 'His Majesty prepared to divert himself with horse and foot-races, cock-fighting and so forth, for a month.' [2]

The Court was not yet rid of the Ambassador from Morocco, for he followed the King to Newmarket, first borrowing money from the Lord Treasurer to pay his expenses. He proved an interesting guest, and caused great excitement by racing his Barbary steeds. More serious entertainment was supplied him at the University of Cambridge, whither he went to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws. This degree seemed but an empty compliment conferred by royal command upon a visiting dignitary whom the King designed to flatter. But it was hardly five years before another King forcibly reminded the donors of the incident, declaring that they had thereby established a precedent by which he was able to bring sorrow and chagrin not only to the whole University, but also to their Chancellor.

Scant time had Albemarle to enjoy the society of his new friend from Morocco. He was in close attendance upon the King, and successfully pursuing the advantage of his position. Monmouth had been Chancellor of the University of Cambridge for several years. Here was one more honour to be plucked from him and given again as a reward for obedient service. The Vice-Chancellor of the University journeyed over from Cambridge to Newmarket to report to the King through Lord Conway (principal Secretary of State) the reception of the Morocco

[1] *The Impartial Protestant Mercury*, No. 91, March 3, 168½.
[2] *Protestant Intelligencer*, March 4, 168½.

Ambassador and of the degrees conferred in accord with letters mandatory. Lord Conway had a surprise in store for him when he acquainted him with the fact that Monmouth was no longer their Chancellor, but had been removed 'for undutiful behaviour,' and at the same time presented further orders under the royal signature.[1]

'Our natural son James, Duke of Monmouth, has given us just cause to remove him from our service.

. . . . . .

'We have thought fit to require you to proceed to a new election of a Chancellor. . . . And whereas, as well the integrity and constant loyalty of Our Right truly and Right-entirely beloved Cousin and Counselor, Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, as the remembrance of the great and eminent service performed unto us by the late Duke of Albemarle his father, hath justly institute him to be near our person, and renders him in every way qualified for the discharge of so high a Trust and whose Nomination thereunto will be most agreable unto us, We further hereby recommend him to your choice as a mark of our indulgent care of your prosperity and welfare, and so we bid you farewell.'[2]

Secretary Conway and Sir Leoline Jenkins already had written to each other on the subject and conferred as to the precedent of dismissing and electing of past chancellors.[3] The University 'received the royal mandate as usual with the most implicit submission, and the Duke of Albemarle was elected without a competitor by 175 votes.'[4]

A lively correspondence at once ensued between the Chancellor-Elect and his University. In answer to the official announcement, Albemarle indited a letter

[1] Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 5852, fo. 426.
[2] Bennett's Register, Emmanuel College, Cambridge.
[3] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., 1682, vol. 418, No. 33.
[4] Bennett's Register, Emmanuel College.

in his best style to Dr. Coga, the Vice-Chancellor, and the University Senate, April 1682, assuring them that of all the favours shown to him by the King, none had caused him more satisfaction than that His Majesty has thought him fit to be a patron and support of learned men, and the more so as he considered himself under a particular obligation to cherish that loyalty and learning which his father, by the Grace of Heaven, had the honour to rescue and restore.[1]

Dr. Coga returned a stately epistle of thanks, stating that his Grace's letter, accepting the chancellorship, had been received by the Senate with all possible joy, and that although, owing to the absence of the Public Orator, they could not now return their thanks, they would endeavour fitly to do so at the installation.

The Duke, knowing that he must have a speech in readiness for the same occasion, directed his secretary, Mr. Vivian, to procure copies of speeches delivered on former occasions. The Duke of Buckingham's inaugural address had been preserved. Nathaniel Vincent of Clare Hall furnished a copy. But the most careful search failed to produce the words of Monmouth on his installation. Vincent writes again to say that :

'The Duke of Monmouth's speech, which you inquire after, was so very short that there have not been copies kept of it. There is a full account of his installment, much more large and full than anything we have had before recorded of that nature, which the Vice-Chancellor will bring with him to London, that my L[d] Duke may have the perusal of it, on Tues.—come Senight. Out of this narrative I have transcribed all that is extant of our last Chancellor's

[1] Copy in Thomas Vivian's hand. This correspondence is in the possession of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.

Speech. I pray you tender my duty to his Grace our Chancellor-Elect and to her Grace our Lady Chancelloress, who some years ago did me the honour to accept my attendance when she viewed our University.'

Albemarle, in the quiet of Newhall, conned his own installation speech, and won golden opinions from his new friends at Cambridge by contributing funds for the repair of Trinity College.[1]

Meanwhile halting poets sharpened pens and prepared Pindaric odes of alarming length upon the happy event. Mr. Nahun Tate, masquerading as Dryden, continued 'Absalom and Achitophel,' and under the name of Abdael addressed the Duke of Albemarle thus :

'Brave Abdael, o'er the Prophet's school was placed ;
Abdael, with all his father's virtue graced ;
A hero who, while stars looked wondering down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restored the crown.
That praise was his ; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown restor'd ? and in this rank of fame,
Brave Abdael with the first a place must claim.
Proceed, illustrious, happy chief, proceed !
Foreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed ;
While th' inspired tribe attend with noblest strain,
To register the glories thou shalt gain :
For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake ;
Or seas retired their secret stores disclose,
And to the sun their scaly brood expose ;
Or, swell'd above the cliffs, their Billows raise,
Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.'

This is our only record of Albemarle as a patron of the arts. Wharton's notes thus explain the quotation :

'Abdael . . . the Duke of Albemarle, son to the brave General Monck and President of Wales [*sic*].

[1] There is a portrait of the Duke of Albemarle in Garter robes in Trinity College Library.

He was liberal and loyal and a leading man among the friends of the King and the Duke, on which account he was severely stigmatised by the Whig writers.' [1]

Truth compels the admission that these poets insensibly voiced the praises of the father to the neglect of the son. If the second Duke had not been the most devoted of sons, he must have resented the sight of so many lines diverted from their accredited subject. Some happiness, however, was to be gained when the Muse chanted :

> 'How much We of Thy great Father see,
> God-like Albemarle in Thee.'

Meanwhile in London vast preparations were going forward at Albemarle House against May 11, 1682, the day fixed for the installation. The great reception rooms were furnished with their bravest hangings, and savoury smells escaped the kitchens where the master cook and his assistants prepared for the dinner that would follow the ceremony.[2] The Duke came up from Newhall in readiness for the event, and a great throng from the University assembled in London.

On the day appointed, a great company of learned folk repaired to Northumberland House about two o'clock in the afternoon, marching in three divisions. First a hundred young students in divinity, in their gowns and caps, Masters of Arts, Bachelors and Doctors of Divinity. The second division : about the same number of students, Bachelors and Doctors of Physic. The last division : students in the civil law, the doctors being in their scarlet gowns, who were

[1] Quoted from Dryden, *The Miscellaneous Works of John Dryden*, with notes by Samuel Derrick, 1760, ' Absalom and Achitophel.'

[2] *Domestick Intelligence*, No. 100, May 4-6, 1682.

followed by a considerable number of ministers of the Church of England residing in London and formerly students at the University.[1] It is not to be supposed that either devotion to the glory of their University or interest in the new Chancellor brought forth such an assemblage of learned men. All the doctors and officers received two guineas each for attending an installation, and Masters of Art one guinea.[2]

This noble procession proceeded down the Strand and up Piccadilly to the garden of Albemarle House. Here they were met by several guards and solemnly escorted into the courtyard, where His Grace received them. Afterwards they were conducted into a large room :

'Where the most eloquent speech was made to His Grace in Latine, by Mr. Billers, the University Orator, shewing the great satisfaction they had in their election, insisting much on the praises of his deceased father, and likewise of himself in a very particular manner.'[3]

This speech lasted for three-quarters of an hour, and had been preceded by the installation ceremonies and by a speech from the learned Dr. Coga in English.[4] These lengthy bursts of eloquence paved the way for the Duke's speech.

'His Grace was extremely obliging and was pleased to answer them in a short but pithy oration, that before it had been always his inclination to serve them, but now it should be his business ; and if he did not do it effectually it was their fault not his.'[5]

This bit of oratory was followed by an elaborate

[1] *The True Protestant Mercury*, No. 141.
[2] Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 5852, fo. 426.
[3] *The True Protestant Mercury*, No. 141, May 10-13, 1682.
[4] *The Loyal Protestant*, No. 154. [5] *Ibid.*

entertainment, nine tables being furnished with all varieties of things in season, and all sorts of

'musick, trumpets and kettledrums. The Morocco Ambassador, upon the Duke's invitation, was also pleased to be present with his retinue. About six o'clock in the afternoon the solemnity ended, and all returned to their respective lodgings highly pleased with the entertainment.'

Albemarle had been made a Doctor of Laws by Cambridge University some years before, and if he was not a University man himself, he certainly knew how such should be treated.[1] The merry Court circle, much entertained by this excursion of their companion into the realm of learning, wrote facetiously on the subject. Lord Preston in Paris was informed that 'a most learned cavalcade has gone from Northumberland House to Albemarle House,' 'to make his Grace the Chiefest Scholar in Cambridge.'[2]

[1] The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon the Duke of Albemarle, September 27, 1681. Several papers relating to the Duke, including the Latin oration, are preserved in the Registry, Cambridge University.

[2] Hist. MSS. Com., *7th Report*, App. I. Letter of Mr. Fleetwood Shephard to Lord Preston in Paris, p. 381.

CHAPTER V

THE Duke of Albemarle's obvious enjoyment of Monmouth's former honours awakened anew in that nobleman the spirit of revenge. Taking counsel with his intimate circle, he determined to bring his successor into disgrace with the King. His Majesty not only frowned upon duelling, but deeply resented any infringement of his edict upon the subject as a disrespect to his royal authority. Albemarle, then, should be drawn into a duel. Opportunity alone was wanting. Fate played into the hands of the plotters through the agency of Lord Grey of Werke, who found an occasion to bring Albemarle into the desired state of reckless wrath. This lord strolled one day into a gunsmith's where all the young men of fashion replenished their armament. If we mistake not, he espied, as he entered, a footman in the Albemarle livery lounging near the doorway. His eye next fell on a richly wrought pistol, and he raised it for closer inspection. 'What coxcomb's fancy is this,' he demanded in no uncertain tone. 'Some fool!' he continued contemptuously. The proprietor respectfully replied, 'It has been bespake by the Duke of Albemarle.' The footman, jealous for his master, sped home to report that Lord Grey had called the Duke a fool. The gunsmith, not far behind, appeared at Albemarle House to report that his noble patron had been named a coxcomb. Outraged honour could have but one relief. Sir Walter Clarges was summoned in haste. The challenge was sent and

accepted. Sir Walter conferred with Lord Grey's second, Colonel Godfrey. Swords were the weapons, and the meeting took place early on a sweet June morning in Tottenham Court. The principals engaged and also the seconds. Colonel Godfrey proved the better swordsman, and Sir Walter, bleeding and disarmed, saw the doughty Colonel join his principal, swearing to Albemarle that unless he delivered his sword, 'he 'll run him in the guts.' With two against him, the Duke fought on for a moment or two. But, seeing no remedy, he then delivered his sword. 'Here the Wh— [Whig] had the better on it,' comments our correspondent.[1]

Sides were taken in a trice. The town seethed with the story, and proclaimed the Duke a hero or a coward, as politics sympathised. As an aftermath :

'Two days afterwards three blades came into Wh.'s Coffee House, and sat down by Lord Colchester, Sir Thomas Armstrong,[2] and several others, and talked much of Albemarle's gallantry ; but this discourse not being regarded, they arose, and going out, one of the three turned and said, if any there spoke reflectingly of the Duke, of his carriage in the late duel, he gave them the lie, and swore they three would fight with any three of them ; but the Wh— [Whigs] let them go away without answering them.'[3]

The newsletters continue the story :

'The King was very angry at the duel . . . but being informed that the Lord Gray did not speak the words designedly upon the Duke, sent for 'em and made 'em friends, but said he was very sorry to see those that should be patterns of keeping Laws, break 'em under his nose.'[4]

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., *7th Report*, App. I. Letter of J. Verney to E. Verney, p. 479.

[2] Executed for complicity in the Rye House plot.

[3] Hist. MSS. Com., *7th Report*, App. I. J. Verney to E. Verney, p. 479.

[4] Newdigate-Newdegate, *Cavalier and Puritan*, p. 73.

So a thin crust of peace was laid over these fiery spirits. But the State secretaries were profoundly disturbed, and found much subtle political meaning in these gentlemanly affairs of honour.

Lord Conway, who was with the King at Windsor, wrote to Sir Leoline Jenkins in London, dated June 8, 1682 :

'I have had the honour to receive your letter of the 7th and have communicated it to his Maj^tie who sayd thereupon, he would speak with the Duke of Albemarle ; after that I met his Grace, and discourst the business with him, who told me the whole story. How that a gentleman of the King's Troop of Guards, a man of as good birth as Sir Henry Ingoldsby had a quarrel with him in a Coffee House and is reddy to give him satisfaction if he desire it, but how it should come to be fixt upon the Duke of Albemarle, I cannot comprehend. If their councel runs upon such extravagances I doubt not but it will expose them to the Severity of Law, as well as the censures of all rational men.' [1]

In spite of the King's command the quarrel between Monmouth and Albemarle was but gently sleeping. Lord Herbert having allowed himself to call the Guards the banditti, was set upon by a guardsman named Rodney who took upon himself to avenge the insult. As Lord Herbert was riding with the Duke of Monmouth in his coach at the time of the attack Albemarle was obliged to send messages of explanation if not apology, while the Lieutenant-Colonel imprisoned the offender at Windsor. In later months the quarrel broke out afresh among their underlings. One of the Duke of Albemarle's former servants, now promoted to be a guardsman, took occasion to insult the Duke of Monmouth's coachman, wondering why he wore a Whig's livery,

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 418, No. 420.

to which the man retorted that he knew the time when he wore Tory's livery. Blows were exchanged, and later three guardsmen fell upon the unarmed coachman and severely injured him. The Duke of Monmouth naturally was gravely offended and brought the matter to the notice of the King, and the over zealous champions of the Colonel of the Guards were ignominiously turned out of their troop.[1]

As for Albemarle himself, the political atmosphere surrounding these quarrels enabled him to escape the malice of his enemies, and kept him high in the favour of the King. His next duty was to entertain the Morocco Ambassador, with whom the treaty was at last signed and sealed ready to present to the Emperor at Fez. His last visit was to be paid to the Duke of Albemarle before he embarked at Rye. On July 6 he took his way to Newhall. Of his reception *The Loyal Impartial Mercury*, No. 13, reports:

'We hear that on Tues. last his Excellency the Ambassador from Morrocco arrived at New Hall accompanied with several of the Nobility and Gentry and was kindly received by his Grace the Duke of Albemarle, who gave him sumptuous entertainment, the Country people flocking in great numbers to see his Excellency and his retinue.'[2]

Many months afterwards Albemarle received a letter of thanks for his courtesies from this visitor, written perhaps by the interpreter, the renegade Englishman who had accompanied him to England:

'MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—

{A signature in Arabic} 'Yo^r Grace's letter I have received with a great deal of Joy; ye friendship which I made with yo^r Grace when in England shall always continue, and onely wish for that happy

[1] Newsletters, Welbeck MSS., June 2 and 5, 1683.
[2] Also *Loyal Protestant Mercury*, No. 177.

hower to see yo^r^ Grace in this country to make some returne of ye kindnes I received ; had yo^r^ Grace come hither ye King would have done anything you could in any reason desire, for when I mentioned yo^r^ Grace's name to ye King he rejoyced in ye hopes of seeing you, and ye reason of ye delay in ratifying what I did has proceeded from false informations that ye King would have it imediately (*sic*) from an Ambassador's own mouth. I have nothing more then to remain, Yor Grace's Perpetuall friend,

'DIMSERA, *ye 27 Feb.* 168$\frac{2}{3}$.

'About 20 miles within ye passe to Sus.' [1]

During this summer of 1682 Albemarle was busy as one of the delegates appointed to hear the case of one Mrs. Brigit Hyde [2] and Mr. Emerton, a *cause célèbre* of the day. He also attended as an especially honoured guest the 'Most Noble and splendid Feast of the Loyal Young men and apprentices of the City of London,' and was elected steward for the ensuing year, together with the Duke of Ormonde, the Earl of Halifax, the Earl of Craven, the Earl of Sunderland, Lord Finch, and others.[3] It proved to be a very jovial party, where some thousands sat down to dinner 'accomodated with all the Rarites imaginable.' Much scandal was raised because so many ministers of state were present, the more so that a great feast organised by the Whigs had been prohibited. Then, too, he waited upon His Majesty at Windsor, attended the races at Winchester in the royal party, and later departed by sea to Portsmouth [4] to discharge his military duties. In the autumn His Majesty and the Duke of York were entertained by a great boxing match between the Duke of Albemarle's porter and

[1] Montagu House MSS.

[2] She afterwards married Lord Danby's second son.

[3] *Loyal Protestant*, No. 192, August 10, 1682. Fifty pounds was contributed by each steward.

[4] *Loyal Protestant*, No. 201, August 31, 1682.

a soldier of the Foot Guards, 'Wherein, though with much difficulty, the former remained Victorious.' [1]

As the winter proceeded newsletters spread the report that the Duke of Albemarle was being seriously considered as Ambassador to the Court of Fez.[2] The matter went so far that John Sydenham wrote his superior officer a letter of farewell.[3] Then the whole matter came to nothing, and another was sent in his place.

Albemarle in all probability was not greatly disappointed over the loss of the Morocco Embassy. He was in close attendance upon the King, and the matter of the command of the English troops in Holland had, once more, come to the royal notice. Albemarle had long yearned for this office. As early as 1680, he had written a letter to one whom he addressed as 'Your Royal Highness.' The Historical MSS. Commission Report identifies this personage with the Duke of York.[4] Unfortunately, the original letter has been mislaid, but it seems more probable that it is a draft of a communication to the Prince of Orange. It states that upon the lamented death of the Earl of Ossory, he (Albemarle) had hoped to succeed to his command, under His Royal Highness, in the service of the States-General, but he had heard that the King had recommended the Earl of Dunbarton. Having now learned that the Earl is not likely to succeed in his pretensions, he has therefore His Majesty's permission to address His Royal Highness, assuring him that if thought worthy of the employment he will be ever obedient to his commands and devoted to his service. This he followed with a present of a saddle horse to the Prince.

[1] *Domestick Intelligence*, No. 140, September 21-5, 1682.
[2] Welbeck MSS., December 2, 1682. [3] Montagu House MSS.
[4] Hist. MSS. Com. Report. Montagu of Beaulieu, p. 176.

In the spring of 1682 Lord Conway wrote to Lord Arlington (?) from Newmarket :

'His Majesty is likewise very Sensible of the necessity of having an English general of his own nomination over his subjects in Holland, and will do all that is in his power to procure it for the Duke of Albemarle.' [1]

What subtle working of Charles II.'s policy was to be served by Albemarle cannot now be followed with certainty. It can, however, easily be seen that he would be more sure of carrying out his promises to France without betraying his secret treaty to the astute William of Orange if his English troops in the Netherlands were under the generalship of a blind adherent of the King and Duke of York. So Albemarle became a pawn in the dark game between King Charles and Louis XIV. King Charles himself late in the year wrote to his nephew a letter well calculated to bring Albemarle the coveted prize :

'WHITEHALL, 8 *December* 1682.

'I have formerly proposed a thing to you in which I am every day more confirmed in my opinion as a thing which in many respects is necessary to be done, and, therefore, I think it proper now to renew to you. It is to have a Commander-in-Chief of all my Subjects who are or who shall be in the Service of the State. I am satisfied it will tend to their discipline and obedience, that it is for my honour and dignity, as well as for that of the nation, and that it will be advantageous to you in particular, in order to your greater influence upon them, to have such men from time to time set at the head of them as shall make it their business to be Serviceable to you ; besides, you will find that either in case of recruits or other levies of men in England, it will be no small encouragment for men to go over when it shall be known that a man

[1] S.P. Dom., Chas. II., vol. 418, No. 459.

of quality and interest here is to have the immediate commandment of them under you, to do them right upon all occasions that shall arise.

'Of this the late Lord Ossory is a very good instance, and you find so good an effect of the credit he had both here and amongst the men under his command that I need no other argument to convince you of how good use it will be to have that place filled as it ought to be. The man I think upon is the Duke of Albemarlle, who hath all the qualifications that are necessary to make himself to succeed the other, who was so well approved by every body, and particularly by yourself. If it should be said that the States will not be ready to do it, because it may draw some charge upon them, that objection might very well be answered, yet to take it off entirely, I am content there should be neither pay nor salary tied to the place, but that whosoever hath it shall discharge it upon their own expense, without expecting anything more than the name and character of Commander under you of the English, with the same powers that were enjoyed by the late Lord Ossory.

'I do not doubt that you will be of my opinion when you have well considered it, so as I will say no more but to assure you that I will ever be yours,

'C. R.'[1]

So urgent a letter might well be believed to bring about the desired result. Consequently, it was with surprise and chagrin that the King found that the Prince of Orange had given the appointment to Henry Sidney. True, he was no soldier, and was as frivolous as any courtier at Whitehall. Burnet says that he was so set on pleasure that he was not able to follow business with a due application. On the other hand, he was the brother of Algernon Sidney, so that he had certain ties with the Whigs at home, while abroad he was known as a personal friend of William of

[1] Sidney, *Diary of the Times of Charles II.* (ed. Blencowe). Introduction.

Orange. Not only incensed at the total disregard of his wishes, but believing that Sidney was far from the man he would choose to have at the head of the English troops in Holland, the King ended the matter by speedily recalling Sidney to England.

Albemarle, however, never attained to the goal of his desires. His only recompense was a pair of Flemish carriage horses sent to him by the Prince of Orange. Monsieur de Bentinck's letter explains why this gift was not received until 1684.[1]

'DIEREN, 17*d*' *Aoust* 1684.

'MONSIEUR,—Je suis honteus de ne vous avoir pas remercie, plus des honestelez que vous m'avey fait Mons^r, quant j'estois en Angleterre ; ce qui en est la cause c'est, que son Altesse d'abont aprez mon retous en ce pais, ordonna a Mr. d'Auwerkerck de vous chercher un attellage de chevous de carosse ; j'ay attendu a escrire par celui qui les emmeneroit ; cela a dure un an avant qu'il en oit peu treuver qui valussent la peine destre envoyez ; j'espere—que ceus si le seront, et que vous les treuverez aussi bons, que Son Altesse treuve le cheval que vous lui avez donne ; pour moy, Monsieur, faites moy la justice de croire que pour avir garde longtemps le silence je n'en suis pas moins reconnoissant de vos civilitez, et que je seray tous jours avex boucoup verite, Monsieur, votre tres humble et tres obeissant (*sic*) Servitem,

'W. BENTINCK.'[2]

The Duke of Albemarle was now at the apex of his career. At the age of twenty-nine he was a Privy Councillor, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, first

[1] Sidney, *Diary of the Times of Charles II.*, vol. ii. p. 33. These coach-horses probably resembled those ordered by Lady Sunderland through the agency of Henry Sidney, to whom she wrote : 'Employ all your skill, for one pair of the finest and largest grey coach-horses, the most dappled, the statliest persons you can possible get . . . a bill of exchange for £100 I imagine will do the business . . . pray let me have two very handsome, large, broad-backed beasts.'

[2] Montagu House MSS.

Colonel of the King's Own Troop of Horse, Captain of His Majesty's Life Guards, Colonel of the Queen's Regiment of Horse, Lord-Lieutenant of Devon, and Joint Lord-Lieutenant of Wiltshire and Essex, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. In addition, he held many minor offices both political and honorary. Up to this moment he scarcely had asked for the favours which had been showered upon him. In the loss of the command of the English troops in Holland he received his first public reverse of fortune. What attitude he took in this moment is not recorded. But in this year his youth fled from him. He was never again the joyous, splendid figure of these early years. Although he again climbed to success and won for himself substantial favours, his aspect is sombre, heavy, and oppressed. The realities of life now crowded thickly upon him; what he won in coming years he wrung from reluctant hands.

BOOK V

THE ECLIPSE OF ALBEMARLE

'My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires;
My manhood long misled by wandering fires,
Follow'd false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.'

DRYDEN, *The Hind and the Panther.*

CHAPTER I

ALTHOUGH to outward seeming the life of the Duke of Albemarle was successful from every aspect, although newsletters detailed something of his splendour, and gazettes gave assurance of his political standing, two very grim spectres were staring the young Duke out of countenance. The first of these came to public knowledge in the newsletters that chronicled the arrival of the Morocco Ambassador. These also retailed the astonishing rumour that Albemarle House had been sold. The rumour proved to be only too true. The splendid feast on the installation of the new Chancellor of Cambridge was perhaps the last of Albemarle's entertainments in his magnificent abode. Even his vast income could not withstand the inroads made by a constant stream of royal guests, ambassadors, and visiting dignitaries. Horse races at Newmarket and Winchester, basset at Hortensia Mancini's had taken more than their share of the once rich possessions of the Moncks. He was forced to follow the Duke of Buckingham's example and sell his great London house. Its beautiful garden was to be divided into streets, the house pulled down, and buildings erected by a real estate company. To-day, all that remains to show where this great house stood is the name Albemarle Street, and at the corner where was once the mansion itself, a public-house which still displays the sign, 'The Duke of Albemarle.'

In spite of his financial embarrassments, Albemarle was as conspicuous at Court as ever. He was at Windsor with the King in August and at the races in

the autumn. He was still influential in securing petitions for his old friends and retainers. Perhaps the Duke felt no pressing need for economy, as he had received thirty-five thousand pounds by the sale of his house and the land about it.[1] The very moment of the sale found him and the Duchess sitting to Murrey the painter for full-length portraits, with what destination is discovered by the Duchess of Newcastle, who adds the following postscript to a long letter to her 'Deare Betty.'[2]

'I give my Lord Duke and you a 1000 thankes that your Pictures from head to foote are doeing for Nottingham Galery.'[3]

The only record of retrenchment, apart from the selling of Albemarle House, is reported by his mother-in-law, who testified that he reduced the allowance of his Duchess to one thousand pounds.[4] This allowance was presumably an addition to the income she always received from the rents of the manor of Grindon which was part of her dower.[5] She also held a patent as 'Searcher' for the county of Kent, and derived an income from the Customs collected thereby.[6] She was further concerned in a lace trade which brought her some hundreds of pounds yearly.[7]

[1] Evelyn, *Diary*, September 18, 1683.

[2] Montagu House MSS. Frances, Duchess of Newcastle to Elizabeth, Duchess of Albemarle, April 1, 1682.

[3] Nottingham Castle. The painter was probably Thomas Murrey, whose portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle now hang in the ballroom at Welbeck Abbey.

[4] Welbeck MSS. The Duchess of Newcastle's deposition.

[5] Montagu House MSS. Letters from the Duke of Newcastle concerning the payment of these rents.

[6] Searcher: an officer of the Customs, whose business it was to search outward bound ships, and to examine if they had prohibited or uncustomed goods on board.

[7] Welbeck MSS. William Chapman's Papers: Accounts of the Duchess of Albemarle. Chapman acted as deputy of the Duchess in this business.

ALBEMARLE HOUSE

From an old engraving

Among her patrons in this business the Duke of Albemarle and the Earl of Bath figure largely; 'Maddam Rutland, the Prince of Denmarke and the Dutchess of Mounmouth' also appear as purchasers of 'Roufles and Cravats.'

Although Albemarle must have suffered acute chagrin in this period of financial embarrassment, he owned so many broad acres and manor houses that prudent management might in time have extricated his affairs, but prudence was not a characteristic of a successful courtier.

His second spectre wore a far more serious aspect. The health of the Duchess had grown more precarious, and she now began to show active symptoms of mental disorder. This first manifested itself in extreme irritation with those about her. Whether or not her accusations were due to delusion, she was clearly in a highly excited state of nerves and mind. Albemarle's first intimation of her trouble came just at the moment of his entertainment at the bear-baiting of the Morocco Ambassador. He, himself, was secretly disturbed by his embarrassed financial condition, and aflame with high hope at the prospect of the command in the Netherlands; so that it could hardly have been without some degree of vexation that he read, one March morning, a letter from his wife who was at Newhall, wherein she informed him that her feud with his cousins had broken forth with renewed vigour.

'. . . Is it unkindnes,' she demanded, 'to give your Cosen Farwell a forknight waring[1] after fore yeares heareing she will be remoueing evuery week or mounth when she is a skanddewll to oure fammaley in leading such a sorte of life besides ye nursing up Thefes and wemmen of an ill-fame which noe outher

[1] Warning.

but such cretuares will seruis her. I goe apon sure grounds that she has too noted wons at this time and all ze Tone and Country crys out of me for levefing [1] in a Bauddy Tafaran ; [2] my freinds sent me word I never was Bread up in such a place, and they thought I had more honner then to induare it, soe I am forst to cleare the senceur to my relacions by haveing her out in that time.' [3]

A week later 'cosen Farwell' sent a letter, containing her views concerning the Duchess :

'*Mar.* 168½ (?).

'MY LORD,—I can hardly beleve what Mr. Farwell told me that you intended to send Mr. Vivion hether on Saterday which was to bring me mony to be gone : and I to take 50 li to lye in the feldes or take up an in(n) at Chenesforde? My Lord, is this your Love and great kindnes you have for me, to turne me out of dores and take no care for my Removall and not a farthing of mony for meate nor Clothes ? Is this the frutes of the harvist that you have got sence the kinges Comin in ? Slite noe so much the instrument, my father, who when he was sent from the king going thorow London, he was taken and Caryed to the Commitey of saftey and there was examined what bisnes he had to doe with his brother in Scotland :

[1] Living. [2] Tavern.

[3] Montagu House MSS. Elizabeth, Duchess of Albemarle, to her husband, March 8, 168½. The Duchess was at this time expecting a visit from her sisters, concerning which her mother wrote : 'Tis resolved thay shall begin thare Jurney from hence to Noringham Munday the 24th of this Aprill the first Munday after Easter weeke from Notingham to Stamford on tewsday the 25th or to Wansford Bridge which is 5 miles further and from thence on Wensday the 26th to Camebridge where wee desier you will send your Coach and Servants and conveniance to meete them, . . . that thay may waite on you att Newhall on Thursday the 27th, where God send you and them a saffe and happy meeteing. I am very sory you have bin ill. I pray God send you allways well. I dreamed last night but one that I playd with a very fine little boy of yours and that it was very fond of mee and put out it(s) hand often to mee. God send it may prove a realitie and not only a dreame.'—Frances, Duchess of Newcastle, to Elizabeth, Duchess of Albemarle, April 1, 1682.

the(y) beleved it was about Charles Stuard for the(y) knew what he was, the(y) told him he was a dangerose person and shold be clapt into prison ; had I not bene in Scotland he had not had that exscuse to have made, for he told them he was going to fech his dauter from thence and with much adoe got of(f). Sir Thomas Clarges knowes all this to be trew ; the suckses of his jurney was hapy for Ingland and for you ; the Reward has bene nothing but sufferinges ever sence. I shall never forget the dangeres we were in at see, the violent stormes upon the quicke sandes and a greate ship cast away before us, and nothing to be sene but the mast. Mrs. Bruorton is now in London and can witnes it, and seing God has left you to be the only Instrument to requite me for my dangeres then, and for the uncomfortabel life that I have lived in your houce, pray Remember when I was to go oute of it before, you told me your wife was to Receve the sacrament, that if ever she wold be good natuored she wold be then, and bid me aske her what was the Reson she would have me be gone ; she told me she had nothing in the worlde aganest me, only she desiored to be alone, for she loved me so well that she wold visit me very often, and she hoped I wold do the same, that I must keep my Coch, but which way it was to be dun I know not, unles it was as Mrs. Jonson told me that she wold allow me 500L a (y)eare Rather then I shold stay. My Lord, is not this very strange that when she had nothing aganest me she shold be so desiorose to have me oute of the house ? What is the Cauce ? nothing but them that you love she hates, and when I am gone you will find it much more then now, for now she flateres my sister and S^r^ Walter Clarges, home [whom] she cold not indeuer before, and still hates them in her hart, and for what cause she hated my Cozen Pride you know not to this day, and had I not bene here you had bene more unhapey by what she told me, for I will asuer you all there quareles was upon your acount, therefore I hope you will be kind to her and to me ho [who] are both sufereres upon your ackount, but I have loved your Repose and quiet so well that I have mayd it my

holle bisnet to keepe it so, which I pray God continu it when I am gon. . . .

'I am now going to tel you my full resolution, that I will be torne in pesis by your one [own] servantes before I will stir oute of Newhall till I have a hundered and fiftey pounde a (y)eare and the lodge and land secured for it, my Reputation wolde be more salved in the lodge, but if you will not let me have the lodge I will have 400 li a (y)eare in land seteled upon me that I may not have the trubel of runing up and doune after youre ofeceres . . . of 2 eveles I will chouse the lest, if if (*sic*) I must perish I am Resolved it shal be in youre one [own] houce, and your servants have my blud before I will stir from hence. Sir, do not be perswaded by my Lady Duches that this is enuf for me who Mrs. Archer told me herselfe you Reuened her by leting of her have her will so much as you did. She told it me when you was here, and she was alltering of Albemarle houce, at that time I had liked to bene (*sic*) killed by Panton upon your ackount by flinging a silver candelsticke at my hed which was brocke in 2 peses with the fall, and for 6 wekes together tormented with blisteres for your sake.

'M. ff. [MARY FAIRWELL].'[1]

Just what arrangement was made with Mary Fairwell does not appear, but Albemarle hurried to Newhall as soon as his public duties would permit. The Duchess was found to be in a very unhappy condition. Whether or not the sale of her London home was at the foundation of her trouble, and that her proud spirit could ill brook reverses of fortune, certain it is that in the summer of 1682 she began to show unmistakable symptoms of that mental malady that recurred throughout the remainder of her long life. In the autumn she journeyed to Welbeck Abbey. Of his daughter's condition while on this visit the Duke of Newcastle wrote to Lord Danby, who was still in the Tower in spite of petitions:

[1] Montagu House MSS.

'I saw when my Daughter Albemarle was here She was not madd, but there was a great consternation upon her, I sopose caused by her own folley and Pride and Mallis of others who noe doubt has indeavored her ruen a long time and sure never woman has been so deafe to good councill as she has been nor did ever Parents doe so much for a Daughter as we have don for her.'[1]

The poor Duchess proved herself a most troublesome guest on this visit. She seems to have quite alienated the sympathy of her parents from herself, for Dr. Peter Barwick, her physician, in one of his numerous letters to the Duke of Albemarle remarks:

'I know your Grace will be pleased to assist her in it with her Parents by procuring a kind and candid Interpretation of her unfortunate behaviour at Welbeck when she was uncapable of judging of what she either sayd or did.'

In another connection he speaks of her parents putting an

'unfortunate misconstruction of things instead of pity and Compassion for ye saddest of calamities.'[2]

In still a different letter, after explaining his objections to the treatment of his patient insisted upon by the Duchess of Newcastle, who was a very masterful lady, he continued:

'My Lord it is greatly for your honour that ye Duchess of Newcastle has expressed how much my Patient ows to yo^{r} great kindness and affection and I know yo^{r} Grace's kindness to be so great by many instances, and particularly by that most affectionat Leter to her, that yo^{r} Grace will use all possible Indeavers with her Mother to comply with yo^{r} Grace's Judgement and mine in this mater.'[3]

[1] Leeds MSS., Hornby Castle.
[2] Montagu House MSS. Peter Barwick to Albemarle.
[3] Montagu House MSS.

Both the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, as well as Dr. Barwick testify to the affectionate devotion of the husband to their daughter during this unhappy period.

That the Duke had accompanied his wife to Welbeck, and in spite of domestic cares was concerned with political events is proved by a letter from one who signs himself J. L. addressed to Lord Danby :

'*Nov.* 13, 1682.

'MAY IT PLEASE YO^R HON^R,—Last night my Lord D. [Denbigh (?)] came well to Grimsthorp where he was kindly received both by my Lord and Lady Lindsey and my Lord signed ye Petticon with great willingness and hartely wishes yo^r Hon^r good success by it and soe doth my Lord Rutland who hath likewise signed ye Peticon. I am commanded to goe for Welbeck to waite of ye D. of Albemarle, and hope to have his Grace's favour to-morrow, and soe returne to my Ld. D. to attend till I have further Comands from yo^r Lord^P wch shall bee faithfully obeyed by Yo^r Hon^rs most humble and obedient Servt.,

'J. L.'[1]

In explanation it should be said that the Earl of Danby, wearying of his imprisonment in the Tower, petitioned His Majesty to release him, and a memorial on the same subject, signed by nine associated lords, emphasised the petition in the following words :

'Wee the Peers whose names are hereunto subscribed considering not only the great hardship of the Earl of Danby's Case, but being highly sensible of the dangerous Presid^t it may be hereafter to the rest of your Majties subjects if any man can be made incapable of being Bailed, when he can have no prospect of other deliverance, And conceiving it not to be the intention of the House of Lords in the making of the Late Order concerning Impeachment, that ever it should produce a consequence so injurious to your

[1] Leeds MSS., Hornby Castle.

Majtie's Perrogative, and so mischeivous to the Liberty of ALL your Subjects Doe humbly joyne with the said Earle in his Peticon, and pray your Ma^tie^ to grant the same with an effectual recommendation to due consideration of all your Judges.

ALBEMARLE. H. NEWCASTLE.
LINDSAY. RUTLAND.
BATHE. CONYERS.
BERKELEY. AILESBURY. OXFORD.
DENBEIGH. THANET. NORREYS.
YARMOUTH. SUSSEX. FEVERSHAM. R. ARUNDELL.
CAMPDEN.
MAYNARD. LUMLEY.[1]

Shortly after signing this document Albemarle must have returned to London, where on Sunday night, November 19, a most dismal fire broke out in Wapping.[2] More than a thousand houses were consumed. 'Upon the noise of the fire His Grace the Duke of Albemarle, the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Craven, and also the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs accompanied by their officers, the officers of Ensurance Office, and others of the City Artificers for p^r^vension of increase of fires went down.' Many poor citizens were burned and injured. The fire spread to the shipping, and though 'engines with water plaid,' the docks suffered severely. Albemarle's valour on this occasion drew forth happy comparisons between his conduct and that of his great father on a like occasion.[3]

Christmas of this year was, as usual, spent at Newhall, where the Duke is reported to have been 'some time, to divert himself.'[4] In the spring he once more visited Devonshire to look after his militia, and the newsletters erroneously reported his death

[1] Leeds MSS., Hornby Castle. [2] Welbeck MSS., Newsletter.
[3] Welbeck MSS., Newsletter. Collections of money were taken to relieve the sufferers. His Majesty gave £2000, and Madam Gwynn £100.
[4] Welbeck MSS., Newsletter.

from a fit of the 'chollick.' But 'badness of the weather' had prevented the Duke's return voyage, and not his death.[1] While absent from Newhall he received a charming letter from his Essex neighbour, John Petre, dated March 16, 168⅔:

'MY LORD,—I most humbly begg your Grace's acceptance of the biggest fish that ever I did take in my life, being a pig of your owne sow comming out of your owne pond; I did hartely wish your Grace with me att the taking of him upp, for from the time of my taking the line in my hand till I landed him in the boat was a hower by Newhall clock, and my back was readdy to crack: for the time I was there, which was but foer or five howers I had verey good sport: my Lord, I wish your Grace all success imaginable boath att Newmarkett and wheresoever your Grace goeth. . . .'[2]

The Duchess of Albemarle's ailments had by this time greatly increased. Her mental state was so serious that her husband added a codicil to his will, altering his provision for her in case she should never recover. Several of the letters preserved at Montagu House were written by her at this time, and they are quite unintelligible.

[1] Welbeck MSS., Newsletter. [2] Montagu House MSS.

CHAPTER II

In June of 1683 Albemarle was to forget his private embarrassments in a great political crisis. This was nothing less than another plot to assassinate the King, and this time the Duke of York with him, and set Monmouth on the throne. The royal brothers were to have been attacked and killed, some said only kidnapped, on their return from the Newmarket Races at a place called Rye House—'a place so convenient for such villainy as scarce to be found in England.'[1] The name of this house became identical with that of the plot. It was now the opportunity of the Tories and Roman Catholics to take their turn at harrying their former persecutors; for many of the conspirators were thought to be Whigs and haters of Papists. As in the case of the Popish plot, most of those who suffered as conspirators were believed to be innocent even by their contemporaries. There seem to have been two plots separate and distinct, and yet sufficiently overlapping each other to give colour to the accusations of those who to save their own necks turned King's evidence. The plotters who meditated murder were obscure and irresponsible men, some of them old Cromwellian soldiers. They conferred at one time or another with the Whig leaders who were scheming to protect themselves not only from Roman Catholic succession, but from the policy of King Charles. These Whig leaders would hardly stoop to so

[1] Bramston, *The Autobiography of Sir John Bramston* (Camden Society, 1845), p. 182.

futile a plan as the King's murder. The plot in its most violent form never came to anything, for a disastrous fire at Newmarket sent the Court suddenly to London before the trap could be laid for the King upon the road. Some three months later, one Josiah Keeling, a vintner, either from remorse, fear, or hope of gain, managed to get himself introduced into the presence of Sir Leoline Jenkins when one of the Lords of the Privy Council was with him—either Lord Dartmouth or the Duke of Albemarle.[1] Keeling's confession led to sudden excitement and many arrests and much false witness. The first conspirators taken were also the most obscure. Others, knowing that they would be betrayed, surrendered themselves. The Duke of Albemarle threw himself into the business with all the ardour of his loyal heart, and to him Colonel Rumsey gave himself up. This prisoner proved a valuable, if self-interested witness for the prosecution, and thus escaped punishment.[2]

Suspicion immediately fell upon the associates of Lord Shaftesbury, who was lately dead in Holland. Of these Monmouth threw himself upon his father's mercy, confessed all, received pardon; denied his confession among his followers, and then prudently retired into Holland; altogether playing as double a game as can be imagined. Lord Grey, Albemarle's former duelling antagonist, and Sir Thomas Armstrong also made their escape, though the latter was afterwards brought back to England and executed. Lord Russell, Lord Essex, and Algernon Sidney were lodged in the Tower, while Lord Howard of Escrick turned informer and so saved himself.

[1] Newdigate MSS., mentioned in *Cavalier and Puritan*, p. 213.

[2] He was witness against Lord William Russell in July 1683, and against Cornish and Lord Delamer in 1685. So general was the feeling that he had been a false witness that he was exempted from the general pardon of 1688.

Lord Russell felt himself doomed from the moment of his arrest. 'The Devil is loose,' he said.[1] Nothing worthy of the name of treason could be proved against him, but all hope was lost when an excited messenger brought news into the court during his trial that Lord Essex had committed suicide in the Tower. Russell was that day condemned to death. Every effort was made to save his life. The King refused a pardon, even in the face of an offer of £100,000. The Duchess of Portsmouth sued in vain. Then his friends tried other methods. Lord Cavendish[2] proposed the time-worn expedient of exchanging clothes[3] and remaining behind while his friend escaped, but Lord Russell would allow none of his friends to become involved on his behalf. Undiscouraged, Lord Cavendish again arranged to lead a carefully selected party of horse, and attack the guard as the coach containing the prisoner passed on its way to the place of execution, while another party should come up on the Old Bailey side, take him out, mount him on a horse and make off with him, for it was believed that the crowd would be actively sympathetic with Lord Russell. This offer was also refused by the prisoner. On July 21 the condemned man drove in his own coach to the scene of execution. By a strange coincidence the scaffold was set near the door of his father's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields.[4] Firm in his faith as a Christian, he approached death murmuring a psalm. Two hundred musketeers surrounded him and cut off any final hope of rescue.

The Duke of Albemarle, Colonel of the Guards, drew up his horse facing the scene. Beside him was

[1] Russell, *Life of William, Lord Russell*, vol. ii. p. 268.

[2] The first Duke of Devonshire.

[3] Oldmixon, *History of England during the Reigns of the House of Stuart*, p. 681.

[4] Green, *History of the English People*, vol. iii. p. 430.

Lord Cavendish, who had taken leave of the prisoner as he left the Tower, but had followed for one last sight of the friend he could not save. 'Just as he (Lord Russell) was going down to the block, some one called out to make a lane, that the Duke of Albemarle might see, upon which he looked full that way.'[1] Doubtless in this brief glance the victim caught one last friendly farewell from the eyes of Cavendish. This waiting lord and the Duke of Albemarle were little prepared for the horror of the scene about to be enacted. Lord Oxford in one of his private notebooks attributes the awkwardness of the executioner to political influence. Be that as it may, neither the first nor second stroke severed the head. Suddenly Albemarle, horrified at the needless torture he beheld, drew his pistol to end the sufferings of the victim. Lord Cavendish cried out, 'Forbear or we shall all be murdered.' 'Murder, Murder!' echoed the rabble who would brook no interference. One stroke more of the axe and the deed was done.[2]

Algernon Sidney's trial and conviction followed. The weather turned strangely cold, winter held London early that year. On December 7, while the Duke of York watched little urchins sliding on the ice of 'the canal in the Parke,' Algernon Sidney died on Tower Hill, 'very resolutely and like a true rebel and republican.'[3]

The King took but a half-hearted interest in the Rye House plot. While his ministers vigorously prosecuted the conspirators, the King was changing the officers of his household. He, according to a news-

[1] *Life of William, Lord Russell*, p. 341.

[2] Welbeck MSS., 'Miscellanea' of Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford, vol. iv. This incident is not mentioned in the *Life of William, Lord Russell.*

[3] Letters of James II. to William of Orange, December 4 and 7, 1683 (S.P. Dom., King William's Chest, vols. iii. and iv.).

letter, 'intends to make a regulation in the officers of his household, some of them being Whiggishly inclined, and hath already begun with his Cooks.'[1] And this was more than he had done to please the Whigs during the terrors over the Popish plot, for then he had declined to dismiss his barber, Papist though he was proved to be.

Albemarle, also, after the first excitement following the discovery of the plot had subsided, allowed himself to become absorbed in domestic affairs. Since the sale of his town house he had been without a home in London. As soon as this fact was known, William Chapman received proposals from those who had houses of which they would like to dispose. This faithful retainer wrote to his master concerning one such offer thus :

'This day I mett wth Mrs. Hannis who told me she had comission from the Dutches of Cleavland to let your Grace know that if you had a mind to take her house[2] y^{u} should have it for what tearm of time y^{r} Grace pleas'd.'[3]

Albemarle, however, did not come to terms with the Duchess of Cleveland, and he took up his abode, temporarily, at the Cock Pit, where his boyhood had been spent. From thence he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury on behalf of Dr. Samuel Gardiner, whom he recommended as a 'very loyal, learned, and painful preacher.'[4] At the Cock Pit, too, was established the ailing Duchess under the constant care of her physician, the learned Dr. Peter Barwick, who wrote voluminously to the Duke in this wise :

[1] Newdigate Newsletter, quoted in *Cavalier and Puritan*, p. 211.

[2] Berkeley or Cleveland House, near the site of the present Bridgewater House.

[3] Montagu House MSS., May 6, 1682.

[4] Bodleian Library, Tanner MSS., 34, fo. 106.

'WESTMINSTER, *Sept.* 1, 1683.

'MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—All things continue well at the Cock-Pit since your Grace went, as far as I can see, my Lady Duchess taking such things dayly as may by God's blessing confirm the health which she has recover'd with great patience and highly commendable constancy. . . . She tells me she has lately writ to yo^r^ Grace, but is so sensible of her late misfortune by the Post as to send her Leter by another hand. This is a trouble that so well becoms her noble mind that all of us that have the honour to be near her do much rejoyce at it. But alas, My Lord, there is one great thing (I fear) still behind, whether yo^r^ Grace has had any late discours with her about it or no, I know not. I must still beg leave to be importunat with yo^r^ Grace in it. It is a thing so far above my sphere to act in, who am a stranger to ye family (though yo^r^ Grace was pleased to think me a competent person for it) that I am persuaded no person living except yo^r^ Grace only has so much interest in this excellent Lady and her most honoured Parents as to be able to do it. And yet till it be done no solid lasting hapiness can be expected. I moved her Grace in it upon ye very first appearance of her Recovery before she received those Leters. But then she seemed to doubt whether she was well enough to write, and sayd it would not be expected till she was beter. . . . And yet I can not doubt, observing what I do of her great respect and affection toward yo^r^ Grace, particularly of late, but that some kind commands and Incouragements from yo^r^ Grace will have ye desired Influence upon her.'[1]

Dr. Barwick's own efforts to make peace between the Duchess and her parents had elicited the following letter from the Duchess of Newcastle :

'NOTTINGHAM CASTLE, *May the 12th*, 1683.

'SR,—I received yours of the 10th, but am very much conserned you have troubled yourselfe to write soe long a letter. As to the letters her Father and I

[1] Montagu House MSS.

write to your Patient thay ware as kind as wee could write and such as shee had reson to bee ouer Joyd to receive from us. If thay have any thing disturbed her wee can not healpe it, but since shee is soe ill a Judge of kindness, and soe apt to mistake letters our saffest way is not to write but Pray to God for her Perfect recovery and to have our servants at Newcastle House give every Post inteligence hou shee dus, and those that writes will let mee heere the comfortable news that shee continews to love her Noble Lord keeps her owne relations company and is thriffty and continews to indeuor to pay all her debts and runs in to noe more. These are the things which Persisted in will bee the way for her to bee dearer to us than euer shee was, but Pride, vanitie, insultation, and selfe will, will worke the contrary in us, and soe shee shall ever find. That 's all my Lord and I can say. His affectionate seruice to you, mine to your wife. God giue His blessing to your indeuors to her health of body and mind, I am your obliged freind and seruant,

'NEWCASTLE.'

(Addressed) : 'For Mr. Doctor Barwick These.'[1]

A week later Dr. Barwick wrote to the Duke of Albemarle :

'MAY IT PLEASE YO^R GRACE,—I renewed my request to yo^r Grace by the last Saturday Post to mind my Lady Duchess of expressing her Duty to her dear Parents. It is a thing that still runs uppermost in my thoughts, but I know I shall not need to press your Grace in it any further ; only I humbly beg leave to acquaint yo^r Grace with the fitness of ye opportunity, if it may please your Grace to lay your kind Injunction upon her in a Leter out of hand. For this day her Grace has layd a Command upon Mr. Lloyd to go to Mr. Brown at Newcastle Hous, and to bid him present her humble duty to her Parents, and her love to her sisters, and to assure the Duke and Duchess her Parents that she would willingly write to them

[1] Montagu House MSS. Frances, Duchess of Newcastle, to Dr. Barwick.

if she knew what to write that might be justly and truly said by her that they would be pleased to accept of ; and that she would never be defective in her duty, or to this effect, as I have it from Mr. Lloyd. And I thought it my dutyto give yo[r] Grace this Intimation.'[1]

The numerous letters of this faithful physician testify to his own fine spirit. It is easy to picture the old man endeavouring tactfully to bring peace of mind to the troubled Duchess. His method with his patient was quite modern, in its departure from the rough treatment usually accorded to the mentally afflicted in that and the succeeding century.

The Duke in spite of his wife's ill-health kept to his attendance upon the King. Evelyn met him on November 28 at a 'Magnificent entertainment' given by the Swedish Resident Lionberg to celebrate the birthday of his King, and remarks :

'The guests were the Duke of Albemarle, Duke of Hamilton, Earl of Bath, Earl of Aylesbury, Lord Arran, Lord Castlehaven. . . . I was exceedingly afraid of drinking (it being a Dutch feast), but the Duke of Albemarle being that night to wait on His Majesty, excess was prohibited.'

In February 1684 the Earl of Danby was released from the Tower, but not without great financial sacrifices on the part of his friends, who deposited an enormous bail in his behalf. Among these was the Duke of Albemarle. Still further straitened in circumstances by this generosity, the Duke now took up his quarters in York Buildings, in the house of Mr. Bernard Grenville,[2] brother of the Earl of Bath.[3] The Duchess was still in uncertain health and in a very undecided state of mind over the choice of

[1] Montagu House MSS.

[2] Hist. MSS. Com., *5th Report*, Sutherland MSS. Letters of Bernard Grenville to W. Leveson Gower, p. 186.

[3] York Buildings in the Strand, near Charing Cross.

another home. In fact, it seems to be her varying whims that kept the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle so long without a town house. This is suggested by a letter of Dr. Barwick, who writes :

'*Mar.* 4, 168$\frac{3}{4}$.

'MAY IT PLEASE YO^{R} GRACE,—I found my Lady Duchess uneasy in her mind upon yo^{r} Grace's going out of Town ; saying that yo^{r} Grace had not only denyed her some requests, but was gone without taking yo^{r} leave or biding her farewell. In this uneasy humour her Gr. still seems to continue, wch though it puts me into no fears of great consequence yet it is apt to bring her usual pain upon her stomach, and diminish her appetite. Her Gr. knows nothing of my writing. But I thought it my duty to acquaint yo^{r} Gr. with what I do observe, and to submit it to yo^{r} Grace's consideration wether a kind Leter from yo^{r} Grace may not do well : For I have oftener then once known yo^{r} Gr. win greatly upon her affections, and give satisfaction to her Requests even when you have not found it expedient to grant them. By this means she may be induced to think well of a Hous of her own, either at ye Cockpit or New Hall. And I do assure yo^{r} Grace I had much rather she were at New Hall then at Hempstead ; and I can send the minerall waters and other medicins with as much or more ease to Chelmsford within a mile of her own hous, then to Hempstead.'[1]

Of the Duchess's pursuits we catch a glimpse in Dr. Barwick's letter of September 2, 1684 :

'Her Gr. Does sometimes make use of her Saddle Horses when ye wether is good, but I think with a great deale of Care and Caution. I tell her how much I am concerned in it, as well as her Grace, to be able to give a satisfactory account to my Lord Duke. I confess I went upon that Command between yo^{r} Graces with great alacrity and satisfaction to myself, when I found so much unusuall affection on both sides as that

[1] Montagu House MSS.

neither my Lady Duchess would use her Sadle Horses without yo[r] Grace's full approbation, as well as a promise not to be angry, allthough she had a great desire to it ; and that ye only reason why yo[r] Grace struck a while at a full approbation was for fear she should take harm.' [1]

The vagaries of his wife at last brought Albemarle into a difficult position at Court. Some contretemps over a lodging at Whitehall seems to have taken place this autumn. Whether the injury to the Duchess's reputation on appearing at Whitehall without her Lord was a figment of her poor sick brain or a reality does not appear. Dr. Barwick gave the Duke the first intimation of the perturbation of the Duchess and the news of her removal to Hampstead in a letter dated November 2, 1684:

'I had a Command from my La. Duchess this afternoon to wait upon her Gr. whom I found in a fit of an Ague wch had been long upon her, but then was declining. Her Gr. is now at Hamstead ; and says she had a short fit the last night she lay in York Buildings. But I found her Gr. full as much troubled in her thoughts as with her Ague. She tould me she had been much misreported to the King, as if yo[r] Gr. knew nothing of the Lodgings that were taken for her at Whitehall, and upon that misinformation the K. had sent the Usher of the Black Rod to put a stop to that mater. Her Gr. says she does not value the Lodgings, but is in a very great concern how to get right in the King's opinion, and commanded me to go to S[r] R. Derham to ingage him to write to yo[r] Grace about it, she not being in a condition to write herself at present. But S[r] R. Derham not being to be found at home I take this boldness upon me, though I had no command from her Gr. for it, And I do humbly beg of yo[r] Gr. to write to some freind near his Ma[tie] to set my La. Duchess right with the K. in this mater, and that yo[r] Gr. will be pleased to own her in it.

[1] Montagu House MSS.

For I see her Gr. in so much trouble about it that I fear it may do her harm in the condition she is in at present by reason of her Ague, and her affliction of mind unless yo^r Gr. be pleased to give her some speedy assistance in it. I hear it will not be long before yo^r Gr. returns, but perhaps not so soon as this business seems to me to require your tender regard and wonted goodness to her. I do not find she has any fondness at all for the Lodgings but for her honour only.'[1]

Later in the month the Duchess wrote to her husband on the same subject. He had left unanswered an earlier letter, but in the urgency of her affairs she decided to overlook the neglect:

'My Deare Lord,—I am sorry I am not worthy of an ancer from you. I would have forborn troubleing you now but that I think my repetacion lyes at y^e last stake if you for Bare to be les kind then you used to be. I b(es)eech you, when you see y^e King, spake but what you sade to me consarning ye logins that you inten(d)ed to wate in them as you know you tould me; if you omit this, consider what reflecs opon me makes you suffer soe fare never to be repared. Theire are many that think you have had a Great Deale of roung will emagin, if you should say anything but what I beg, you care not for repetacion, all my Freind(s) Hope You will allways be a man of Houner to me and never neckleck me and beleves you will geit this Houses that has being ye cause of all this bussell. I am, your Dutyfull Wife,

'E. Albemarle.'[2]

The following letter from the Duke of Newcastle relieved the situation:

'May it please your Grace,—I received a letter this post from my Lady Eliz: Pierrepont (the Aunt of the Duchess of Newcastle) wherein her La^ps (?) is pleased to lett me know my House at Clarken-well may be usefull to your Grace; I most humbly assure

[1] Montagu House MSS.

[2] Montagu House MSS., November 24, 1684.

your Grace you are most wellcome to it and to make use of it as long as you please and I take it for a great Honnor your Grace will make use of it. There is some goods in ye House. I wish they weare better, they are all at your Grace's service.' [1]

Newcastle House was no longer in a fashionable neighbourhood, and so had been partly dismantled by its owners. The Duchess of Newcastle, of more practical mind than her husband, rehearses its inconveniences as a residence in a letter to the Lady Elizabeth Pierrepont:

'WELLBECK, *Nov. the 29th*, 1684.

'MADAM,—I most humbly thanke you for yours of the 24th and am most redy to lend my Lord Duke of Albemarle and my Daughter Newcastle House for what time they Please to make euse of it, and am most glad at my hart and soul that it can any way convenianace them. I am sory it stands soe ill and in noe sweeter a Place and is so unquiat, the Bells [2] beeing soe neere it, and that I have not better furneture espeshally that I have not a good bed to set up for them, but as it is, and what it has, thay are most hartyly wellcome to it and I will write this Post to Jerrimiah and Alice to gett it as well redy for them as they can which I am sure they will doe againest what time thay apoynt them. I most humbly thanke you for writeing this to mee since Betty did not write herselfe, a desier soe easeyly granted I am with all Duty and affection your La^ps most obedient Neece and humble seruant, NEWCASTLE.

'My 2 deare Gerles most affectionate Duty and humble seruice to you.' [3]

A month later the Duke of Newcastle writes:

'I most humbly thank Your Grace for honouring us by making use of my house in Clarken-well.'

[1] Montagu House MSS. Henry, Duke of Newcastle, to Albemarle.

[2] The bells of St. James's Church, Clerkenwell.

[3] Montagu House MSS. Frances, Duchess of Newcastle, to Lady Elizabeth Pierrepont.

So we may imagine the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle safely established at Newcastle House, and York Buildings as well as Whitehall seeing little of them.

Whether on account of the vagaries of the Duchess or for some other reason, Albemarle was decidedly out of favour all through the bitterly cold winter of 1684. Perhaps the King's renewed interest in Monmouth may explain this. According to the Venetian Ambassador, Monmouth was secretly in London in December, and had an interview with his father. He certainly carried on an uninterrupted correspondence with the King through the medium of Lord Halifax.[1] Only one favour to Albemarle is recorded for this twelfth month—a grant to hold two fairs at Rotherhithe, which might augment his income in a small way.[2] He also had the honour to be one of the commissioners appointed to install Prince George of Denmark as Knight of the Garter. But in comparison with the brilliancy of former times, this year proved bleak indeed.

'Thus the cedars at Court are as liable to change as we shrubs,' his cousin Bernard Grenville laughs, not without a shade of malice.[3]

[1] Ranke, *History of England*, vol. iv. p. 197.

[2] Lysons' *Environs of London*, p. 612.

[3] Hist. MSS. Com., *5th Report*, Sutherland MSS. Letter of Bernard Grenville to W. Leveson Gower, p. 186.

CHAPTER III

However, an event was impending which would somewhat alter the aspect of Albemarle's affairs. During the preceding year King Charles had given evidence of failing health. Yet the symptoms were little heeded by those about him, and his departure from his usual geniality of manner was attributed to political cares. Therefore, when Mr. Evelyn visited Whitehall on the evening of February 1, he little thought that he viewed his King sitting for the last time amid the surroundings which had marked the reign and characterised its Court. He later wrote in his diary a picture of that evening :

'I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) . . . which I was witness of, the King sitting toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other disolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them.'[1]

During the evening the King complained of illness, and early next morning to the consternation of his attendants he fell into a fit, from which he was revived with difficulty. The ministers of state, in this unexpected crisis, had many plans to put in motion to safeguard the kingdom and their own interests.

[1] Evelyn, *Diary*, February 4, 168⅘.

From Whitehall Palace at four o'clock that same Monday afternoon Lord Middleton wrote to Albemarle telling him of the King's illness, and giving hope of his recovery. 'I dout not,' wrote he, 'you will give all necessary orders for your Deputy-Lieutenants and Justices of the Peace to prevent disorders arising from false reports,' and he adds a postscript desiring him to send his orders by express that night.[1] Prayers were offered for the King's recovery in all the churches by reverent throngs, while fourteen doctors used every remedy which the knowledge of the time could recommend. Another attack ended all hope of amendment, and between eleven and twelve on the morning of February 6 (1685) Charles II. died very peacefully. Privy Councillors and statesmen crowded the ante-rooms and whispered among themselves the story of how the King had died reconciled to the Church of Rome.

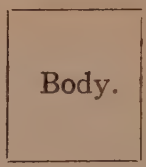
Albemarle was not in the palace at the hour of death. Summoned to a hastily assembled Council meeting, he hurried to Westminster through the city where the news was yet hardly abroad. Later in the afternoon the proclamation of King James II. was sent forth, duly signed by Albemarle with others of the Privy Council. It was a trying day for the new King, and only late in the evening did he find time to dispatch a private letter, written in a shaking hand, to his 'sonne the Prince of Orange,' telling of his accession.[2]

All the confusion caused by a change of kings and the reorganisation of the Government filled the next few days. On February 14, the body of the late King was buried with his predecessors. The funeral is

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., 15*th Report*, MSS. of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, p. 189.

[2] Letters of James II. to William of Orange, S.P. Dom., King William's Chest, vol. iv.

described as pitifully shabby, and contrasted oddly with the magnificence of General Monck's. A rough sketch in the Public Record Office shows :



Chief Mourner.[1]

Duke of Somerset. Duke of Albemarle.

There were present at the burial all the Privy Council, all the household, all the lords who were in town. The body was placed in a vault under Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, without any pomp and 'soon forgotten after all this vanity,' while all the great officers broke their staves over the grave according to form. The fact that King Charles had acknowledged his change of religion seems to explain the austerity of his funeral, for how could the King conscientiously order a great ceremony of the Church of England for one who died professing a different faith ?

A new atmosphere was at once noticeable at Whitehall. Evelyn observed within a week of the late King's death 'the whole face of the Court was exceedingly changed into a more solemn and moral behaviour; the new King affecting neither profaneness nor buffoonery.' What difficulty the courtiers found in adapting themselves to the new regime, a contemporary gossip points out in a letter which reads :

'The King complains of the disorder in his household and that some had the impudence to come drunk into the Queen's presence. This was thought to mean the Duke of A.'[2]

[1] Prince George of Denmark.

[2] Strickland, *Lives of the Queens of England*, vol. iv. p. 512.

And at this late day suspicion points to the Duke of Albemarle as the owner of that initial.

The days of mourning were spent in dignified ceremonies. Evelyn, who was very much about the Court at this time, tells of the envoys and great persons who came from the neighbouring continent to condole the death of the late King, and were received by the Queen-Dowager on a bed of mourning, the whole chamber, ceiling and floor, hung with black, and tapers lighted, giving a most lugubrious and solemn effect. The Queen sat under a state canopy on a black foot-cloth, to entertain the circle. The prospect of another Parliamentary election and plans for the coronation filled men's minds. Albemarle, still living at Newcastle House, took a deep interest in both events. On February 18, 168$\frac{4}{5}$, he wrote to Dr. Blythe, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, in answer to a letter from that worthy scholar acquainting Albemarle with the design of the University Senate to wait upon the King and declare their loyalty. Great was the rivalry between the two seats of learning as to which should show the greater devotion to the Crown. The Cambridge address, we may be sure, was couched in the most resounding Latin, and their Chancellor begged them to leave space that his name might be among the signers. But on February 21 Albemarle writes in a sterner vein. The University was entitled to two burgesses to represent them in Parliament. Their Chancellor considered the naming of one of these gentlemen to be among his perquisites. The University ignored his claim. He writes more in sorrow than in anger, and patiently explains the situation to their unheeding ears. No less a person than Mr. Samuel Pepys was standing for election at Sandwich. There seemed to be danger that he would suffer defeat through complications

brought about by the new charter. The King could take no risk of losing so valuable a servant, and thus early had made Albemarle promise that he would give Mr. Pepys, Harwich, in case Sandwich proved unappreciative.[1] Now in his own mind Albemarle had promised the place to his secretary, Mr. Arthur Fairwell, his cousin's husband. So his next step was to force his University to provide for this gentleman. A spirited correspondence tells the story. The Chancellor was greatly disturbed. The Vice-Chancellor was for the most part blandly silent, although he refused to be coerced. Thus the battle raged fiercely, and Albemarle through it all kept his temper to perfection. No less than eight long and eloquent letters of the Duke's are preserved in the library of Clare College, Cambridge. A full copy of one of them is also found in Bennet's Register preserved in Emmanuel College. Bishop Bennet adds a note to his document remarking 'what was the consequence of this strange letter I know not, but Mr. Fairwell was certainly never chosen for Cambridge.'

Between March 8 and 19, Albemarle with the Earl of Oxford prepared to journey down to Essex to proclaim King James II. at Chelmsford. Before going he summoned Sir John Bramston,[2] now seventy-two years old, to ask him to go down with him and gave his reason. 'There wilbe,' says he, 'a Parliament shortly, and you must be knight of the Sheire.' Sir John being in pecuniary difficulty refused, and explained that unless a certain pension were paid to which he felt he had a claim, he could not afford to

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., 15*th Report*, Buccleuch MSS. Letters from Samuel Pepys to the Duke of Albemarle, p. 341.

[2] Sir John Bramston, Deputy-Lieutenant for Essex. He left an autobiography printed by the Camden Society, from which the following conversations are quoted.

sit in Parliament. 'Will you take my advice,' says he (Albemarle), 'Go to the Kinge yourselfe. I will send to my Lord of Bathe to introduce you.' William Chapman was instantly called and sent along with the petitioner to Whitehall; but owing to Bramston's fear of offending Rochester, Albemarle's orders were not carried out, and Bramston returned empty-handed to the Duke. He, when he was told the story, 'seemed trubled as foreseeing they should be to seek of one for knight of the Shire.' So Bramston 'went not the journey.' At Chelmsford the occasion of the King's proclamation was made the opportunity for the political leaders to plan their campaign. On his return to Court, Albemarle reported the candidates to be Sir William Maynard and Sir Thomas Fanshawe; Sir John Bramston declining. 'But,' says he, 'he will be chosen at Malden, for all the towne is for him.' Sir John writes:

'This really greived me when I heard what was sayd to the Kinge, because I had really intended to be quiet. . . . But it haueing binn told to the King that I might be chosen if I would, without charge or truble, I feared his Majestie would be displeased should I refuse to be Burgess, as I had refused to be a knight.' So being assured that he would meet with no opposition, against his better judgment, old Sir John allowed himself to be persuaded. 'But it fell out contraire to their and my expectation,' said he. With him stood Sir Thomas Darcy ('a Puritan bred and borne,' writes Bramston). He was Albemarle's neighbour and choice. 'At the day (of the election), his Grace came, and brought all his friends and servants that were freemen with him. Sir Thos. Darcie and I met at the towne's end; the bayliffs met at a little distance from the towne, and we all walked together into the Inn. They continued in opinion I should without doubt be chosen, nor did I anything doubt it. Sir Thos. had noe interest of

himselfe and soe told me ; he must rely on the D. of Albemarle and myself. I was vex't tho' to find there would be opposition.'

The opposition were detected in having 'largessed the free men,' and Bramston 'foresaw a charge which he was troubled at.' But the Duke said, 'he would beare a third.' How the wires were pulled in order to bring in the friendless Sir Thomas is most naïvely told. Popular Sir John had wisely saved half his votes in case of disaster, and being safely in himself called his adherents together and informed them how greatly they would oblige his Grace by also returning Sir Thomas. 'His Grace caressed them, called for wine and dranke to them, and they resolved they would doe soe.' The opposition complained 'this was caried by pure managment.' But the victors took the accusation complaisantly, and prepared for the election of knights of the shire at Chelmsford. On the morning of the election 'some gentlemen, some diunes, and a good many freeholders,' called for Sir John Bramston to head the procession of Tories, who 'took horse neere the town,' and so rode in brave array, joined by a greater crowd as they moved along. Determining to go forth to meet the Duke at Newhall, they passed in the middle of the town the opposing candidates Mr. Mildmay and Mr. Luther, and were pleased to see how many more riders were with their own company, 'but they had a great rable on foot,' but in those days the rabble had little value in an election. So the proud Sir John forced the 'rable' to pass him on the roadside, and the rival companies eyed each other.

'About midway to New Hall, we had a sight of his Grace, soe wee divided, and made a lane for him to pass, and then we joyned our companie to his, and putt him in the head of us all. Quickly after we

turned, came Sir Wm. Mainard and Sir Thomas Fanshaw, whom his Grace tooke one on the right, and the other on his left hand, and soe rode into the towne. Wee and all our companie (I meane the horsemen, wee left those on foot in the towne) followed, five on breast, and soe rode up the towne and about the Cross downe the towne on the other side ; and when we came to Colchester Lanes our men were not all come into the towne, soe his Grace and the companie stayd, to let them goe by us ; and then came the Ld. Petre over the Bridge, with a great number of gentlemen, his kinsmen and tenants, and other freeholders, his neighbours, 300, I think ; theire we closed with his companie, and rode up the Towne and into the feild. But Mr. Mildmay and his companie were upon the Bench and in the Court, where the election was to be. We tooke a round in the feild, and then lookt for Mildmay, we not knowing he was on the Bench ; but, understanding quickly where he was, the Duke sent to the Sheriff to come and take a view of the numbers, that he might judge where the majority was, and that he would adjourne the Court into the feild, and take the pole there if it were demanded. Which beinge done, and the tables brought into the feild he brought Mildmay into the feild with his companie, which beinge done and the sunne shininge very hot, the Sheriff adjourned the Court back again into the Sessions House, and we rode up thither, and tooke our places on the Bench and in the Court as neere as could bee. The writ was read and the candidates named, and the poll demanded by Mr. Mildmay. The Sheriff askt the gentlemen if they were content (with) his clerks whome he had appointed to take the poll or not. They consented to his clerkes, and had supervisers. He had appointed six to take the poll, and as many to give the oaths (yet Mr. Mildmay had two of his owne that tooke the poll). In regard everey single freholder was to be sworne whether he had 40s. freehold, and whether he had not voted before (as was necessarie) was after a while added, otherwise, there beinge soe manie writers and swearers, here might be deceit. I did judge the poll would last

2 or 3 days, and soe did the towne too, and had laid in provisions of hay, etc. Accordingly, Mildmay giveing out if he had fair play he would shame the Duke and the gentlemen (but by the way let me note here he kept not his word with his Grace ; for he met him not in the feild, for indeed he had very few horse, and the riders pittiful fellows). About two of the clock, I went off of the Bench to gett a bitt of meate and a cup of wine, saying to-morrow about that time wee might guive a guess what would be the issue. I was not gone about an hower and halfe, and when I came back, had stayed a very little tyme, the business was at a stand, and the Sheriff bid the cryer make proclamation. I askt what was the matter. Why, says the Sheriff, there are noe more to poll for Mr. Mildmay and Mr. Luther. And Mr. Mildmay then comeing on the Bench (for he had binn to refresh too, or to send for his partee to come in) the Sheriff came to him and askt what he should doe. Mr. Mildmay replyed, make three proclamations, and if noebody come I will acquies. . . . (I) advised them to make Proclamation if there were any would guive vote for Mr. Mildmay or Mr. Luther, that had not voted alreadie, they would come in, or the poll wilbe closed ; . . . and none comeinge the Sheriff demanded all the bookes from the clerks. . . . Upon his view it appeared the columns for Maynard and Fanshaw were full ; but most of the others were not neere full. . . . So he declared that Sir William Mainard and Sir Thomas Fanshaw were chosen knights of the Sheire by the pluralitie of voices.' [1]

The King, made bold by the first outburst of loyalty attendant on his accession, determined to practice his form of religion openly. Easter was approaching, and he arranged to have Mass said in Westminster Abbey to celebrate the day. One hundred and twenty-five years had elapsed since the Roman rites had been performed in this venerable pile, and James summoned all the chief men of his Court to attend

[1] *Autobiography of Sir John Bramston*, passim.

him in state on the occasion. Sunderland and Godolphin were quickly compliant, but Rochester, whose life does not lead one to suppose him particularly susceptible to the calls of conscience or the niceties of theological distinction, remembered that with all of his own following he figured as an upholder of the Established Church, and mindful of his political necessities begged leave to spend the holiday in the country. Ormonde and Halifax accompanied the King as far as the ante-chamber, carrying out their parts to the limit that temporal jurisdiction demanded. Albemarle from his childhood had been a staunch supporter of the Established Church of England, and we find him in Essex at Newhall, deaf alike to the demands for his presence in London by the Senate of Cambridge University, and the criticisms of his regiment by the King. Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Griffen had addressed the following letter to him, and it was one well calculated to bring the Duke quickly to London, with all his military pride aroused :

'The King last night gave order that he would see his three troops of guards in Hyde Parke this morning. I am sorry to tell your Grace that yours was so thin I was ashamed of it, only six score and four in all ; on calling the list, I found fifteen absent of whom no good account could be given, so I have ordered them all to the Marshal until I know your pleasure. The King said publicly we were the weakest troop of the three. He was pleased to exercise us himself, and said we were good boys and did very well.'[1]

But Albemarle obstinately remained out of town.

A man owning so much land as did Albemarle had a great task before him to return to Parliament men of the King's politics, if not of his religion, and this duty would serve as sufficient explanation of his

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., 15*th Report*, Montagu of Beaulieu MSS., p. 189.

absence from Court. How to meet the demands of Mr. Pepys for Harwich and fulfil the King's promise to Sir Philip Parker for the Sandwich seat[1] were deeply perplexing problems, and Mr. Fairwell was still without a constituency. At Clitheroe in Lancashire, where he had great interest, disputes had arisen. Albemarle had promised one seat to his own legal adviser, Sir Thomas Stringer, and by request of the King, Colonel E. Ashton was to occupy the other. Just when all seemed to be going smoothly, news was brought that Lord Derby, through one R. Kenyon, had proposed the name of his brother, Mr. Stanley, thus leaving Albemarle's candidate, Stringer, without a seat.[2] Heated letters immediately followed. R. Kenyon is 'very much troubled,' but refuses to retire Lord Derby's brother. Each feels sure of the King's particular interest for his respective candidate, and so the war of words went on.[3] The 'Return of Members of Parliament' shows that Mr. Stanley was triumphant and the Duke discomfited.[4]

The Tories had been much in the ascendency since the discovery of the Rye House plot, and they were at this moment strongly loyal to the new King, not having as yet felt the weight of James's tyranny and bigotry. By taking away the old charters of many towns and giving new ones, influence was held almost entirely by the King's adherents. 'Lord Bath,' says Evelyn, 'carried down with him (into Cornwall) no fewer than fifteen charters, so that some called him "the Prince Elector."'

Immediately after Easter, Albemarle hurried to London to be ready to take his part in the Coronation services. Gorgeous in his robes of state, he bore the

[1] Hist MSS. Com., 15*th Report*, Montagu of Beaulieu MSS., p. 190.
[2] Hist. MSS. Com., 14*th Report*, Kenyon MSS., p. 179.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 178. [4] Vol. i. p. 553.

sceptre and dove, walking directly before his Sovereign, and on the left of St. Edward's crown in the procession in the Abbey.[1] The Duchess was sufficiently recovered to take her part in the ceremony. The King, ever economical, bought jewels for his Queen with the money which should have been spent upon the procession through the city, and so chilled the loyalty of the citizens. Privy Council meetings were numerous, and Albemarle was diligent in his attendance, for after his lean year of disfavour royal smiles were very precious.

[1] Sandford, *The History of the Coronation of James II.* (in the Savoy, 1687).

CHAPTER IV

DURING the heat of the Essex elections Albemarle was the recipient of the following reassuring letter from Dr. Barwick:

'*Mar.* 31, 1685.

'MAY IT PLEASE YO^R GRACE,—This is only to present my most humble duty, and to acquaint yo^r Gr. that my La. D. seemes to me to be in very good health. Her Grace takes great satisfaction in Riding and beleives herself much beter in health by it. I am allways importunat with her Gr. to be very carefull and cautious, and especially not to be out late, the Night being lyable to so many misfortunes: And I am assured both by herself and by her servants that her Gr. is never out late, but rides out allways in the morning to avoyd late howers. However I having received some intimation by Mr. Chapman from yo^r Gr. to oblige her to great Caution about riding I thought it my duty to both yo^r Graces to let her know in a Leter writ yesterday with what tender care and sollicitude yo^r Gr. was concerned for fear some misfortune might befall her. Her Cough, horseness, and sore throte are all perfectly gone. Her Gr. eat her diner (I thought) indifferently well on Saturday, but she tould me she eat much beter on Friday when she was abrode. I wish yo^r Gr. ye same successe at Malden and other places in the service of ye King and Country as you have had latly at Colchester and Sanwich.'[1]

The Duchess had many family matters with which to occupy her thoughts. Her sister Katherine, whom she had with so much difficulty taught to read, had

[1] Montagu House MSS.

lately married Lord Thanet. It was believed to be a great match, and the family were correspondingly pleased over the affair. The fourth of the Cavendish sisters, Frances, had also married. Lord Glenorchy, son of the first Earl of Breadalbane,[1] was the husband chosen for her. Lord Breadalbane, as a member of the Scottish Privy Council, had visited London before the Coronation, and was 'reputed the best headpiece in Scotland' by those who knew him well.[2] He had been a friend of General Monck before the Restoration, so that it is the less strange to find his son, Lord Glenorchy, recommended by Albemarle to the Duke of Newcastle as a suitable husband for the Lady Frances. The marriage was a sudden affair, and the young lady's prospects were regarded as but mediocre in comparison with those of her sisters. The news of the match was not well received at Court, and called forth the following letter of explanation from the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Sunderland :

'WELLBECK, *Ap. ye* 21/85.

'MY LORD,—I receved ye Honnor of your Lo^ps^ of ye 11th instant by my Lord Breadalbaine, last Wensday and I begg of your Lo^p^ ye favor of acquainte his Maj^te^ I am w^th^ all humility thankefull to his Maj^te^, for takeing notes of my marrying a Daughter ; And I humbly intreate your Lo^p^ to oblige me soe much as to acquainte his Mag^te^, I was an absolute stranger to My Lord Breadalbaine tell I received your Lo^p^ letter, and I have never inquired into his Lo^p^ esstate assureing my selfe an esstate in ye Highlands in Scotland afford very little money. My Lord Duke of Albemarle reccommended this marriage to me and his Graces reccommendation and my Daughter being willing to goe in to Scotland caused my consent, otherwise I humbly assure your Lo^ps^ I would never

[1] Chiefly remembered for his connection with the massacre of Glencoe.

[2] *Correspondence of Colonel Hooke*, Roxburghe Club (1870), i. 49.

have marryed a Daughter in Scotland. I am w^th^ great respect, My Lord, Your Lo^p^ most humble and most obedient serv^t^, H. NEWCASTLE.'[1]

These explanations were presumably considered sufficient, for early in May, when Parliament assembled, the Duke of Newcastle made a journey to London to attend and probably visited his daughter Elizabeth at his own house in Clerkenwell. He and Albemarle attended a Council meeting on May 15.

Lord Thanet and his bride came also to London, and lodged in Lord Thanet's 'Mansion in Pall Mall, which also had a frontage on St. James' Square.'[2] From thence Lady Thanet went to Court under the guidance of her sister, the Duchess of Albemarle. The Earl took occasion to write of his wife's employments to his mother-in-law at Welbeck. The letter is of great length, but parts of it may be of interest:

'MADAM,— . . . I think most of her (Lady Thanet's) Relations and freinds have been with her and I beleive are well pleased to see her, but she has been Under that great misfortune of being dissapointed by her Taylor to this day for her Goune, but this night my Lady Dutchess her sister (Duchess of Albemarle) conducts her to Court w^ch^ I find she would be well pleased was over. I find she has noe inclination to Basset w^ch^ is the way for Ladys to introduce themselves to favour there; She contrives (conducts herself) I thank God very well, though formality and impertinent cerimoney has kept her much at home; she has began to sett for her Picture to Cross,[3] w^ch^ he promises me shall be well done before I leave the Towne; and doubt^s^ not but to make it very like, for

[1] S.P. Dom., James II., vol. i. No. 21.

[2] Drake-Elliott, *The Family and Heirs of Sir Francis Drake*, vol. ii. p. 78.

[3] L. Crosse, the miniaturist. A miniature of Lady Thanet at Welbeck Abbey is believed to be a copy of the portrait then executed by Crosse.

I long to have it in my pocket when I am absent the likeness of what I soe dearly love.' [1]

The accession of King James offered fresh opportunities for petitioners, and Albemarle was constantly besieged with letters praying for favours, the greater number of them showing much similarity of character. However, he received one at this time which for originality deserved preservation. William Finet, once a domestic in the Duke's service, finds himself in difficulties, and writes to his former master from the Rules of the King's Bench :

'There is a verse in Martial's epigrams that *Ille dolet verè qui sine teste dolet.* I may now say *Ille dolet verè qui sine veste dolet*, being that I cannot suit myself, in company with some gentlemen my fellow-prisoners in this place. Moreover, such is my severe fortune that the subsistance money I have will not allow me both food and raiment. I was a domestic once under your Grace's roof. If you please to bestow on me at this time a livery for my old master's sake of blessed memory, I shall think myself a person of some fashion, and sooner forget my name than my engagements to your Grace's favours, which, so multiplied, would engage the ungrateful to an acknowledgment. I must confess your love hath been still more manifested by the effects of your goodness than (by) any desert of mine, but my pen must not run in such a complimental strain least I gain the reputation of a fine-tongued courtier and lose that of honest Will Finet. . . . I hope that your Grace may dispense for two hours' space with the services of either honest Mr. Chapman or Mr. Fountaine (both long in Albemarle's service), that I may drench my long beard with two bumpers of claret to both your Grace's healths and make his face cheerful who with the muddy ale of Southwark is much put out of countenance.' [2]

[1] Welbeck MSS. Exhibits in Chancery proceedings touching the will of Henry, second Duke of Newcastle.

[2] Hist. MSS. Com., 15*th Report*, Montagu of Beaulieu MSS., p. 190.

Such a letter would bring to its recipient a moment of pure laughter and of relaxation from the tension felt, in these days, by men interested in the march of events. Ominous rumours were abroad. Every port was doubly guarded, every traveller scrutinised, while the post brought frequent news of the arrest of men whose soft white hands betrayed that their coarse sailor clothes were but a disguise.

Outwardly the life at Whitehall was joyously self-interested. The courtier's chief concern was centred seemingly in the rise of favourites, and in speculation as to who should hold places of honour and influence about the new King ; for the Royal household beheld many changes—Lord Bath was no longer Groom of the Stole nor the Duke of Albemarle a Gentleman of the Bedchamber.

CHAPTER V

All through this hot, dusty, rainless spring, while caterpillars devoured the fruit-trees and old oaks died,[1] the new Court grew in brilliancy. This notwithstanding that rumour had now become certainty that those who formerly had upheld the Exclusion Bill, and favoured the pretensions of the Duke of Monmouth, were determined not to acquiesce in the accession of King James, whom they continued to name the Duke of York. The peace of the new Sovereign and his ministers was profoundly disturbed, and late in the spring of 1685 news from Holland of the activities of the Duke of Argyll brought forth protests from James to the Prince of Orange. However, these were unavailing, and the Scottish expedition set forth to win their countrymen. A few days later, tidings came that Monmouth had allowed himself to be persuaded that his right to the English throne could be maintained, and he had already taken ship after a half-hearted opposition from the Dutch authorities.

On the first authentic information that an invasion was impending, Albemarle made all speed to Devon, where he had long been Lord-Lieutenant. Here at last was the chance for military glory, of which he had so long dreamed. His father's example shone bright before him. The thought of failure was impossible to George Monck's son. To raise the militia, arm them, and strengthen the fortifications was his first care, and he bent to the task with a will. The

[1] Evelyn, *Diary*, May 24, 1685.

Duchess, a-quiver with feminine alarms, was left to eat out her heart, alone, in Clerkenwell. Her letter of June 4 shows her, forgetful of past domestic jars, a prey to terrors in true wifely fashion :

'MY DEARE LORD,—Ye confusion I am in you will eseyley emagin by Dayley ill nuses [news]. I have not sleped all ye last night, my feares have incresed Soe fast and with such Great reson. Deareist cretuare, you will wonder at this letter foloeing ye outher soe fast, excuses ye trouble I give you and when you consider ye danger that is round you, you will pardon me eseyar for being soe Tender ; did you know my thoughts your love to me would mocion you to Greeve for my present Torment. I am to ignorant to advises and my Deare has to large share of Jugment in ware matters to feare anything can goe amis for want of condouckt, nether doe I think you will be a rach [rash] ackter. God spare your life, you will be as Great as your Good, I being for evner Your affectionate Dutyfull Wife,

'E. ALBEMARLE.[1]

'*Ye 4 of Jun.* 1685.'

This letter should have reached Albemarle at his headquarters at Exeter, where he had found the castle in great disrepair. In a letter written June 10 to Lord Dartmouth, he sensibly remarks that he thinks it necessary to render the castle of Exeter fit to receive the arms of the county, which will be considerable when they are all brought together. Some money was left by the late King for repairing it, and he desires that Major Beckmann, or some other engineer, may be sent to view the castle, so that the money may not be spent in vain.[2] But it was too late for such preparations. The very next morning the *Helderenbergh* and its consorts sailed into the port of Lyme

[1] Montagu House MSS.

[2] Hist. MSS. Com., *11th Report*, Dartmouth MSS., June 10, 1685, p. 124.

Regis, bringing Monmouth and his fellow-conspirators — Lord Grey, Ferguson, Goodenough, Wade, Nellthorpe, and a Brandenburgher, Buyse by name. There were only some eighty-five souls in his party, perhaps three hundred pounds in money, and a scanty supply of arms and ammunition. Well might they exclaim in Parliament next session when reviewing the events of that summer's rebellion : 'If the King of France had landed, what would have become of us.'

Monmouth knelt upon the beach to utter a prayer, then, drawing his sword, led his party into Lyme. The inhabitants received him handsomely, shouting, 'A Monmouth, a Monmouth, the Protestant Religion' ; while the blue flag of the adventurers was run up in the market-place. Only the Mayor, Gregory Alford, a firm Tory, posted off in a fine fright to summon the King's troops. He reached the Duke of Albemarle late at night, and poured forth a wild account of the number of the invaders and his own narrow escape.

Had Albemarle at this moment followed his own inclination and relied upon his own judgment, he would have delivered a swift and telling blow to Monmouth and brought the rebellion to an inglorious end at its very inception.[1] Unfortunately, he listened to the story of the Mayor of Lyme, and took council with his officers of militia ; in consequence, instead of marching to battle he sent dispatches to London. These dispatches demanded reinforcements, for he had only four thousand militia, and believed Monmouth to have brought troops with him from the Continent. He was also aware that he could not strike the invader until he came within the county of Devon. Speedy replies from Lord Sunderland remedied this difficulty.

[1] Bramston states that Albemarle had explicit orders to remain in Exeter and defend the county of Devon.

'WHITEHALL, *June* 13, 1685.

'Duke of Albemarle.

'MY LORD,—I received this morning two Letters from y^r^ Grace both of the 12th Instant, in the first whereof you give an account of the D. of Monmouth being landed, of the Forces with him, which His Ma^tie^ commands me to tell you are not near so great as the Mayor of Lime has represented y^m^ to you. And as to the Detachment y^r^ Grace desires, His Ma^tie^ has commanded four Troops of Horse, and two Troops of Dragoons and five Company's of Foot to march immediately to Salisbury and to be assistant to the Lard Lieutenants of the Countys thereabouts as His Ma^ties^ Service Shall require. They will be there on Monday and Coll. Kirk with them.

'The King commands me to let you know y^t^ he places an Entire Confidence in y^r^ Conduct and zeale for his Service, and therefore leaves it to y^r^ discretion to march with the Forces of the County, and to proceed in all things on this occasion, as you shall see cause and judge it best for his service, and His Ma^tie^ having authorized Several Lord Lieutenants to march with the Militia out of the Countyes, I send enclosed to y^r^ Grace a letter by which His Ma^tie^ gives you the same authority.

'I have acquainted his Ma^tie^ w^th^ what you write in yours of the 10^th^ for power to seize on all suspected persons, which His Ma^tie^ commands me to tell you, y^t^ as Lord-Lieutenent and Justice of the Peace you have it already and therefore directs you to put it in execution, on all such persons within the County.—I am, My Lord, Y^r^ Grace's, etc.,

'SUNDERLAND.'[1]

But next day Lord Sunderland sent more restricting orders:

'The King Commands me to let y^r^ Grace Know y^t^ He is sending Severall Troops towards you, w^ch^ will be soone withe you, and y^t^ He thinkes fit y^t^ in y^e^

[1] Letters relating to the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion, June 13 to July 21, 1685, S.P. Dom., James II., vol. ii. letter 1.

meanetime, as long as Ye D. of Monmouth Stayes in Lyme, you Should forbear to attempt any thing against him, Except upon great advantages. His Ma^tie would also have you endeavour by all meanes to Keepe Stragling people from goeing to the said Duke, and in Case he should march out of Lime towards Taunton, or elsewhere into the Country, His Ma^tie would have you to attend his motions, and take any fitting occasion to attack him, which His Ma^tie leaves to your discretion.' [1]

This delay in striking the first blow may have been a design on the part of the ministry to allow Monmouth thoroughly to incriminate himself by calling the people to arms against their lawful King. If so, it was attended by serious results, for the Devon militia, fiercely Protestant, now had time to consider their position, and their hearts misgave them when they daily beheld their friends and neighbours gathering to the blue banner of the Duke of Monmouth. It is clear from the letters written by the commanders at the front to Sunderland that though they wished to attack they feared to move without direct orders from the King.

Meanwhile in London, on June 12, the Privy Council proclaimed Monmouth traitor, and Parliament was not slow in confirming it. The King wrote to the Prince of Orange on June 15, from Whitehall:

'I was this day at the Parliament in my Roabs [Robes] to pass two money bills, two private ones and another for attainting of the D. of Monmouth, and I hope that in a few days he will not be in a very good condition.' [2]

The King's orders sent to the scene of war came too late. For the same day that Monmouth was declared

[1] S.P. Dom., James II., 1685, vol. ii. letter 2.

[2] S.P. Dom., King William's Chest. Letters of James II. to William of Orange.

traitor in London, and his proclamation burned by the common hangman, he took up his march out of Lyme toward the north. Albemarle, still in Exeter, well advised of this intention, sent orders to his subordinate officers to join him in Axminster to head off the march. Just what happened is variously told. Lord Churchill,[1] who was already in the west, and not far from the scene of disaster, seems the most reliable recorder. Writing to King James, he says :

'The Duke of Albemarle sent to Sir Edward Phillips and Col. Lutterell, that he would be at Axminster on such a day with some forces, and would have them meet him there. So away marched these two regiments, one out of Chard the other out of Crewkern and when they came to the top of the Hill within a half mile of the town, there came out some country people, and said that the Duke of Monmouth was in the Town ; At that one Capt. Littleton cried out, " We are all betrayed," so the Soldiers immediately look at one another and threw down their arms and fled, leaving their officers and colours behind ; half, if not the greatest part, are gone to the Rebels. I do humbly submit this to your Majesty's commands in what I should do in it. For there is not any relying on these Regiments that are left, unless we had some of Your Majesty's standing forces to lead them on and encourage them, for at this unfortunate news I never saw people so daunted in my life. I have sent away just now to the Duke of A(lbemarle) to send 4000 men to Crewkern and Chard, and that I will be there as soon as I hear they are arrived.' [2]

Oldmixon, a contemporary historian, was a very little boy in Bridgwater at the time of the rebellion, and he could only echo local tradition. He personally favoured Monmouth's cause, or rather chose to extol the rebellious men of his own county. He describes

[1] Afterwards the first Duke of Marlborough.

[2] Hist. MSS. Com., *3rd Report*, Northumberland MSS., p. 97.

this little battle with some detail; how both armies planned to occupy Axminster that night, but Monmouth reached the goal first, lined the hedges with his rustics, 'planted his four little field pieces' and awaited an engagement. Albemarle, as we know, did not reach the neighbourhood until all was over, and so had no opportunity to keep order among his militia, who, Oldmixon announces, with great authority, 'marched off in great disorder and confusion.'[1]

The truth seems to be that Albemarle, meeting the fugitive regiments of Phillips and Luttrell, many of whose men now proved themselves to be no enemies to Monmouth by going over to his army, arms and all, fell back to recover and to await dispatches from Whitehall. So Monmouth passed by him to Taunton to that pitiful triumph of waving banners, and streets flower-strewn by sweet young school girls, while the populace renewed again, for him, the enthusiasm of those semi-royal progresses of his former years.

Albemarle, having put some heart into his wavering militia, more through his personal influence than their own conviction, pressed on to Wellington to prevent the enemy from turning toward the west. At the same time, the regiment of Somersetshire Militia, advancing to join those of Devon, failed even more ingloriously than had their neighbours. For, according to Oldmixon:

'They had no sooner entered a narrow lane in their way than, observing the mouths of two or three hollow trees unluckily pointed to their front, they immediately turned tail and fled, every man to his own home, except such as staid for the Duke of Monmouth's coming, and then went in to him.'

Indeed, it is said that the red and yellow uniforms of

[1] Oldmixon, *History of England under the House of Stuart*, p. 701.

the men of Somerset were the ornament of the Duke of Monmouth's army. Much writing of letters back and forth between the Lord-Lieutenants of Militia followed. Each begged the other to advance. The Earl of Sunderland implored the Duke of Somerset to join forces with Albemarle. In the meantime the regulars had begun to arrive, and were giving backbone to the wavering militia.

On the 17th and 18th, the King quite naïvely writes of his troubles to the Stadtholder:

'Through the fault of the militia bands of Devon or Somersetshire the Rebels have opened their way toward Taunton.'[1]

While Albemarle at Wellington tried by every art to encourage his men, the inhabitants of the old Puritan town of Taunton were all unwittingly leading their adored Monmouth to his doom. Untrustworthy councillors had already advised him to cast aside discretion and declare himself king. The cheers of the populace, and now the sight of the waving banners embroidered by the twenty-seven maids of Taunton, more especially the largest of these, resplendent with gold lace and fringe and bearing on its face a great 'J. R.' surmounted by a royal crown, filled him with the vainglorious belief that he was publicly recognised as the rightful heir to the throne. He now took the decisive step, and caused himself to be proclaimed king at the market-cross. He was greatly surprised that no men of birth or consequence had joined him. To remedy this need was his first care. The Duke of Albemarle, but few miles distant, holding to their duty with difficulty his weak-hearted militia, seemed to Monmouth a hopeful subject for overtures. He accordingly set for himself the task of

[1] Letters of James II. to William of Orange.

writing a letter calculated to win to his standard his former rival and earlier friend.

'My Lord,' he wrote, 'Whereas Wee are credibly informed that there are some Horse and foot in Armes under yo^r^ Command for James, Duke of Yorke, w^ch^ are purposely raised in oposicion to Us and Our Royall Authority We have thought fitt to signifie to you Our Royall resentment and doe promise Ourselfe that what you have transacted therein is through Inadvertency and mistake, and that yo^r^ Grace will take other measures when you have receivd this information of Our being proclaimed King to succeed Our Royall Father lately deccased, Wee have therefore sent this Messenger on purpose to intimate the Same unto you, and it is our Royall Will and pleasure, and We do hereby strictly charge and command you upon Notice of the same unto you and receipt hereof to cease all Hostilities and force of Armes against us and all our loveing Subjects and that your Grace would imediately repaire to Our Campe where you shall not faill of Kind and Harty Reception from us. And in default of the premises We shall be obliged to proclaime you and all those in Armes under your Command, Rebells and Traytors and shall proceed against them and you accordingly. Yett we assure Ourselfe that yo^r^ Grace will pay reddy Obedience to Our command Wherefore Wee bid you heartily farewell.

'JAMES R.

'To our Trusty and Well-beloved Cozin and Councellor Christopher, Lord Duke of Albemarle.'[1]

Albemarle's ire on receiving this summons brought

[1] Of this letter there are three contemporary copies. Two are in the British Museum. The first, Harl. MSS. 7006, fo. 95, endorsed in Lord Clarendon's handwriting, has on the back a list of Monmouth's commissioned officers and the names and prospects for fines of the 'Maids of Taunton.' It may have been used as a memorandum at a council meeting. The second, Add. MSS. 19,399, fo. 140, is followed by what is probably Albemarle's copy of his reply, as it is headed 'My answer.' The third is in the possession of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. A reproduction of the last-named is shown in Arthur, *Story of the Household Cavalry*.

forth a reply which stated his position in no uncertain words:

'I have received Your Lre and doe not doubt but you would use mee very kindely if you had me, and since you have given y^or^self the trouble of invitacon this is to lett you know that I never was and never will be a Rebell to my Lawful King, who is James the Second, brother to my late Dear Master, King Charles the Second. If you think I am in the wrong and y^or^ Self in the right, whenever we meet I doe not doubt but the Justice of my Cause shall sufficiently convince you, that you had better have lett this Rebellion alone, and not to have put the Nacon to so much truble. ALBEMARLE.'[1]

He wrote the direction 'For James Scott, late Duke of Monmouth,' and hastily dispatched it by the same trumpeter who had served as Monmouth's messenger. Then, bethinking himself that news of this transaction would be early received in London, he wrote, still under the influence of strong excitement, to Lord Sunderland in this wise:

'WELLINGTON, *June* 21, 1685.

'MY LORD,—Nothing considerable has passed Since my last* to y^r^ Lord^pt^, My Lord Churchill has not yet joyned me, and having noe order to attack the enemy without him would not attempt it; if it had been done when I first desired it, I believe the Rebels would have mett with some defeat before this time; the enclosed letter I received last night, was from the late Duke of Monmouth, which I have sent with my answer annexed to it, I am, Y^r^ Lord^sp^ most humble Servant,

'ALBEMARLE.'[2]

With this he enclosed Monmouth's letter and a copy of his own reply written upon the enclosing sheet of Monmouth's, and still bearing the address and seal.

This letter to Albemarle and his proclamation at

[1] Brit. Mus., Harl. MSS. 7006, fo. 195.
[2] Brit. Mus., Add. MSS. 19,399, fo. 138.

the market-cross of Taunton finally cut off Monmouth from hope of pardon.[1] Albemarle received compliments from the King on his action, while Monmouth's letter, which was widely copied and sent about the country, aroused the mirth of courtiers. Lord Moray wrote to the Marquis of Queensberry concerning it:

'*June 22nd*, 1685.

'The late Duke of Monmouthe has now the impudens to acte as Kinge. He has urytin [written] a letter to the Duke of Albemarell beg[in]inge it—Right trusty and wel-belovd Cusin and Counceler, and concluds it—From our Camp at Taunton ; but cals him his Grace in some parts of it, so that he hes not yet learnd the Style. . . . The Kinge is extremly harast.'[2]

In truth, every one connected with the rebellion was harassed. The Duchess suffered from apprehension, both political and personal, and she poured forth her fears upon paper:

'My deare Lord,—I am exstremley troubled at ye difarant storryes, I ouarely heare, but that which desturbs me most [is] to find soe meny roueman Catheleeks gon to you ; for God sake find a way to have them retourn for feare of loseing your interist. Heven spare your life, for I have leved in such pane sences you went that tis imposable for my Deare master to emagin.—Yours for evuer most Dutyfulley,

'E. Albemarle.

'*Ye* 19 *of Jun.* 1685.'[3]

[1] Among these manuscripts in the British Museum is a curious note explaining the fate of most of the correspondence relating to this rising. King James on his flight out of the country in 1688 confided the papers to Bishop Spratt, who on his death bequeathed them to a nephew. The widow objected, and after certain litigation the nephew burned them rather than restore them to Mrs. Spratt.

[2] Hist. MSS. Com., 15*th Report*, Buccleuch MSS. at Drumlanrig Castle, p. 80.

[3] Montagu House MSS.

The chief cause of the Duchess's anxiety lay in the association of her husband with the young Duke of Berwick, the son of King James and Arabella Churchill, who had been reared in his father's faith. Although only fourteen years of age, he had 'entreated to be allowed to serve under Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, against his unhappy cousin.' The King was naturally unwilling to grant his request, but his importunities eventually prevailing, the Duke of Albemarle was directed to receive him as his aide-de-camp, but with strict orders to watch over his safety, and guard him from unnecessary peril.[1] This boy foreshadowed his subsequent brilliant military career by more than one feat of daring during this rebellion, and must have proved an added source of anxiety to his commanding officer.

Another drawback to Albemarle's comfort lay in the fact that some of his most trusted officers were unable for one reason or another to be with him. John Sydenham, who had served for many years in the militia, and had written many a dutiful letter to his Lord-Lieutenant, thus explains his absence :

'EXON., *June the* 23, 1685.

'MY LORD, . . . In the afternoone as I was taking horse I was taken prisiner by an unusall base vulger enemy Cawled the Gowte ; last night I thought by a vomitt to have shifted my selfe from him, but hee is still very troublesum to mee, the torment of my mind afflickes mee more then the distemper, that I should be absent from your Grace at A time of Tryall, when Duty and Affection Commands my Attendance and the best of my performanses. I will take Ruffe mesurs to free my selfe of it. If not, I will troope with one Boote and one Gambads[2] in your Grace's

[1] Jesse, *Memoirs of the Court of England during the Stuarts*, vol. iv. p. 484.

[2] Gambado : a large boot fixed to the saddle of a horseman to protect the rider's foot and leg. Used instead of a stirrup.

servise. I wish your Grace health, happinesse, preservation and victory Against all your Enimise which shall ever be the prayers and well wishes of Your Grace's Most Devoted humble ser.,

'Jo. Sydenham.

'All y^r^ obedient Servants here are very vigilent in there Duties and l^res^ [letters] here fly as thick as natts.'[1]

Meanwhile panting couriers covered all the roads leading to the capital, where great dissatisfaction reigned. The King could not or would not understand the attitude of the militia, who everywhere in the west failed him. He ascribed to disloyalty and cowardice what was really due to profound religious conviction. The militia would not fight in the cause of a Roman Catholic king against a Protestant pretender. Certain regiments having been recalled hastily from Holland, the king was able to send the regular troops from London to the front. These well-disciplined men, he believed, could be depended upon to be without personal convictions, and to fight valorously for the hand that paid them.

The King now went so far as to distrust his Lord-Lieutenants, and he proceeded to create a commanding general, who should take rank above any one of them. For this place he chose a foreigner, Louis Duras, Lord Feversham. He was a nephew of the great Turenne, but was himself a man who thought of little beyond eating and sleeping. The first intimation of this change of authority came to Albemarle in another letter from his wife, who saw in this discomfiture to her husband an opportunity for his speedy return to her:

'My deare Lord,—I am ouver Joyed to know by won that comes from you that your well; the asure-

[1] Montagu House MSS.

ances of your safety and helth is the Greatist happynes I can poses, and I hope I can Bare all misfortiunes with eses soe your out of Danger. I am in Som hopes I shall see my Deare soon, being the King has noe sorvis for you and his Magistyes think fiting [1] to put thouses ouver you you have soe long coman(d)ed, which is my Lord ferfuersham and Churchill, too much beloe you in cvuery surkamstance [circumstance] as to exspreuances [experience].

'Deare love, save your mony and lesen not your Greatnes, which you full understand without my advises.—You(r)s most Dutyfully,

'E. ALBEMARLE.

'*Ye 23 of Jun.* 1685.' [2].

Lord Churchill finally joined Albemarle with the long-expected reinforcements, but Monmouth was gone to Glastonbury. Churchill pursued, while Albemarle occupied Taunton and busied himself with pulling down Monmouth's manifestoes, some of them declaring Albemarle himself a traitor. When forwarding these to Whitehall, he wrote to Sunderland :

'TAUNTON, *June* 23, 1685.

'MY LORD,—I came hither this night, where I founed these several proclamations w^ch^ I send to your Lo^pp^ only for your diversion,—I am, My Lord, Yo^re^ Lo^pp^ most humble servant, ALBEMARLE.' [3]

The wave of Monmouth's success had now passed its crest. To the west Albemarle held firm, on the north and east the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Pembroke hemmed the rebels in. Across Salisbury Plain advanced the regulars, and behind them were forming the militia of more loyal counties. He pressed on to Wells, where his followers desecrated the beautiful cathedral. Frequent small affrays with troops led by Churchill and Oglethorp resulted in great losses to

[1] The Duchess probably intended to write 'thinking fit.'

[2] Montagu House MSS. [3] Brit. Mus., Harl. MSS. 7006, fo. 193.

the rebels. The torrents of rain which fell here, leaving the rest of sun-scorched England untouched, made the roads nearly impassable to his weary followers. When they met the enemy their primitive weapons forced upon them a realisation of the great disadvantage under which they laboured.[1] Monmouth himself was too experienced a soldier not to perceive his own predicament. If he meditated flight, he was held to his duty by the pitiful condition of those who had sacrificed their all for him. Uncertain where to go, he turned back to Bridgwater, where, from the church tower, he beheld some twenty-five hundred regular troops and five hundred Wiltshire militia encamped and awaiting his attack. Macaulay has described with what melancholy reflections Monmouth viewed those Foot Guards whom he had once commanded.

In these days Albemarle was still receiving complimentary letters from Lord Sunderland, and he had returned to Exeter to carry out the King's instructions. He had secured Lyme, both the town and the shipping—for Admiral Herbert had come by sea to his support.[2]

His orders were to hang out of hand, without trial, all who had proclaimed Monmouth king, a measure with which Albemarle seemed very loth to comply, until assured by the King that 'having consulted those most able in the Law'[3] his authority to exercise military justice was unquestioned. Letters came every day from Lord Sunderland commenting favourably upon Albemarle's plans, urging him to even greater efforts to prevent the rebels from securing provisions and horses, and always ending with a sigh

[1] See the scythe used by Monmouth's rebels preserved in the Tower of London.

[2] Ranke, *History of England*, vol. iv. pp. 255-6.

[3] S.P. Dom., James II., vol. ii. letter u.

for the untrustworthy state of the militia who, headed by the Duke of Grafton, had continued their inglorious habit of running away from the invaders.

The solicitude of the Duchess redoubled as the dangers thickened round her Lord.

'Y^e 31 *of Jun.* (1685).

'My deare Lord,—I beg to heare very often; if you hope I shall ever sleep, from any boddy about you.

'To heare your alive is some satisfackcion, but when I consider ye dangere your in, ye worst freind I have will Pitty me; this last nuses which is come covers me with continuall feares of foul play which all most gives me a despare of never seeing you more; if that sad fate seseis me I pray to God to have such mersey for his poore servant as to give but won bloe to us bouth for I love you to well to parte with you at les esey termes then such a desire desarves. Your soe Good and soe Deare to me that noe outher thoughts then theses can posable have an exses. I am full of a troubled Tendernes and have good reson upon a thounthen [thousand] skores which I doe not Dout but you will allways beleve from your affectionate Dutyfull Wife, E. Albemarle.'[1]

Another letter explains the absence of a recruit upon whom his General certainly could have relied.

'Weston, *July* 5°, '85.

'S^r,—On ffryday was fortnight last I pray'd ye King's License that I might discharge my allegeance to his Maj^tie and my duty to yo^r Grace; and in order thereto ye next Morning I rec^d ye Lord Sunderland's Pass to Secure me into ye West, and brought my Sword in one hand and my heart in ye other, with a Resolucon to sacrifize ye latter rather than part w^th ye former, and have bin ever since that time labouring to bring myselfe under yo^r Grace's command. . . .

[1] Montagu House MSS.

Wee are now w^th^in three Miles of the Enemy and should I at this juncto leave ye Army, they would undoubtedly condemne me of Cowardice, and judge that w^ch^ is truely my Zeale to serve yo^r^ Grace, to be a bare shift or p^r^tense to wigle (*sic*) myselfe out of danger; and I heartily pray y^t^ Perkin (Monmouth) may Steare his Course towards yo^r^ Grace, y^t^ yu may have the Greatest share in ye Hon^r^ of his distruccon, and y^t^ the aspiring hopes of some may be defeated, who designe it undeservedly for themselves. And y^t^ my Good Starr (if any danger be levell'd at yo^r^ Grace) may fix me as a small peice of approved Armour to sheild yo^r^ Grace from all the designed or Random shotts of a Rebellious Enemy, And may I noe longer know my owne name, or the true vallue of a ffreind, then I will in the worst of dangers approve myselfe yo^r^ Grace's Most unworthy yet most ffaithfull and obedt humble serv^t^, FULKE GROSVENOR.'[1]

Fulke Grosvenor's martial hopes for Albemarle were doomed to disappointment. That very night of July 5, under a sky brilliant with moonlight and flaming northern lights, Monmouth's silent army crept under cover of a low-lying mist from the morass of Sedgemoor to surprise the cider-befuddled army of the King. How the guide proved untrustworthy, the surprise failed, and, deserted by their leaders, the brave peasants fought on until overcome by artillery, are matters of history. The morning's sun found the army scattered, and Monmouth and his companions disguised and fugitive.

That very morning, long before the joyful news of the rebellion's end could reach London, Lord Sunderland had penned three letters to send to the west.

The first was to Albemarle. The flattering words of its opening phrases would hardly soften the blow

[1] Montagu House MSS. Monmouth is spoken of as Perkin in allusion to Perkin Warbeck, a pretender to the English throne in the reign of Henry VII.

of the next lines. It but officially confirmed what had been, for a week or more, gossiped about the camps :

'WHITEHALL, *July* 6, 1685.

'His Ma^tie commands me to acquaint your Grace that Hee is very well satisfyed with the good Services you have done, and the Orders and Directions you have given for preserving that County and the Peace and Quiet thereof, being a matter of the Greatest importance at this time. . . . The King having thought fett to constitute the Earl of Feversham Lieutenant-Generall over all His Forces, whereby all Lord-Lieut^ts are to obey him, His Ma^tie would have yo^r Grace accordingly observe such Orders as the said Earl shall give or Send you, which His Ma^tie thinks absolutely necessary for His Service, and does not therefore question your complyance with His Pleasure in this as you have done in all other things.' [1]

As an added thorn in the side of the already goaded Albemarle, Sunderland sent this letter to Feversham to read before it should be passed on with the new General's orders.

Lord Bath, who had been joined with Albemarle in the command at Exeter, received Lord Sunderland's second letter. Its purport shows how apprehensive were the authorities as to Albemarle's acquiescence in this matter. Sunderland remarks :

'It is impossible to give advice at this distance, but the Duke of Albemarle will receive Directions from My Lord Feversham, and the King does expect he should act accordingly, which I am sure will bee best done, if so good a friend as your Lord^pt is, can be near him.' [2]

How great was the blow may be realised when it is remembered that Albemarle's own First Troop of Life Guards was with Feversham and under his direct

[1] S.P. Dom., James II., vol. ii. letter 10. [2] *Ibid.*, letter 11.

command, while Albemarle wasted his days with the reluctant Devonshire militia. Nor was he alone in his wrath. The same express brought Sunderland's third letter to Lord Churchill, and a commission creating him Major-General. This would have been appreciated at any other time, but was galling to a man who not only felt his great superiority to his commanding general, but who had just won the battle of Sedgemoor while this same commander lay in his tent stupid with cider.[1] That Feversham had awakened in time leisurely to adjust his cravat and come forth in state to receive all the plaudits of victory did not tend to endear him to Churchill. But he dissembled his wrath. He could afford to await his triumph on far greater fields than this trivial invasion offered. To Albemarle this was an only chance. His proud spirit refused to bend and his punishment was close at hand.

He lingered on in the west as long as the militia was needed. But the bloody work of gathering in the guilty rebels was intrusted to sterner hands than his. Kirke's Lambs, schooled in Tangier, could be depended upon to be guiltless of human feeling. The horrors of that summer in the West of England moved to remonstrance many a harder heart than Albemarle's. On July 12, he was still in Devon, perhaps comforted to be out of London, where Monmouth, a pitiful captive, was pleading in vain for his life. On this date the Duchess wrote :

'My deare Lord,—Your kind letter was very wellcom to me and Jo. ffontane came heare to-day to tell me my Deare love is well, but no sertanty of being blesed with your presances which is as much desired

[1] *London Gazette*, August 3, 1685, 'The Battle of Sedgemoor: A Farce.' It was written by the Duke of Buckingham, and was designed to cast ridicule upon 'the General who had won a battle in bed.'

as a pachion can force ; to be from what won loves is fare from being esey, which you will beleve knowing how often I have reseved favers and indearements from your Justis and and (*sic*) True affection which I will always indever to ancer with all greatatued and fauthfull love that you can emagin from your Duty-full Wife, E. ALBEMARLE.

'*Ye 12 of July* 1685.'[1]

This, for the time, was Albemarle's last letter from his wife, for the rebellion having lasted barely three weeks had come to an end. On July 15, Monmouth was beheaded on Tower Hill, making a courageous end strangely at variance with his behaviour during his last days. If Albemarle remembered the horrid scene of Lord Russell's death, he would make no haste to return to London until the execution was over. Toward the end of the month he was once more established with the Duchess at Newcastle House, where, having ungirded his sword, he was prepared to occupy himself with the peaceful affairs of his University.

[1] Montagu House MSS. Albemarle's answers to these letters do not appear to have been preserved.

CHAPTER VI

NEWCASTLE HOUSE was a sombre, monotonous brick structure, having its upper windows adorned with stone pilasters. The east and west wings stood forward, and there was a large courtyard in front.[1] It had been built on the site of a nunnery which, at the dissolution, had come into the possession of the Cavendish family. Here was to be found the Duke on the morning of July 30, penning a letter to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, recommending that one Bancks should receive the degree of Doctor of Divinity.[2] This duty well performed, Albemarle could give himself up to the enjoyments of a quieter life. The terrors of war had brought him and his Duchess closer together than they had been for many a year. He was, it is true, deeply chagrined at the behaviour of the militia under his command, while the advancement of Feversham filled him with rage. To his own haughty behaviour in this connection he gave little thought. His world looked bright that summer's day. The large garden contained six arches of the nun's cloister. These, with their beautifully carved ceilings, made a delightful and shady retreat from the sun's heat. Perhaps it was here that Sir John Bramston, Deputy-Lieutenant of Essex, 'happened to be present with his Grace,'[3]

[1] Thornbury, *Old and New London*, vol. ii. p. 332.

[2] Letter to Dr. Blythe in possession of Clare College, Cambridge University.

[3] *Autobiography of Sir John Bramston*, p. 205.

when Albemarle's copy of the letter sent to all the Lord-Lieutenants was delivered; it was written at the King's command by Lord Sunderland. 'The Duke perused it,' and this is what he read:

'The King commands me to acquaint your Lordships that he would have you give order for an estimate to be forthwith made of the expense of keeping up the Militia within your Lieutenancie as lange as by law they may be kept to geather in one yeare, and to transmit the same forthwith to me.'

Even a less discerning eye than Albemarle's could perceive that the King was intent on a standing army, and was gathering statistics to present to Parliament when it should sit. This letter the Duke delivered to Bramston to act upon, with the remark, 'We must not undervalue it.' Bramston replied:

'We must not overvalue it, for the designe is visible.'

'Well,' replied Albemarle, 'now the Kinge was displeased with the militia in generall, and that the behavioer of those in the West gave him just Cause; wherefore it was conceaued [ceived] he would make no more use of them, but have the monie that expense came to, and mawteine forces in euery countie proportionate. But that must be by Act of Parliament, and we shall heare more of that matter next meeting, possibly.'[1]

So the conversation ended.

Later in the day, Albemarle took his way to Whitehall Palace to take his part in the ceremony appointed to elect Lord Feversham to the Order of the Garter. With him went old Sir John Bramston to assist the Duke with the petition of one Mr. Cadmore. It would seem to be Albemarle's first appearance at Court since the rebellion, and he went without misgiving.

[1] *Autobiography of Sir John Bramston*, p. 205.

As soon as the chapter was over, Albemarle presented himself to the King in the bedchamber and spoke with him earnestly apart. Sir John was out of ear reach, but 'the Lord Lucas whoe was also in the bedchamber' reported to the anxious friend that the King had talked earnestly to the Duke and 'jobed him,'[1] that was the word used, 'soe that the tears stood in his eyes.'

What the conversation turned upon, it is vain to conjecture. Did some casual allusion to the letter from Sunderland bring down on Albemarle's head the royal wrath? Or had the King tried his hand at converting this most loyal subject to his own religion? Many were the rumours about the Court. Albemarle himself was not so much disquieted as irritated as he thought over the King's words and reviewed in his own mind the fact that many others were being rewarded for services in the Rebellion, while he, who had been the first in the field and the last to leave, had nothing but more debts to show for his loyalty. For much of the expense of maintaining the militia had come from his own pocket.[2]

At the end of the interview the petition of the unknown Cadmore was presented, and Sir John was brought in to 'inform his Majestie fully of the matter and proceedings.' 'Which I did,' says he, 'but after went away, the Duke staying at Court that evening.'

The shaft of the afternoon still rankled, and Albemarle, once more approaching the King, asked to know what post he had now that Feversham was

[1] 'Obsolete word, meaning to rebuke, reprove, or reprimand in a long and tedious harangue; from Job, in allusion to the lengthy reproofs addressed to Job by his friends.'—*Oxford Dictionary*.

[2] S.P. Dom., James II., vol. ii. letter 12. Letter from Albemarle to Sunderland, August 4. See also p. 251 concerning the King's share of the treasure.

appointed Lieutenant-General. The King replied, 'You are the first Collonell.'

'But, Sir,' said he, 'I had a Patent to command all the forces, and I know not how to serue under those I have commanded.' Then he added, 'If your Majesty please, you may see my Commission.'

The King replied, 'That ended with my brother, his life.'

'If your Majesty please, you may take my commission and confer it on some bodie you thinck better of.' For the heat of pride was rising. But the King tried to soothe his irascible subject, saying, 'I would not have you quitt my imployment. I will not take your commission; but think better on it. Sleep upon it.'[1]

But such fatherly counsel could not prevail with a soul that could ill brook being put by. The night brought not the counsel the King desired, and the next day, July 31, Albemarle reappeared at Court with his Commission, repeating his hope that the King would take it and confer it on some one of whom he had a better opinion and give him leave to retire. All of this the King obligingly did, and conferred the command of the Guards upon Lord Feversham, the rising star. Moreover, determined to be quit of the Court for ever, Albemarle resigned his Lord-Lieutenancy of Devon and Joint-Lieutenancy of Essex. He immediately wrote what Sir John called a 'very handsame letter' to his University, telling them he was retired from Court and so not capable to serve them as he desired. During his retirement, he recommended them to the care of the 'Archbp. of Canterburie.'

On August 3 he wrote in a hand shaken by the depth of his agitation to Archbishop Sancroft as follows:

[1] *Diary of Sir John Bramston*, p. 207.

'MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—Being going into the country for some time, w^ch^ may make me unable to serve ye University of Cambridge Soe readily as I could wish and knowing the great affection your Grace has ever expressed to that University, I think I cannot find out a better patron for them then your Grace, I humbly desire therefore y^t^ your Grace will please to give ye University of Cambridge leave to make ther applications to you, and that your Grace will please to be their patron with his maj^tie^ in my absence to do them what service they shall have occasion for, and as your Grace will shew great goodness in it to that University w^ch^ was honoured with your education, soe Your Grace will much oblige, May it please Your Grace, Your Graces most affectionate friend and humble Servant,

'ALBEMARLE.[1]

'NEWCASTLE HOUSE, *Aug. ye 3rd* 1685.'

That Sancroft acceded to this request is shown by the letters on Cambridge affairs which follow in his letter-book.

What Whitehall thought of Albemarle's resignation is shown in a letter written by William Blathwayt to his friend, Sir Robert Southwell, who was visiting the Marquis of Worcester at Badminton in Gloucestershire :

'You will hear fram the Great men with whom you are what passes among our great men here, That the Duke of Albemarle, Sensible of what past in the West and his not having any preferment or Title while we have so many Leiut. Gen^ls^, Major Generals and Brigadiers, has surrendered to the King all his employments. Whereupon My L^d^ Feversham is made First Captain of ye Guards and my L^d^ Churchill Capt. of the 3rd Troop.' [2]

Sir John Bramston sums up the incident in his

[1] Bodleian Library, Tanner MSS., vol. 158, fo. 79. Book of letters received by Archbishop Sancroft.

[2] Welbeck MSS.

judicial way, torn between his early training as an upholder of the Divine right of Kings, and personal indignation at the treatment meted out to his friend :

'I confess I cannet blame the Duke absolutely, tho' noe man aught to be angry with God, nor the Kinge, but wee aught to take what their pleasure shalbe ; but flesh and blood cannot truckle to inferiors, and I thinck he had rendered himselfe uncapable of any command could he haue benn Content to obey his soe much inferiors. I know others blame him, and giue instances of others that haue binn put by great imployments, and yet haue shewne noe regret ; but I am not courtier enough to thanck for neglects and affronts as for favours.'

BOOK VI

THE MAN OF ACTION

'The utmost malice of the Stars is past.'

DRYDEN, *Annus Mirabilis.*

CHAPTER I

ALBEMARLE, had he but known it, was but the precursor of many of his kind who should suffer a like fate at the hands of the King. During the three years next ensuing, numbers of the Court circle were dropped from favour. Such men as Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford ; Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury ; Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, to name only a few out of the many, were deprived of their Lord-Lieutenancies, together with their other military commands, because they could not support the King's policies. Had Albemarle possessed the statesman's far-seeing eye he might have drawn comfort from the aspect of the future. Without this knowledge, as he suffered first, so he suffered alone, and his abasement of spirit was complete.

Shall we now figure him forlorn at Newhall, eating the bread of bitterness and considering the ingratitude of princes ? His own papers are silent through these days, and we can only picture his solitary figure pacing the lime avenue or that gay pleasance, neglected and alone, shunned by the crowd that came only when royalty smiled. He was the more solitary as the Duchess took this occasion to visit her family at Welbeck.

If August was dull, September brought compensation. In the autumn races the Duke's horse beat 'Brown Betty' for the Winchester Plate.[1] Even

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., *12th Report*, vol. ii., Belvoir MSS. Bridget Noel to the Countess of Rutland, September 1685, p. 95.

this small victory served to cheer the downcast Albemarle, while the stakes helped to fill his empty purse. He did not enjoy the satisfaction of witnessing the success of his horse, for his disgrace prevented him from accompanying the King to Winchester. And, indeed, few others waited on the King at this time save the Lords Feversham, Newport, Arran, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells.[1] In fact, the Duke was very ill, in body as well as mind. The joyous youth, indulging in much exercise, hunting and fowling, had become a man given over to a sedentary life. He had always an inclination to jaundice, which the life at Court, where 'he sat up late and often made merry with his friends,'[2] tended to magnify. Now the frequent bleedings to which he had submitted from his cradle had begun to exhaust his vitality. Alone in his great house, he ate only 'crusts of bread washed down with great draughts of Lambeth ale.'[3] His nights were restless, and what sleep he had was broken with 'bad dreams,' while his days were marked by continual headaches and occasional incoherence in his speech. His friends felt great anxiety for his health. Lord Bath testified long after, that during these days the Duke was under great disturbance of mind, consequent upon his having received some great unkindness from King James and his ministers.[4] While Lord Oxford had written earlier in the year :

'I received the newes of yo^{r} not beeing well, My L^{d}, wth all the trouble in y^{e} world, but Mr. Bowles assures me it is but a greate cold, w^{ch} yet I doe not like, because it is commonly the beginner of greate ills.'[5]

[1] Evelyn, *Diary*, September 16, 1685.
[2] Hans Sloane, Brit. Mus., Sloane MSS. 3984, fos. 282-4.
[3] *Ibid.* [4] *Chan. Proc.*, Reynardson, vol. 426, No. 9, 1690.
[5] Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford. Montagu House MSS.

However, he was not too ill to feel an interest in public events. Upon inquiry of Lord Sunderland, he learned that the Lord-Lieutenancy of Devon had been conferred upon the Earl of Bath. Some friendly correspondent must surely have informed Albemarle that when his kinsman wrote his letter of thanks for this favour, he used the occasion to expostulate with the Government protesting that the Duke of Albemarle's influence with the Devonshire Militia was invaluable,[1] while to Albemarle himself he wrote: 'The Deputy-Lieutenants never meet without celebrating your Grace's health with all due honour and gratitude,' and he further expressed the hope that the Duke would not take it amiss that he had ordered the Devon Militia to march still under the name and colours of Albemarle.[2] The Duke's heart called him to return to the old life. Greatly changed as was the spirit of the Court, he yet felt ill at ease to be absent. In vain he awaited some whispered hint from new favourites which might awaken hope of a reconciliation with the King. Now as the time for Parliament to assemble drew on, Albemarle determined to humble his pride and make his peace with his sovereign. In Lord Dartmouth's capable hands was placed the delicate mission. So well did he succeed that on November 10 he was able to gladden the eyes of the exile with a letter wherein he recites that his Majesty has accepted the news of Albemarle's 'readiness to serve him . . . with the kindest expressions imaginable,' and further adds that it is his Majesty's pleasure that he should 'make what convenient speed' he could to town.[3] In spite of this summons either sickness or the wise counsel of friends prevailed upon the

[1] S.P. Dom., James II., vol. i., August 8, 1685. Bath to Sunderland.
[2] Montagu House MSS., March 12, 168⅝. Bath to Albemarle.
[3] Montagu House MSS.

Duke to remain in the country, and it was well that he did so.

The King's speech on the opening of Parliament demanded nothing less than the abandonment of the militia, whose recent conduct he did not fail to criticise; the formation of a standing army and a fresh subsidy to maintain it. These demands were capped by a strong appeal for the abolition of the Test Act. This law had prevented Roman Catholics from serving in the Army, and the new King had chosen constantly to disregard it.

The Commons fell at once into a careful argument of the whole matter. The conduct of the militia in the late Rebellion was reviewed, and Albemarle came in for his share of praise and blame. Old Sir Thomas Clarges, regardless of long estrangement, defended his nephew's reputation with spirit. He insisted that the Duke of Albemarle would have done still better service had he been better supported.[1] Even the militia received a kind word; the trained bands at Newbury fight did 'brave things,'[2] said he, and he shrewdly estimated the King's revenues to be such that no new grant would be needed.

The King finding opposition to all his measures, in disgust prorogued Parliament on December 1. Not until after this date did Albemarle venture to London. He attended a Privy Council meeting on the 18th at Whitehall. Altogether he remained in town but a few days—just long enough to encounter an alarming adventure. Going through the ill-lighted streets alone in his sedan-chair he 'was met by a gentleman who threatened him.' With what intent, robbery or private malice, Sir John Reresby fails to record, although he had the story from the Duke's own lips.

[1] Ranke, *History of England*, vol. iv. p. 271.

[2] Cobbett, *Parliamentary History*, November 10-11, 1685, vol. iv. p. 382.

As a result of this encounter the Duke returned to the country filled with criticism for the irregulated state of the London streets.

The Duchess, coming from Welbeck to Newhall, apprehending that she might soon be left a widow, began seriously to endeavour to persuade her unhappy husband to alter his will. By the deed of 1681 she already had assured to her an income of eight thousand pounds a year, and the use, during her life, of Newhall and of all it contained, so that it is difficult to imagine what more she hoped to gain by a new will. She had, at this time, warmly espoused the cause of the mysterious Colonel Thomas Monck and his sons Christopher and Henry. Perhaps this was only to combat her husband's preference for John, Earl of Bath, and other members of the Grenville family. She summoned to her aid Sir Thomas Stringer, a man of law, who had served not only her father but her grandfather, William Pierrepont, and had by him been brought to the notice of General Monck. She bound him to her service by promises of a baronetcy, to be obtained for him through her influence, and between them they spun out as fine a web of intrigue and petty persecution as ever was plotted to plague the life of an unfortunate gentleman.

No wonder the Duke was half distraught by his troubles, and that this period of stress marks the beginning of that excessive use of strong drink which marred his later years. For a time Albemarle managed to elude his wife's desires by promises and by half-hearted consultations with his various legal advisers. But as the winter advanced the Duchess was seen to be in high good humour, for a will after her own heart had been at last drawn up, and she had faith to believe that the Duke intended to confirm it. Her health was still far from satisfactory. Sherwin's print may

picture her at this time. It shows the face still blessed with the curious, elusive beauty of her earlier portraits. The haunting madness of her eyes tells better than any physician's prophecy what the future holds in store for her. Richly clad and bejewelled, the lace scarf about her head adds dignity to her aspect.[1] Her letters tell their own story.

'*Ye* 26 *of Mar.* 1686.

'MY DEARE LORD,—I give you a thounthen thanks for your kind letter and consarne for me, which I was afrade you had being (been) plesed to think I did not desarve; my forbareance from inquiareing of your helth which is very Deare to me, let me ben ever soe unhappy, was ocacioned by Mr. Burtanhed's unsertane retourne and my imperfit helth which causes me to remember you to giveing me leve to goe to the waters I find soe nesesery that I can not omit the desire or obay your presant commands without indangering my life. . . . I heare you will be in Tone (town) in a little time, I being your dutyfull Wife

'E. ALBEMARLE.'[2]

The desired permission was presumably granted, for another letter, without date, belongs to this period and reads as follows:

'MY DEARE LORD,—My mother is very fond of you in all her expressions.

'I give you thanks for your Deare letter and care of my Helth which your kindness will very much helpe with ye addishion of ye comfort I reseve from my Mother whoe is so exstremle kinde to me and you and A most Just Good womman; She says noe child aught to have more than I, but God knows how she will prevale, I dowt she will not leve long, she has a hard game to play amoungst us, I feare it will Brake her hart, she mourne(s) soe in ye letters she writes. I have takein the waters today and find eses by them; pray, if you want me, com hether and you will ouver Joy Yours for ever E. ALBEMARLE.'[3]

[1] This print may be seen in the Print Room of the British Museum.
[2] Montagu House MSS. [3] *Ibid.*

FRANCES, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

From the picture by Mary Beale at Welbeck Abbey

In connection with the ill news of the Duchess of Newcastle's condition, contained in this letter, it should be explained that the matter of her husband's will was not the only business the Duchess of Albemarle had under consideration. Her father, the second Duke of Newcastle, having lost his only son, was of a dozen minds how to leave his estate among his five daughters. As the eldest, Elizabeth felt that she ought to receive the largest share. This view proved displeasing to the other sisters, and the poor mother was torn this way and that among her children, each one demanding her sympathy and interest. As if this dissension was not a sufficient burden upon the Duchess of Newcastle, she was further afflicted with discussion over the marriage of her third daughter, Lady Margaret Cavendish. Many suitors had been proposed for her hand, and each member of the family and their many friends had eligible husbands to suggest. One day the son of Lord Sunderland was the favoured suitor, the next the Earl of Northumberland. Dr. Barwick, as the confidential physician of the Duchess of Albemarle, was able to write to his patron the latest news of how matters stood at this time.

'. . . I do not find that ye match with the E.(arl) of N.(orthumberland) is like to proceed. My La.(dy) D.(uchess) guesses, and perhaps not amiss, that he has taken offence. The Knight Marshall whom the Duchess of Newcastle does not seem to have any good opinion of, goes towards Newcastle the next week and takes Notingham Castle in his way where their Graces will be at that time. He will certenly cary some new Proposall with him, and I beleive it will be for my Lord Sunderland's son. My La.(dy) D.(uchess) will give her Mother an Advertisement of it this night. And I beleive has proposed a beter Match then any the Knight Marshall will propose.'[1]

[1] Montagu House MSS.

The name so mysteriously hinted at as the choice of the Duchess of Albemarle for her sister, must have been no other than the Duke's precious charge in the days of Monmouth's Rebellion—the young Duke of Berwick. The Duke of Newcastle warmly embraced the suggestion, and seemed willing to overlook the fact that this son of King James was a Roman Catholic. The Duchess and Lady Margaret herself would hear nothing of this match, and the Duchess of Albemarle advised in vain.[1] She now returned her thoughts to matters which concerned her more nearly. As the months went by, finding that the signing of the new will was not moving with such speed as she could wish, and believing that the arm of the law was an insufficient support, the Duchess summoned a new agent to her aid. Dr. Renwick, brought in as consulting physician by the attentive Dr. Barwick, impressed upon the unhappy husband the necessity of complying with the Duchess's demands lest she should have a return of her 'former malady.'

Lord Bath was still in the west, and Albemarle 'being thereupon pursued by daily solicitations did send to Ld. Bath to haste his return for London.'[2] Lord Bath hurried up to town 'on such intimation,' and arrived there December 1686. Armed with the will of 1675 and with some misgivings in his heart, he 'waited on the Duke at Newcastle House.' Much entertaining discourse passed between the two friends. They had not met since the Duke's disgrace, and Christopher could, at last, pour out the story of his wrongs to truly sympathetic ears. Lord Bath himself introduced the subject of the will, and the Duke

[1] Lady Margaret Cavendish later married John Holles, fourth Earl of Clare. Her father left her the greater part of his estate, including Welbeck Abbey, 'for natural love and affection.' Lord Clare was created Duke of Newcastle by King William III.

[2] *Chan. Proc.*, Reynardson, vol. 426, No. 9, Bath *v.* Montagu.

renewed his recital of wrongs. How much he was pressed to make a new will, and how uneasy a life he had led with his wife, the Duchess, on that account. In fact, he averred with great doubts, 'I am continually vexed and even almost to distraction by the Duchess and her agents.' He declared that 'he was resolved that he would not do anything in prejudice of his former Will and Settlement.' And he concluded, 'You shall not fare worse for trusting me, or putting the Will into my hands,' and withal told him he would give him what was better.[1]

Some few days later, summoning Lord Bath again to Newcastle House, he bade him consult with counsel whether a new will could prejudice the effectiveness of the Settlement, and Lord Bath soon returned bringing the welcome news that the Settlement could not be revoked in any manner save as in the deed prescribed. 'Whereat his Grace was well pleased,' and the friends took comfort together, for Albemarle had no thought of really revoking his original settlement. It is evident that this opinion took a weight from his heart, and 'he gave way with less regret to the solicitations of the confederates,' as the Duchess and her adherents in the household had come to be called. He even gave way so far as to advise with Sir Henry Pollexfen over the draft of another will prepared under the Duchess's eye. This learned counsel must have had misgivings as to the methods of one of his principals, for the Duchess sending for him to discuss some alterations in the will which she had in mind, he, after the manner of the time, 'seemed to be troubled to be sent for from his Chambers on that account,' and 'uttered some words of discontent on his coming out of her presence not without some kind of reflections on the Duchess' deportment.' Would

[1] *Chan. Proc.*, Reynardson, vol. 426, No. 9, Bath *v.* Montagu, *passim.*

that these words were recorded! Were they but a masculine protest against feminine intrigue, or did his cold legal heart go out in sympathy to the hard-pressed Duke?

Throughout the ensuing winter, as the Duke told Lord Bath, 'He was much laboured to make another will.' If he did so, his friends believed 'it was to obtain rest and ease from the Duchess's importunities,' and in the full belief that he was leaving the strength of his earlier settlement unimpaired. At any rate, the Duchess so dreaded Lord Bath's influence that throughout this winter she posted spies about the house to overhear the conversations of her lord and his friend. But in spite of her vigilance and the skill of her confederates, the Duke managed to postpone the evil day. These transactions concerning the making of the new will extended through many months, and should be remembered as an accompaniment to matters of even greater moment which occupied the Duke during the same time, and which shall now be narrated.

CHAPTER II

AFTER a time of depression, Albemarle had recovered from the first bitterness of his downfall. Unlike the Duke of Buckingham, a man of far more brilliant parts, who had likewise suffered financial ruin and had lately died sunk in obscurity and poverty, he set about the repair of his fortune and the re-establishment of his prestige at Court. In the spring of 1686 certain rumours concerning him were heard in the ante-rooms at Whitehall and the cabinets of statesmen's secretaries. Could it be true that the Duke of Albemarle was seriously considering the governorship of Jamaica? He himself remained quietly in the country or at Newcastle House, and his faithful followers listened to every Court rumour with hope deferred.

On the strength of some favourable gossip, John Coppleston writes to Albemarle from the Old Palace, Westminster, on April 10, 1686:

'It has been confidently said that the King meant to be with y^{r} Grace at New Hall for three or four days this week. Some s^{d} it was only to hunt, but the Polls shook their heads and seemed to apprehend great things.'[1]

This story brought new courage to Albemarle's friends, but they were destined to wait for a whole month before its realisation could be accomplished.

In the middle of April came news that more surprised than pleased them. Sir Philip Howard, the

[1] Montagu House MSS.

Governor of Jamaica, had died while on a visit to England, and within a few days the Duke of Albemarle was known to have arrived at Windsor, where, to the amazement of all, he kissed the King's hand for the government of Jamaica, whither it was said he intended to go suddenly with his Duchess.[1] Many besides Mr. Blathwayt 'wondered to hear that the D. of Albemarle is so desirous of the government of Jamaica.'[2] His friends were aghast at the idea. What would the splendid Duke of Albemarle do in that insignificant possession? The men of Devon, roused to action, put into plain words what they firmly believed to be the cause of all his troubles and bade him hesitate to throw himself once more into the hands of his enemies. Richard Coffin, High Sheriff of Devon, was the probable author of a formal protest entitled 'Reasons Humbly offered to the Duke of Albemarle Against his going Governor to Jamaica.' After stating the more obvious objections to the project, the writer proceeds:

'Do you not think the same people will use you as they did when you were in the West and at Whitehall? They will have continual spies upon you and misinterpret everything you do.

'That you may know that this is not mine alone, but the General voice of the whole town, read but all the lampoons with which the Town hath swarmed of late; yet which though otherwise not much to be regarded, yet when so very universale they show at least the sense of the times; for the voice of Everybody is called the voice of God.'[3]

Others did not hesitate to hint that the Jamaica governorship was intended to serve as a kind of

[1] Welbeck MSS. John Povey to Sir Robert Southwell, April 17, 1686.

[2] Welbeck MSS. Blathwayt to Southwell, April 17, 1686.

[3] The original draft is in the possession of Mrs. Pine-Coffin, Onleigh Court, Bideford, and was not available for examination.

banishment to one who refused to bend to the will of the King.

Mr. Povey again condescends to gossip, and asserts that 'the Duke of Newcastle is coming to town to Endeavour to diswade his Son-in-law from the thought of it.'[1] On reflection, the father-in-law contented himself with writing from Nottingham Castle :

'We hear your Grace is resolved to go for Jamaica ; I pray for your health and long life, and all prosperity to your Grace.'[2]

After which he proceeds to bring to notice a friend who wishes a position as the new Governor's agent. Offers of assistants poured in from every side, and Albemarle, had he wished, could have furnished himself with a suite made up from the needy relatives of his friends. He retired to the quiet of Newhall to await further events.

In the early days of May he seems to have despaired altogether of the King's coming, and, determining to await his pleasure no longer, he invited a gay party of his own for the stag-hunting in Newhall forest. Among his guests were Prince George of Denmark (husband of Princess Anne), Lord Dartmouth, now become Master of the Horse, and with them, remarkable to relate, Lord Feversham. Surely the flight of time must have healed the breach between them ! So important a gathering of favourites carries out John Copplestone's theory that matters unknown to the public were to be discussed.

So when, on a fine Monday morning, the King rode in his coach to Newhall, he was met at Chelmsford by the news that the Duke of Albemarle and his guests were hunting in quite another direction. A charming

[1] Welbeck MSS. Povey to Southwell. [2] Montagu House MSS.

description of what followed these tidings remains to us in the *Autobiography of Sir John Bramston*:

'The Kinge, being invited by the Duke of Albemarle to Newhall to hunt some out-lyinge red deere, his Majestie went towards New Hall the 3rd of May, 1686; and when he came neere Chelmsford, hearinge the Duke with the hounds were neere the place where the Stagg was harboured, in a wood neere Bicknaker Mill,[1] his Majestie turned out of the road, and went by Moulsham Hall[2] thither.

'The stagg came out of the wood neere where the Kinge was' (how amazing is the courtier-like behaviour of the stags of Newhall Forest); 'and manie with him, who followed the hounds. But Prince George, the Duke of Albemarle, Earle of Feversham, Lord Dartmouth, and Seuerall others, being on the other side of the wood, heard not the hounds, nor knew not that the Stagg had left the wood until late, and so seuerall cast out, and neuer reacht the hounds. The stagg made toward the forest, and gott thither and rann almost as farr as Wanstead, where turninge head, he was at last killed betweene Rumford and Brentwood, or neerer Rumford. The Kinge was neere at the death; he gott coach to carrie him to Brentwood (where his own coach was), and well pleased that he was in, the Lords throwne out. They not recouering the hounds, went all to New Hall whither, after 9 of the clock at night, his Majestie came to supper. A table was prepared for his Majestie and others for the Lords and gentlemen; but the King would have his fellow hunters sup with him, and about a dozen sate down with him.'

With great chances of probability we may fancy this happy supper-party against the background of the noble proportions of the great hall, with its Tudor bays, Henry VIII.'s arms gleaming down from the wall to remind the guests that here the bluff monarch had kept his Feast of St. George in 1524. Did his

[1] Bicknacre, about six miles from Chelmsford.

[2] An ancient seat of the Mildmay family, built about 1450.

host lead King James, while in this affable mood, to promise to him some of those numberless perquisites which so delight us among the appurtenances of the next Governor of Jamaica ?

We have abundant evidence that King James was habitually sleepy after a day's hunting. His letters to William of Orange amply testify to this wholesome state, and this Monday night in May could have been no exception. If his host and other of the guests kept up the merriment to later hours, it may account for the mishaps of the following day.

They were surely abroad on Tuesday morning 'very betimes,' as Pepys would say, to have accomplished all that Sir John Bramston again records :

'The next day he (the King) hunted a Stagg which lay in New Hall Parke, and had been there the most part of the winter. After a round or two, he leapt the pale, tooke the riuer, and rann thro' Bramfield [Broomfield ?] Pleshie, and so to the Roothings and was killed in Hatfield. His Majistie pretie neere the doogs, tho' the ditchs were broad and deep, the hedges high, and the way and feilds dirty and deep ; But most of the Lords were cast out again, and amongst them the Duke of Albemarle. The King was much pleased again that the Lords were cast out, who yet recouered him ere long, and considering his coach and Guards were quite another way, they were at a loss what to doe.'

A quandary indeed ! The King was desirous to return to London, and the day was far spent, for the hunt had taken them half across Essex and the dinner hour was long past. In the emergency,

'Lord Dartmouth advised to send to Copt Hall, to the Earl of Dorset, that the King would come and dine there, and dispatched away a groome to give his Lordship notice, and so rode easily on (it beinge directly in his way to London).'

The fine masculine unconcern of this proceeding is full of human interest. Behold the cavalcade of hunters, King and nobles alike mud-bespattered from those 'dirty fields and deep,' a wholesome hunger gnawing in each man of them, Lord Dartmouth happily conscious that he had made a good suggestion at an opportune moment.

At Copt Hall the Fates had already paved the way for comedy. Lord Dorset,[1] all unconscious of the honour to fall suddenly upon him, had ridden off that morning to Rockholts to dine 'with a great manie gentlemen at Sir W. Hicks.' Moreover, the 'Cook and the butler were gone to a faire at Waltham'; upon these domestic incidents, common to all ages, 'The messenger came and found the Lady Northampton and the Lady Dorset,[2] her daughter, in a coach, goinge abroad on a visit.' 'The Countess was much surprised,' says old Sir John. But one must figure the consternation of the older lady, the indignant dismay of the younger, seated in their coach in visiting array, and indeed already on the road.

'She would have excused it, her Lord and servants all from home.' The words were hardly formed in courteous phrase, when 'a second messenger comeing,' poor Lady Dorset, realising herself within the grip of circumstance, 'turned her coach, and went home, and sent her coach to meet his majestie.'

Her trials had only begun. On descending from her coach amid the excited maids, who must be her helpers, her first thought was the larder. Quick, quick, the keys! Alas, the careful men-servants had

[1] Charles Sackville, sixth Earl of Dorset.

[2] Mary Compton, daughter of James Compton, third Earl of Northampton, d. 1691. Her portrait by Kneller hangs in the ballroom at Knole, Sevenoaks, Kent.

borne with them to the fair the keys of storeroom and cellar.

'With the helpe of the maides' those white hands broke open locke and 'dores.' With upturned petticoat, but unwrinkled brow, we leave her in the kitchen. To Lady Northampton our chronicler does not assign a part; but we may safely figure her welcoming the royal guest and his train:

'By such time as His Majestie arrived, had washt, and viewed the gardens and house, a very handsom collation was gotten for him. Extreamly well pleased with the treat (he) came toward London, and on the road meet the Earl of Dorset returning home from Rookehalts. The Earl alighted, and comeinge to the coache side, bemoaning his ill-fortune that he should not be in the way to receave that great honour, and makeing excuse that all things were not answerable to his desires, the King replyed, "Make noe excuses, it was exceedinge well, and very handsome." And soe His Majestie came safe and well [to] London, and well pleased with his sport.'

One last echo of this hunting party, and that is from the King himself. On May 7, 1686, he wrote from Whitehall to William of Orange, and in spite of his haste to insist that the States-General shall banish his rebellious subjects from Holland, he finds time to begin:

'I came from Newhall on Tuesday night where I had been stag-hunting, and had very good sport.'[1]

But he said no word of that 'handsom collation' prepared by lovely Lady Dorset. It was left to the aged chronicler, Sir John Bramston, to preserve that picture for us.

[1] S.P. Dom., King William's Chest. Letters from James II. to William of Orange.

On May 31, Lord Sunderland wrote from Windsor to the Lords of Trade and Plantations, announcing the appointment of Albemarle to be Governor of Jamaica, his commission to bear date immediately from the death of Sir Philip Howard.[1]

[1] Howard died April 11, 1686.

BOOK VII

THE TREASURE SHIP

'Then we upon the Globe's last verge shall go
And view the ocean leaning on the sky.'

DRYDEN, *Annus Mirabilis.*

CHAPTER I

LITTLE did the courtiers guess with what good reason the Duke of Albemarle eagerly accepted the Jamaica governorship. The spirit of adventure, gift of his Devon blood, did not alone call him to sail to the mysterious West, where amid prosperity and tropical ease he might cleanse his soul of past offences. The governorship was but the vehicle with which he proposed to revive his fallen fortunes. Nor was his interest in the West Indies a sudden whim. The Monck family had held interests in the islands of the Caribbean Sea even before the days of the Lord General, and the Duke as early as 1683 believed that he saw a way to relieve his financial difficulties through his connection with the West Indies.

In this year there was seen upon the streets of London, and in the ante-rooms at Whitehall, a strange figure. This proved to be Captain William Phips of the New England plantations, originally a ship's carpenter, but at this time master of a sailing vessel. While cruising in the Spanish Main in the pursuit of trade he had heard rumours of a large Spanish galleon freighted with gold and silver for the King of Spain, and driven on the rocks by a tempest in the year 1659.[1] Her crew had perished with the ship. The Spanish king, reluctant to lose his treasure, had sent out to recover it, but without success. The French and English kings likewise had pursued the same quest and in vain. Twenty years and more she had been hidden

[1] Life of Sir William Phips, in Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*.

by the sea off the shores of Hispaniola,[1] a lure to all who sailed the Spanish Main.

The fortunate finding of a pirate's cache had somewhat enriched Captain Phips, and fired his heart with an unquenchable desire to search for the treasure of the lost galleon. To obtain the King's patent and to borrow a frigate for the enterprise had brought him to London and Whitehall. Here the energetic captain spent time and dubloons to no purpose, and wore out his patience while waiting in the King's ante-chamber. By some means he came suddenly into terms of intimacy with the Duke of Albemarle. Mr. Arthur Fairwell, the Duke's secretary and cousin by marriage, came of a family who had early settled in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and it may have been through his agency that Captain Phips came to be presented to the Duke. The captain, having told his story, felt that his fortune was made when he perceived how deeply the Duke's interest was aroused. His imagination had at once seized on the project, the galleon lay upon the sea's bottom only awaiting his opportunity. He easily persuaded the King to lend his frigate *Algier Rose*, eighteen guns and ninety-five seamen. He himself supplied money from a sadly depleted purse. Hope ran high in the hearts of both the Duke and the hardy captain. But the expedition failed, and Albemarle was forced to endure as best he could the sly smiles of the Court at the outcome of his West India adventure.

The spring of 1685 was an eventful one for all the Court, and when the Lords of Trade and Plantations received among their colonial reports a letter from Acting-Governor Hender Molesworth of Jamaica bringing news of a sunken treasure ship, they took but a languid interest in the story. With the

[1] Haiti.

Governor's report of how he had sent the *Bonito* to investigate the tale, and how bad weather had foiled his purpose, was enclosed a deposition of one John Smith, a seaman, signed and sworn to before a justice of the island.[1] This little paper narrated how the sailor on a cruise, being on the north-east coast of Hispaniola,[2] had come upon a reef. On this he saw several ingots of silver and one of gold, and within forty feet of it the hull of a ship wedged in upright. The wind freshened so that further searching was impossible, but the sailor believed he could find the place again. The Duke of Albemarle had been a member of this Committee for several years. Was he more credulous than his colleagues, or had he more imagination? The seaman asked for a fifth of the treasure as the price of his guidance. But the chance seemed to him worth the taking. Before hastening to the West to defend his country against Monmouth's invasion, he secured from the King some sort of promise that this treasure ship should be his.

During his year of disfavour, he interested certain acquaintances in the venture. Of these the old naval hero, Sir John Narborough, was first. That stout, but needy cavalier, Sir John Falkland, second, and Sir James Hayes, once Secretary of Prince Rupert, third. A stock company was formed, and, under the name of the Gentlemen Adventurers, the first steps were taken toward sending out an expedition. Two other valiant gentlemen resolved each to take a share: Mr. Francis Nicolson, soon to go as Lieutenant-Governor to the Dominion of New England, and Mr. Isaac Foxcraft. Narborough and Foxcraft, more experienced in worldly matters, soon realised that the Duke's patent was not sufficiently binding to make them sure of getting suitable return for their investment. So they

[1] C. O. 1 : 57, No. 9. [2] Haiti.

indited the following letter to their noble patron and principal stockholder, for they perceived that his mind was so filled with thoughts of golden doubloons and ingots of silver that he quite overlooked the practical details :

'MAY IT PLEASE YOR GRACE,—To permitt us in as few words as may be to remember you, that it is of most absolute and indispensable importance to build upon a firme foundation, That ye Warrant already obtained is but an Authority, countermandable as soon as ye shipp is gone out of ye River, That there is noe time expressed in itt, whereby it is Defective, That ye Proper and most Safe way for ye King to transfer an Interest (not to be frustrated) is undr ye Great or Privy Seale, by proper words of Grant, That ye King haveing granted an Authority under ye Seale of ye Admiralty will be easily induced to confirme it by his Privy Seale, That this Warrant may be usefull as to what concerneth ye Admiralty, and ye other may serve for confirmation of ye King's intention in a Legall manner. Upon these Considerations we presume to press Yor Grace to think it Convenient either by Yor Presence, or otherwise if that can not bee, to procure a Privy Seale, according to ye draught herewith sent from Yor Grace's most obedient Servts,

'JOHN NARBROUGH.
'ISAAC FOXCRAFT.'

(Addressed) : 'To his Grace the Duke of Albemarle prsent.'[1]

In compliance with this natural request, Albemarle asked and was given a patent made out in due form, and bearing the date of March 4, 168$\frac{5}{6}$.

Captain Phips, whom Bramston describes as well skilled in 'mathematicks,' and also having 'acquainted himselfe in India with some that had the art of divinge,' was engaged to take charge of the adventure. The ships *James and Mary* and the

[1] Montagu House MSS.

Henry, Captain Francis Rogers, commander, were secured for the voyage. These were manned, victualled and loaded with a cargo for trade with the Spaniards, so that if the search was unsuccessful, barter should pay for the expense of the expedition. The Duke supplied eight hundred pounds and was to receive four-sixteenths of the treasure. The other Gentlemen Adventurers, five in all, Sir James Hayes, Lord Falkland, Sir John Narborough, Mr. Francis Nicolson, and Mr. Isaac Foxcraft, each supplied one hundred pounds, and were each to receive two-sixteenths. The King by law received ten per cent. of all treasure. Mr. Smith, who can be no other than the seaman who knew the location of the wreck, supplied no capital and signed no articles of agreement, and was to receive one-sixteenth as his share. Captain Phips was seemingly content with one-sixteenth.

By March 1, 1686, Phips and his two ships set sail for the West, and every one forgot all about them for more than a year and a day. Every one except the Adventurers themselves, or when Albemarle vainly offered to part with some of his shares to Lord Sunderland and Lord Dartmouth. These wise ones were too sophisticated to invest good money in sunken treasure. All of them 'refused to be concerned in it or to venture any money upon it.'[1]

Let us follow the treasure seekers, after whom Albemarle's thoughts so often turned. Captain Phips kept a journal of all his proceedings, written, frugal man, upon the unused pages of an older ship's log. It is now in the British Museum, among the Sloane MSS. That great collector, Dr. Hans Sloane, mentions in his *Voyage to Madeira* having seen this

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., *12th Report*, Beaufort MSS., p. 90.

journal when he visited Barbadoes. Having borrowed it to read, he evidently kept it.

The *James and Mary*, under Captain Phips, accompanied by the *Henry*, began the really serious work of their voyage at Samana in the island of Haiti, when having engaged in trade with the Spaniards, they at last set out for the 'rack' (wreck). But the wind proving unfavourable, they put in to Porta Plata, and entered into trade with the Spaniards. Captain Phips, with Yankee shrewdness, had determined to secure the price of the expedition by commercial enterprise before embarking on the fascinating, but illusive, treasure hunt. Thus many weeks passed in preparation, and in awaiting favourable weather. It was not until January 13 that the captain simply records :

'This evening Mr. Rogers set sail with Mr. Covell, our Second Mate and the three divers, with orders if they could get a strech of fair weather to go on ye bank and make a seerch for ye wreak.'

So Mr. Rogers and Captain Phips's divers, brought from the pearl fisheries of the East, blessed with three days calm weather, searched the bank to good purpose. For there, sure enough, was the great galleon lying helpless inside a moon-shaped reef, her planks grown over with sea-feather, coral and lapis astroite. The divers worked with a will, so that Captain Phips's long boat, returning with Captain Roger's report, brought

'what made our hearts glad to see which was 4 sows, 1 barr, 1 champend, 2 dow boyds, 2000 and odd Dollars, by which we understood that they had found the wreck.'

It did not take the New England captain long to ship provisions, and on Sunday, February 28, he rode

at anchor off the reef. Captain Phips was too strict an observer of the laws of New England to work on this or any other Lord's Day. Each week he records, 'This being the Lord's Day we rested.' Fortunately, variable winds marked most Sundays. Only once was he tempted, but withstood. For, to the usual entry of rest for Sunday, March 6, he adds, 'Notwithstanding the weather was fair.'

So, for the next three months, every calm day saw the crew, divers, and officers at work. Early in the morning they departed from the *James and Mary*, returning 'just as daylight began to shut in,' with an ever-increasing store of Spanish gold and silver, brass cannon and broken plate. True, much of it was encrusted and overgrown with coral and deposits from the sea, but this cast no damper on the enthusiasm of the men. The divers, far below in the clear tropic waters, fastened the ship's grappling-irons to the heaviest pieces, which willing hands drew to the surface. Others of the crew employed themselves with a species of rake, so gathering up from the sea's bottom such treasure as had been scattered by the waves. Captain Phips was a man of deeds, not words. Did the whitening bones of those Spaniards, drowned in their galleon, still in death keep watch of their treasure? Rough sailor hands would soon cast them aside, and bluff Captain Phips passes them over in silence while he weighs their doubloons.

So hard did they all work, that before long the poor divers grew gravely ill, and the Captain was in a fine dilemma, until he heard of the contrivance of an ingenious Bermudian used by the West Indians on earlier wrecks.[1] This consisted of a tub put per-

[1] C. O. 1 : 49, No. 35, August 29, 1682. Sir Thomas Lynch to the Lords of Trade and Plantations.

pendicularly into the sea, so that it did not fill, into which the diver could put his head when he wanted breath, by which means he could stay three-quarters of an hour under water. By the use of this primitive diving-bell the work went steadily on.

One day late in February a sloop and shallop appeared on the horizon, and proved to be some of Phips's companions of the former voyage still searching for the wreck. They also were pressed into the service, and the treasure was now mounting so that it was to be measured by tons. 'A bad day's work' brought on board three thousand and thirty-one dollars and fifteen hundred half-dollars.

By the last of April the ships were loaded to their capacity. With the greatest reluctance the Captain turned his back upon the wreck. Provisions had been secured from Jamaica, water and salt were to be found on Turk's Island. This moment of triumph and excitement proved almost their last, for the heavily laden ship ran aground on the Handkerchief Bank. Happily they got off, or the Spanish gold might have once more been lost to the world. The sun of May 2 saw them spread all sail for England.

They purposely had left their principals without news of their success. They had been as silent as though sunk in the sea, where the Gentlemen Adventurers greatly feared they had gone, for one timorous investor, Sir Richard Haddock, sold out his hundred pound share for ninety pounds only a month or two before the reappearance of the ships.[1] On June 3 they sighted the Scilly Isles, and on the 6th cast anchor in the Downs. A courier made all speed to London, where he arrived at three o'clock on the morning of June 8. A veritable confusion of tongues arose at

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., 12*th Report*, Beaufort MSS., p. 90.

Whitehall when the Court awoke to hear the tidings. Even the stoutest imagination could hardly exceed the truth. All in a day Albemarle was the most talked-of man in town, and the news quickly spread to the three kingdoms. Every letter from the knowing ones in town to the curious ones in the country carried the tale of this fabulous treasure trove. The Duke of Beaufort writes to his Duchess, enlarging on the great story, how the Adventurers, grown splendidly prodigal, have offered the King twenty thousand pounds at a venture for his share. John Verney talks of the King's share, and gossips that 'some say the King gave his part to Albemarle in lieu of the debt in the Exchequer of eighteen thousand pounds which it cost the Duke in fitting out at the time of the Rebellion in the West.'

The share of each of the Adventurers who had only invested one hundred pounds a piece, was variously estimated from eight thousand pounds to ten thousand pounds. Albemarle himself received some ninety thousand pounds as his share. It came none too soon, for he was already in treaty with the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys to sell his favourite manors of Dalby and Broughton. Dr. Hans Sloane, Albemarle's new physician, reports that the treasure measured twenty-six tons. Lord Oxford, whose wife was a niece of the Duchess of Albemarle, noted, in 1729, that there was taken up from 'The Duke of Albemarle's rack' . . . 'nine Tymes Sixty Seaven Thousand and two Hundred pounds.'[1] Captain Phips's four thousand pounds proved the foundation of his later fortune. And the Duke of Albemarle, generously gallant, sent a present of a golden cup valued at one thousand pounds to Mrs. Phips in New

[1] Welbeck MSS. Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford and Earl of Mortimer.

England.[1] Nor was Mrs. Phips the only lady to receive tokens. Lord Oxford reports 'two Bags of Gold of neare (20 lbs.) waite were given to ye Queen.' Even Evelyn, shaken out of his usual philosophic calm, describes the venture in his *Diary*.

The event was further emphasised by two medals ordered by the King, struck in honour of the occasion, both designed by George Bowen. The first shows the heads of the King and Queen on the obverse, on the reverse the *James and Mary* riding at anchor on a calm sea, in high-pooped majesty, while from small boats the sailors fish with rakes. The motto quoted from Ovid, 'Semper tibi pendeat Hamus' (Always let your hook be hanging), seems to commend future expeditions to diligence. The King presented copies of this medal in silver to the officers of the ship and to the Gentlemen Adventurers themselves. During that summer he carried a few about with him to bestow upon favoured individuals.

The other medal is of smaller size; the obverse shows Albemarle in profile, and, on the reverse, Neptune in the foreground lying at ease upon the waves, while two frigates approach from the horizon. The motto is 'Ex aqua omnia.'

Albemarle did not let his good fortune blind him to the necessities of the future. More treasure remained to be sought, and he followed the King to Windsor to arrange for further grants. On Tuesday afternoon, June 14, Mr. Pepys found himself making notes at a meeting in the Treasury Chamber, Windsor Castle. With the King there were present Lord Godolphin, Lord Dover, Sir Stephen Fox, Mr. Chancellor. The Duke of Albemarle, the Lord

[1] Hawthorne, *Grandfather's Chair*, p. 484.

MEDALS (ORIGINAL SIZE) STRUCK IN HONOUR OF THE DUKE OF ALBEMARLE AND THE GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS

Falkland, Sir John Narborough, Sir James Hayes, all Adventurers, were called in, and Mr. Pepys was there for the debate. And a warm debate it must have proved to be. The Adventurers were dependent upon the King for the use of a frigate, and His Majesty was inclined to press his advantage. He now demanded, instead of his legal one-tenth share, one-fifth of all treasure to be recovered, and when these returns amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds he demanded one-third part of all that exceeded that sum.[1]

The new expedition was to be under the old naval veteran Sir John Narborough, with Captain Phips as a second in command. The King promised the use of a frigate (the *Turks Tyger*, or *Eiger*, called by both names in the patents, but this was exchanged for the *Foresight* before the expedition sailed) for one year, full manned (200 men), and with guns, tackle, ammunition, apparel, and furniture suitable for this service, and to defray all charges of 'Weare and Tare' during the voyage. The Adventurers on their side were to pay the wages of officers and men, and victual the ship, together with any other vessels which accompanied them. Orders were further given that all governors, commanders of ships, and all officers, civil and military, should lend their aid to the enterprise, and that Sir John Narborough was empowered to drive away all others from fishing from the wreck.[2]

One more honour was conferred upon Captain Phips. On June 28 the Duke of Albemarle presented his Captain to the King at Windsor,[3] where 'His Maj^tie

[1] Bodleian Library, Rawlinson A, 189, fo. 370.

[2] There was some question as to what should be done with the treasure taken by other ships, and what share should be reserved for the King.

[3] Kennet, *History of England* (1703), vol. iii. p. 470.

rec'd him very graciously and knighted him.' So as Sir William Phips the former Captain went forth to make a name for himself in the colonial history of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

All this excitement had its effect upon the world at large. While Albemarle and the King discussed new patents for future treasure, those sloops which had assisted Phips when his divers fell ill returned to Bermuda, and the secret was blown abroad among the islands of the Caribbean Sea. Expeditions from Jamaica and other islands were hurriedly fitted out, and vast treasure was taken up that was never accounted for in England. In more exalted quarters the matter made as great a stir. The Prince of Orange straightway began to make ready a ship to be under the command of Lord Mordaunt. Humbler folk, too, lost their heads at the thought of such sudden riches, and patents in fabulous numbers were granted for like expeditions into which those who could ill afford it put their little all. Stories of rich ships were on every credulous tongue. Shares were sold in these ventures, and particularly sought after were those of ships 'said to be in the possession of the Devil.'[1] 'So, in the end,' says Sloane, 'though the money brought into England from the first wreck was very considerable, yet much more was lost on projects of the same nature.' The Gentlemen Adventurers went serenely on their way, proudly conscious that the Duke of Albemarle's patent, under the Great Seal, now included all 'Wreck, Jetsam, Flotsam and Lagan and goods derelict, Gold, merchandize and other goods and chattells which had been before or since the eighteenth day of July One thousand Six hundred Eighty Six, or which before the Eighteenth of July One

[1] Sloane, Introduction to *A Voyage to the Islands of Madeira, Barbadoes*, etc. (1707).

thousand Six Hundred Eighty Nine, Should be left, cast away, wrecked or lost by shipwreck or otherwise in or upon any of the Rocks, Shelves, Shoales, Seas or Bancks to the Windward or on the North Side of Hispaniola or about the Islands or Shoals of Bahama or in or near the Gulf of Florida in America.'[1]

While the Adventurers counted their gold and the rest of the world sighed with envy, one soul felt defrauded, and refused to submit meekly to the forgetfulness of his betters. Poor Smith! His name ushers in the tragic note of this seventeenth-century comedy. The Gentlemen Adventurers took and used his information, and rewarded him with the empty glory of having his name mentioned in the same breath with the best in England, and conveniently forgot to pay him his two-sixteenths of the treasure. True he had not signed the Articles of Agreement, and had no capital to invest save his knowledge of the location of the wreck. This sailor was a hardy man of action, and he made such a noise and commotion over his wrongs that the matter was brought before the Privy Council sitting at Hampton Court Palace, July 16, 1687. A large and brilliant company were present to hear the petition of one John Smith, now styled a merchant of London. 'With the King's most Excellent Majesty,' the Council Register records, 'were gathered the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, the Duke of Ormond, the Duke of Albemarle, the Marquis of Powys, the Lord Chamberlain, the Earle of Peterborow, the Earls of Bath, Craven, Rochester, Moray, Middleton, Melford, Lord Belasys, Lord Dartmouth and Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer.' 'Upon hearing the matter by Council learned upon either side,' the case

[1] Bodleian Library, Rawlinson A, 189, fo. 370.

was sent to the Court of Chancery.[1] The matter was finally settled when both sides agreed that one-fourth part of Smith's two-sixteenths should go to Albemarle, who engaged to pay Smith's share of the charge.[2]

Early in August, armed with many formidable documents, Sir John Narborough in the *Foresight* hurried back to the Western Sea to seek for further fortune.[3] The *Good Luck* and the *Boy Huzzar*(?), under command of Sir William Phips, accompanied the expedition.[4]

Whatever has been said of the Duke of Albemarle, he stands alone as a treasure-seeker. He alone of all those who through four hundred years have sent out ships to search the sea for lost plate-ships gained in return a fortune worthy to be recalled. As has been said, he received some ninety thousand pounds in bullion, and his fortunes must have thereby been restored in a marked degree and his prestige increased correspondingly.

[1] Privy Council Register, James II., Part II., April 4, 1687, to December 16, 1688.

[2] 'The Respondent's Case in an appeal to the Lords. The Viscountess Falkland, executrix of the late Ld. Falkland, Sir Cloudesly Shovell, and Dame Elizabeth his wife, executrix of Sir John Narborough, Kt., Francis Nicolson, Esq., and others, Appellants. William, Lord Cheney, Sir Walter Clarges, Dr. Peter Berwick and others, surviving executors of Christopher late Duke of Albemarle, Respondants. To be heard on Tues. Dec. 12, 1704.'—Brit. Mus. 816 M 5, p. 61.

[3] All Souls College, Oxford, ccxlvii., fo. 117. Patent dated February 24, 168$\frac{8}{9}$, among papers bequeathed to the College in the last part of the eighteenth century by Luttrell Wynne, D.C.L., formerly fellow of All Souls. These papers consist of more than a hundred volumes of Parliamentary journals, State and other papers, the collection of Narcissus Luttrell, and letters to Owen Wynne, D.C.L., secretary to Sir Leoline Jenkins, when ambassador to the Hague and Cologne, and Secretary of State in Charles II.'s reign.

[4] A fragment of the patent for the *Good Luck* and the *Boy Huzzar* now forms part of a pocket-book once the property of Colonel Joseph Ward (1736-1812). This torn piece of parchment is the foundation of this book.

To prosecute further expeditions in search of wrecks redoubled Albemarle's desire to betake himself to Jamaica. Did some curse from dead Spanish lips lie upon this sunken gold? No real happiness ever again visited the Albemarles after it came into their possession.

BOOK VIII

THE GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA

'Young colonies, like tender plants, should be cherished and dealt easily with, it being better to put soil to their roots than to pluck too early fruit.'

SIR THOMAS LYNCH, Governor of Jamaica.

CHAPTER I

THE Duke had held his commission as Governor for many months, but until aroused to increased interest by his West Indian venture he had taken few steps toward assuming his duties. After the unhurried manner of the time, he pursued his leisurely course without fear of criticism from King or ministers of state.

For a year or more he had held the circular letter to colonial governors ordering the publication of the Royal Declaration of Indulgence and a proclamation ordering the Suppression of Pirates, neither of which were edicts likely to be popular in Jamaica.

His commission making him 'Governor, Lieutenant-General, and General of our Island of Jamaica,' covered much parchment, and was dated November 25, 1686. It fairly bristled with instructions to the new official, and was loaded with special privileges.[1] It explained that the government of Jamaica was to consist of a Governor, a Council of seven Jamaicans (five being a quorum), who were to be 'men of good life and estates, not necessitous persons, or much in debt.' In order to fill places made vacant, by death or suspension, Albemarle was requested to keep a list of names of eligible men in England, where appointments to this Council were confirmed.[2] The Government further consisted of an elective assembly 'in the

[1] Patent Rolls, 2 James II., Part XI. 6 dorse; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1026.

[2] One of Albemarle's earliest grievances lay in the fact that he could not appoint councillors without confirmation in England.

nature of a Parliament,' as one of the old letters describes it.[1]

The Governor's powers were large. He was able to veto laws, statutes, and ordinances. He could adjourn, prorogue, and dissolve the Assembly. He was Keeper of the Public Seal, and could administer the oath of allegiance. With the advice of the Council he was empowered to establish Courts of Justice, civil and criminal, and he alone appointed judges, justices of the peace, and ministers. Except for treason and wilful murder, he might grant pardons and always reprieve a prisoner until the King's will was known. Ministers for the churches, chapels, and ecclesiastical benefices when vacant were in his appointment, although his authority in this seems to conflict with the powers of the Bishop of London.

As commander-in-chief of all the island militia, he had full military authority, and in case of war might order his forces to any part of the American plantations. In addition, he was desired to fortify and build castles in his domain for its defence. As the crowning point of his official dignities, he was created Vice-Admiral of the Western Seas, under direct orders from the King or the Lord High Admiral, with power of suspending and appointing the King's naval officers.

With the winter months came an interlude of other business. The King now quite openly endeavoured to return his subjects to the Roman faith. Cambridge University early became a mark for his attack. The loyalty of this ancient seat of learning could not be disputed. On the King's accession they had evinced their devotion by a lengthy address, and not many years since they had gone to the extreme of publicly

[1] George Reid to Father Churchill, C.O. 1 : 65, No. 83; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, § 1928.

burning a portrait by Kneller of their late Chancellor, Monmouth, to signify their abhorrence of his treason. On Ash Wednesday of 1687 the King wrote to this University a letter commanding that Alban Francis, a Benedictine monk, be admitted as Master of Arts without taking the oaths of supremacy and obedience prescribed by law.[1] Alarmed by this mandate, Dr. Peachell, Vice-Chancellor of the University and master of Magdalene College, wrote, in haste, to the Chancellor, the Duke of Albemarle, begging his intercession with the King on their behalf. The Duke did his part, but was obliged to write in return that he had been received by the King coldly and ungraciously. He could only add expressions of concern, and suggest that a petition to the King signed by the Senate might be of service. Meanwhile Father Francis had publicly declined to take the oaths, and consequently had been refused his degree. Instantly he took horse for Whitehall to lay his grievance before the King. Not many miles behind him rode an esquire beadle who took counsel with the Duke of Albemarle on behalf of the University, but was refused admittance to Lord Sunderland, the King's principal Secretary of State. On February 24, the King wrote a second time reiterating his command, but the University Senate for various reasons failed to read this letter until March 11. After careful but speedy discussion two gentlemen[2] of their number were dispatched to London. At Albemarle's house in Clerkenwell they delivered a letter from Dr. Peachell bearing the direction, 'Mr. Fairwell, in absence, for any other of the chief domestics to be speedily com-

[1] *A Complete Collection of State Trials and Proceedings upon High Treason*, 3rd ed., London, 1742, vol. iv. pp. 254-62.

[2] Mr. Braddock, Fellow of Katherine's Hall and Mr. Stanhope of King's College.

municated to his Grace.' This letter brought news of what 'extraordinary affairs' were taking place at the University, and set forth at length such arguments as were thought might prevail with the King. 'The Sovereign's second letter,' wrote the Vice-Chancellor, 'doth wonderfully afflict us not knowing how to avoid either his sacred majesty's displeasure or the censure and condemnation of our own consciences. I pray God direct us, for we design uprightly and loyally.' After quoting Acts of Parliament which in no unmistakable words defined their course the Duke was besought to aid 'if he knows how conveniently both to help and council us.' The closing words of this letter breathe the solemn portent of the moment. 'May Almighty God bless our dread Sovereign, our gracious Chancellor, and this loyal University.' This appeal to their Chancellor met with loyal response. The gentlemen from Cambridge waited upon the Duke on Sunday, March 13, and were received with 'all the goodness in the world.' He assured them that 'notwithstanding he had waited on the King before and knew his inclinations, nay though he had been received with something of displeasure, yet considering the relation he bore (them) he would make another attempt and thought himself obliged to omit no endeavours for the University's safty and advantage.'

These courageous words spoken by the Duke pledged him to a course of action which might undo in a moment all the carefully constructed fabric of his renewed prestige. Yet next evening he fearlessly betook himself to Whitehall accompanied by the two emissaries from Cambridge, whom he left in an anteroom, hoping an occasion could be found to present them. The Duke then waited upon the King 'in the passage toward the Bedchamber,' the scene of his

rebuff of nearly two years before. The King listened to the Duke's words, but told him he had not then leisure for discussion; but he took the Vice-Chancellor's latest letter to read and was seen with it in his hand as he passed through the rooms. The King spent the evening with the Queen-Dowager, and Albemarle had no further opportunity for conversation. He returned to the disappointed gentlemen in the ante-room, and in discourse with them found that he could oblige them by gaining them an audience with Lord Sunderland. Through the agency of the Duke's Gentleman of the Horse and the Earl's Secretary, an interview was arranged for the morning following. All this effort was to little purpose. The King chose to be offended by Dr. Peachell's letter. Cases where the degree of Master of Arts had been conferred on those of different faith who had not taken the oaths were cited as establishing a precedent. Among these was Albemarle's former guest, the Mohammedan Ambassador from Morocco. The Vice-Chancellor and certain representatives of the University Senate[1] found themselves summoned to appear before the new High Commission at Westminster and face its presiding officer, the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys. The unfortunate Dr. Peachell, unused to such abuse as Lord Jeffreys heaped upon him, was easily silenced, and he was deprived of his offices and emoluments in punishment for his offence against the King. Small wonder that Albemarle pleaded for his University without success, when the venerable and revered Duke of Ormonde vainly protested in like cases concerning Oxford University and Charterhouse. It was but too evident to the Duke of Albemarle that he had jeopardised in vain the position he had regained with

[1] One of these gentlemen was Sir Isaac Newton, Fellow of Trinity College and Professor of Mathematics.

such difficulty, and he must have at once realised that he could hope to accomplish nothing in England for himself or others while the King persisted in his present policy. He therefore busied himself anew with the Jamaica governorship. For hopeful of rich returns from future search for treasure, the King was prodigal of such favours as would increase the Duke's interest in the West Indies. On the very day, March 11, of the reading of the King's second letter by the University Senate, the Duke received another royal patent under the Privy Seal, granting him all mines of gold or silver and all royal mines whatsoever, and '. . . mynes of lead, gum, copper and other mynes, and minerals and veins of Saltpetre and all Earthes, Soiles or Ground for the making of Saltpetre and all Mineralls, Earthes, Stones, and Salts whatsoever, whether the same or any of them be ready opened or discovered or not opened or discovered within all and every our plantations or Colonyes in America or Colonies of New England, Virginia and all parts Northward of our Colonye of Carolina.'

These privileges were granted for a period of fifty-one years. In return, Albemarle was obliged to pay one-sixth of the gold and silver, and one-tenth of the minerals mined, into the King's private exchequer. One-sixth of the saltpetre must go to the stores of the Office of the Ordnance. These mining operations were to be started within three years or the grant would be void.[1] Fancy the wrath of the colonists at this wholesale disposal of their mineral riches!

It was not until May 7 that another patent came from the office of the Privy Seal. This gave Albemarle power to confer knighthood during his governorship in the island of Jamaica, with all

[1] Patent Roll, 3 James II., Part II. 5.

the honour accruing to the recipient as if conferred by the King himself.[1] Albemarle might now feel that he possessed full viceregal powers, and when the treasure ship returned he was in a way to demand many more concessions. His next parchments refer exclusively to the wreck, and the further search for lost treasure. These are many and of wearisome length and weight.

In July he received a patent making him commander-in-chief of all forces in any colony he might visit, and for so long as he remained there. Consequently his passage out to his Government must be interrupted to exercise these functions and review all troops, both regular and of the militia. Hereafter he is often spoken of as 'our Generalissimo.'

As the time for departure drew nigh Albemarle began to realise the irksome nature of the regulation which prevented governors from returning to England without special permission from the Home Government. He made haste to remedy this evil, in his own case, by persuading the King to give him a permission to return to England whenever he pleased, and for whatever reason might seem good to him. He, moreover, took care to interpolate a paragraph which stipulated that coasting about Jamaica and visits to the wreck should not be considered absence from his Government.

On August 15 many pages of final instructions were sent to him.[2] Trade of all kinds was to be encouraged, great emphasis being laid upon his care for the Royal African Company,[3] which was at all times to receive special protection. The Governor must see to it that the Company be paid either in money or commodities.

[1] Patent Roll, 4 James II., Part IV. 20.
[2] *State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1404.
[3] See p. 285.

Outsiders must be prevented from engaging in the slave-trade, and royal frigates ordered to escort the slave-ships to ports in the Spanish possessions where good markets might be found. Diego Mozet, agent for the Spanish slave-dealers, was to be allowed to settle in Jamaica. Even more emphasis was laid upon the privileges of Colonel Hender Molesworth,[1] Deputy-Governor and factor of the said Royal African Company.[2] This gentleman was not to be hindered in returning to England in case of any dispute between him and Albemarle while settling accounts, and no more than five thousand pounds bond for security was to be exacted from him.

Still another military commission accompanied these orders strengthening his position as military commander of militia in his island Government. This seems to have been issued only to gild the distasteful order contained in the paragraph which followed :

'You are to give all protection, countenance and encouragement to our Roman Catholic Subjects in our Island of Jamaica. And Particularly unto Dr. Churchill whom we have appointed Chief Pastor over them in that our Island, unto whom you are to give credit and assistance as there shall be occasion. He (Dr. Churchill) has permission to go to any part of the Plantations of America in case of illness for the recovery of his health.'[3]

This is the first mention of this Roman Catholic priest, Dr. Churchill. In spite of his different faith, he became Albemarle's good friend and staunch supporter in the troublous days to come; but he was not numbered among the Duke's personal attendants, and did not come to Jamaica until after the Duke's

[1] Acting Governor of Jamaica until Albemarle's arrival.

[2] See p. 288.

[3] C.O. 138 : 5, pp. 333-4 ; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1404.

arrival.[1] It has been asserted that Albemarle had at last succumbed to his royal master's persuasions and had gone over to the Church of Rome. In the records of his Jamaica governorship there is little suggestion of such being the case. His personal chaplain was appointed by the Bishop of London, Henry Compton, who writes that he has another chaplain 'ready to attend him when he taks his voyage a very ingenious man one Mr. Arwaker desiring that honour';[2] and this man's name, differently spelled, heads the list of supernumeraries on the *Assistance*. His secretary, Mr. Latton, was also presumably a clergyman of the Church of England,[3] as he is said to have been unable to take the oaths in the time of William and Mary.[4]

One last patent the Duke now demanded and received. The great forests of America remained practically untouched, except by the pioneer's axe. To Albemarle's alert eye here lay a further chance for riches. Some new invention for running saw-mills by the power of the wind had possibly come to his notice. He was of an inventive turn of mind, and had made some practical suggestions in improving the primitive diving-bell of the period.[5] The

[1] Captains' Logs, 68; Log-Book of the *Assistance*, Public Record Office.

[2] Hist. MSS. Com., 15*th Report*, Montagu of Beaulieu MSS., p. 199.

[3] Welbeck MSS., Letter of Dr. Stratford to the Earl of Oxford, June 12, 1726.

[4] William Latton left a tribute to his master which should be noticed. It was written January 10, 1727-8, thirty years after the Duke of Albemarle's death, when Latton had received but tardy justice by order of the House of Lords: 'I shall have enough (money) to lay down my grey hairs cheerfully, especially having now lived to see my services thus owned by the Lords' Committees, . . . and my faithful endeavours for my dear master the Duke of Albemarle so far justified by all but his executors, whom the Almighty forgive.'—*Nichol's Literary History*, iv. p. 734. Letter to Dr. Moss, Dean of Ely.

[5] *Dryden's Works* (Walter Scott's edition, 1808), vol. ix. pp. 394-5, 'Absalom and Achitophel,' Note xxvii.

monopoly for all saw-mills in America run by this new process now became his for a period of fourteen years. All the returns from the project were to be for his own personal use.[1] The turbulent New England Colonies were alone excepted from this grant. One final benefaction followed this patent. Two thousand pounds were given him as emolument for the year or more that had already passed of his governorship. In spite of this unearned salary, he felt himself ill-used when it was decided that the perquisites rightfully belonged to the acting Governor, Hender Molesworth, in far Jamaica.

Although the Duke of Albemarle showed himself, in his official capacity, so successful in securing every privilege that came within his ken, his private affairs were in a far from happy state. The new will, which had been discussed these two years and had been six months in the making, still remained unsigned. The Duchess and her agents redoubled their importunities, as the time for sailing for Jamaica drew near. Nor would the lady hear of a retreat from the sale of Dalby and Broughton. Disoblige the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys? How could the Duke think of such a thing? we fancy we hear her say. But Lord Bath quite openly accused her of systematically planning to enlarge the Duke's personal estate at the expense of his landed property, as in the event of her husband's death she would be the gainer thereby.

July 4 (1687) brought the culmination of Albemarle's troubles. This was the day appointed for signing the deeds of transfer of the manors of Dalby and Broughton. It was arranged that Albemarle and Jeffreys should meet with Sir Robert Clayton,[2]

[1] Patent Rolls, 3 James II., Part II. 13.

[2] Clayton has been accused of enriching himself on the Duke of Buckingham's necessities.

'that prodigious rich scrivener,'[1] at his house in the Old Jewry, 'build . . . for a great magistrate at excessive cost.'[2] The story of this day's transactions was told in Court some ten years later. The torn parchments and papers in the Public Record Office, which preserve the evidence of the great Chancery suit, bear many a sentence indelibly struck out by a later hand. All of these blotted words seem to relate to Albemarle's condition on that momentous day. The evidence of Lord Bath and the comments of Mr. Baron Powell go to prove that the Duke went to the appointment not only much against his will, but 'was drawn there unto by undue practices.'[3] He was accompanied by the agents of the Duchess from Newcastle House to the mansion in Old Jewry. His state of mind is variously commented upon. Mr. Baron Powell, after hearing much evidence, comments: 'He was in a fretting, discontented humour.'[4] Lord Bath, who talked with the Duke for some time later in the day, testified that 'He was in a great transport of discontent.'

Lord Bath had been bidden to be present at the transfer of the manors, but arrived too late. He was ushered into the presence of Sir Robert Clayton, who informed him that the deeds were signed, the Lord Chancellor gone, and the Duke withdrawn into an inner room with Sir Thomas Stringer. The two remained in talk, awaiting the Duke's return, and Sir Robert went on to say that 'The Duke had looked so disturbed at the signing of the conveyance to Lord Jeffreys as that he thought not fit to invite them to a collation which he had prepared for them.'

Behind the doors of that inner room, the Duke was

[1] Evelyn, *Diary*, September 26, 1672, and note. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Chan. Proc.*, Reynardson, vol. 426, No. 9. [4] *Ibid.*

at last at bay. Sir Thomas Stringer, full of plausible arguments, would no longer put off the signing of the will. He had brought as witnesses his son, his son-in-law, and a minion of the Duchess. To the Duke's last feeble struggles to postpone the inevitable, Sir Thomas replied that 'to-morrow he was to be gone on the Northern Circuit and so could not be at the execution of it.' So the Duke gave way, but not 'till after much urging and solicitation.'[1] The only comment on this curious occasion must be that the Duke, worn out by continual prodding, believing that this will could not hold good and had no legal value, signed his name. He was still a young man, not yet thirty-four, and in spite of his present bad health without a thought of early death. Indeed, the Duchess seemed likely to predecease him, and in that event he could make what further will he pleased. This present signing would give him the respite he needed for his preparations for Jamaica.

These same preparations went busily on throughout July and August, although the Duke was now as seriously ill as the Duchess. Dr. Barwick had persuaded a young physician, who had lately completed his studies, to accept the position of medical attendant to the Jamaican expedition. This was no other than Dr. Hans Sloane, whose great collections formed part of the nucleus of the British Museum. He, with Dr. Barwick, Dr. Brown, and Mr. Hobbs, sat in consultation on the Duke's case. Their verdict announced that he must drink less and sleep more. The Duke little heeded this advice, for many splendid entertainments were being given for him, not only to celebrate his success as a treasure-seeker, but to cheer one who was so soon to be lost among the wilds of colonial life. The King himself had entertained him

[1] *Chan. Proc.*, Reynardson, vol. 426, No. 9.

at dinner at the camp on Hounslow Heath,[1] where he saw the new standing army which the King reviewed nearly every day, riding over from Windsor for the purpose. He had sat for the last time in the House of Lords, the Privy Council would see his face no more. Already Lady Essex and Sir Joseph Williamson were wrangling for possession of his deserted pew in the gallery of the new and fashionable Church of St. James's in the Fields (Piccadilly).

Early in September, all preparations were at length completed. The royal frigate *Assistance*, Lawrence Wright, commander, forty-four guns, two hundred seamen, awaited the ducal party at Portsmouth. She was laden with provisions in plenty, for her log-book records :[2]

'20 Tons of Beer
25 Tons—Iron bound Beer
2 Tons in wood
8 Tons—Sea Beer
2 Chests of Candles
Powder and Amunition
300 bags of Bread, Oatmeale and Pease, Currents and flower.
Butter and cheese
20 Tuns of Water
A Lighter of wood.'

The ship had been carefully prepared for the voyage and temporary cabins built for the ladies. The Duke carried with him five hundred tons of goods and one hundred servants, the furniture for a chapel, books of homilies, and the Thirty-nine Articles. These last-named in such numbers that each church on the island should have its copy. Graceless as he was, he exacted every Bible and hymn-book set down in his patent.

[1] *Hatton Correspondence*, July 12, 1687.
[2] Log-book of the *Assistance*.

The Duke's gold dressing plate was packed.[1] The many chests needed to contain the patents, grants and commissions—stiff parchments, heavy with seals—stood ready for embarking.[2] Safe at Newhall were left the patent for the treasure ship, and in orderly array the deeds to all his lands, his commissions, and those of his father before him, 'bundles of ancient writing and bags of old letters.'[3] As much business still remained to be transacted in connection with the treasure ship, the Duke placed his interests in the hands of certain trustees—the Duke of Newcastle, the Earls of Bath, Bridgewater and Craven, Lord Cheyne and his son William, Gervase Pierrepont, Sir Walter Clarges and Mr. Bowers.

It was probably September 5 when the Duke of Albemarle last appeared amid his old surroundings.

[1] *Chan. Proc.*, Reynardson, vol. 193, No. 45, August 23, 1708.

[2] C.O., 1 : 62, No. 83*a*; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1332.

'List of papers, etc., delivered to his Grace the Duke of Albemarle upon his going to Jamaica.

'His Majestie's instructions, dated 15 Mar. 168⅞.

'Additional Instructions, 3 July 1687.

'An Order in Council, dated 3 November, 1680, touching absence of governors in the plantations.

'Copy of an Order, dated 10 December, 1682, for allowance of half salary and half perquisites to the lieutenant governor during the governor's absence.

'A printed book of treaties, containing the treaty of Madrid (1670) with Spain touching differences in America.

'A Letter from the Lords of the Committee of Trade and Plantations with his Majtie's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience.

'An account of Stores sent from the office of the Ordinance since December 1676.

'Received this 5th day of July 1687 the forementioned papers.—ALBEMARLE.'

This list was signed the day following the making of his last will, July 4, 1687, and the name is written rather feebly.

[3] Bodleian Library, Rawlinson A, 289, fo. 134; Rawlinson D, 923, fo. 112. Schedules of writings taken from Newhall in 1689 and 1690 in connection with the controversy over the will. It should be noticed that the Rawlinson who presented these manuscripts to the Bodleian was a beneficiary under the Duke of Albemarle's will, being an heir of Curwin Rawlinson and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Monck.

All was ready for the departure for Portsmouth on the morrow. He took his way to 'St. James's to the Earl of Bath's house' to 'take his leave of the Earle and his lady.'[1] Perhaps he wore the gorgeous costume of the portrait by John Riley.[2] Dr. Barwick records in one of his letters that a portrait of the Duke remained unfinished on his departure for Jamaica, and this may be the one, for the costume seems to be by a hand other than that which painted the face.[3] Here we see him clad in satin curiously embroidered in gold thread; the sleeves of his coat, elaborately decorated with rows of seed pearls, are finished at the wrist with puffs about the hands and ruffles edged with rich Venetian lace. He wears an enormous wig, and his high-heeled shoes show beautifully jewelled buckles. A great blue velvet mantle, satin lined, is tied with golden cords and tassels. His tall feathered hat stands on the chequered pavement at his feet. Did he wear his gold buttons set with diamonds and his great jewel-hilted sword? Or, on this peaceful errand, the walking-stick, with its gold knob set with diamonds?[4] One dwells on the splendour of the apparel on this autumn day, for the face that looks forth from the great wig is no longer the bright face of the young Duke. The days of illness, the constant irritation of his home life, the humiliation of his years of financial embarrassment, and, above all, 'the sitting up late and often making merry with his friends,' have done their work. And now at thirty-four, 'he is of a sanguine complexion, his face reddish and his eyes yellow as also his skin.'[5]

At the Earl of Bath's house all was friendly regret

[1] *Chan. Proc.*, Reynardson, vol. 426, No. 9. Answers of the Hon. Bernard Grenville, Esq.

[2] Welbeck Abbey, No. 414.

[3] Montagu House MSS.

[4] *Chan. Proc.*, Reynardson, vol. 193, No. 45, August 23, 1708.

[5] Brit. Mus., Sloane MSS., 3984, fos. 282-4.

over his departure. With the Grenville family he was ever soothed and at his best. Here too came the Hon. Bernard Grenville, his old friend and companion, to 'wait on him.' The words of farewell were at length said, and the two friends, the Duke and Bernard Grenville, left the house together 'and did walk from thence over St. James' Parke to Whitehall.' And, 'in his passing over the Parke,' Mr. Grenville, brought to a moment of frank confidence with his boyhood's friend, took occasion to murmur some words of thanks for the provision made for him by the Duke in his new will, and mentioned that Sir Thomas Stringer had told him of it and that the gift had been inserted in the will at the suggestion of Sir Thomas, 'unto which the Duke replied with some reflections on Sir Thomas Stringer, that he had not dealt well with him (Grenville), for that he had never moved him (Albemarle) on his behalf, but however he (Albemarle) had taken care of him. Grenville would find the effect of his kindness and withal said, "Your brother (meaning the Earl of Bath) can tell you when and how, and I refer you to him in case of my death, and farther you may acquaint your brother with what I say before I go, if you please."' Of course, Mr. Grenville lost no time in consulting his brother, and discovered that the Duke if he died without issue had settled an estate upon him, the manor of Clewer. So the friends went on to the Palace where all was drowsy, for the Court was at Gloucester.

Next day the Duke and Duchess set out for Portsmouth, where they arrived on Thursday the 8th. On Saturday the Duke went on board the *Assistance* to give order how he would have the cabins 'disposed of,'[1] while the Duchess wrote in a trembling hand one last letter to her sister Margaret.

[1] Log-book of the *Assistance*.

'*Ye* 10 *of Septembr*, PORCHMOUTH.

'DEARE SISTER,—You have reson to exspet I should take leve of you som way and sences I am deprived of seeing you, ye next best is heareing from me and to asure you theire is not won leveing in ye world that loves you better then I doe and am ready to testtyfi it apon proufe whenever I am caled. I beech (beseech) God to presarve you and send you happyley disposed of whatevuer becoms of me. Wee are just parting from Eingland. Pray Deare give my affection to sister Bell.[1] God bless her. I am at all times, Your affectionate sister,

'E. ALBEMARLE.'

'For the Lady MARGRITE CAVENDYSKE
at Welbeck.

'Leve this with post master at Tuxford, Notingchamshire.' (*Seal.*)[2]

On Monday, September 12, the Duke and Duchess went on board in state, and at half-past two the *Assistance* set sail, accompanied by the Duke's yacht, carrying his servants and store of provisions and two merchantmen as convoy. But they sailed only to take shelter from the bad weather behind the Isle of Wight. Once more they weighed anchor, and were again driven back this time to St. Helen's Roads outside Plymouth Harbour. Here they tossed about from September 19 until October 5. An ocean voyage in the seventeenth century was not a thing to be lightly undertaken, or hurriedly carried to its end. Contrary winds respected no man. The whole party were grievously sea-sick and depressed by rainy weather. The first fair day brought a party of gentlemen from Plymouth to visit the Duke. They came to condole and also to take farewell. For, on October 5, the ships finally weighed anchor to the

[1] Lady Arabella Cavendish, wife of Charles, Lord Spencer, 1673-98. He became the third Earl of Sunderland, 1702.

[2] Welbeck MSS.

sound of heavy salutes. Twenty-one guns from the Citadel, St. Nicholas Island, and the men-of-war in the harbour saluted the departing Governor. When they had passed the Lizard and were out upon the broad Atlantic, the Duke ordered his Admiral's flag 'hoisted on the main top mast and several huzzas and guns discharged at drinking his Grace's, the Duke of Albemarle's health who was then Vice Admiral of those seas.' The ships in company likewise showed their respect in discharging their guns by way of salute to the flag, and the like was done by 'some ships bound for Guina who kept company with the Frigate to avoid hazard from the Sully men-of-war, who are very busy about these parts. One who was some leagues ahead hauld up his sails and lay by till the Frigate was passed, when he likewise by a salute of all his guns paid that respect due to the English Commander of those Seas.' [1]

Thus was the voyage begun most prosperously, and had the entire party not been so very sea-sick all would have been merry-making. The wonders of the deep were a constant source of surprise to scientific Dr. Hans Sloane. He carefully records the sight of the grampus and porpoises playing about the ship; flying fish and the chambered nautilus. At night the light sparkling on the water at the ship's stern awakened his curiosity, and the adventures of a lark discovered in the rigging he describes at length. Sailing directly south for many days, they hoped to find Madeira. But such was the uncertainty of navigation at that time that no one knew exactly where these islands lay, and a consultation was called by the Duke of all the captains and oldest seamen aboard the ships to get information as to their whereabouts. Finally an old captain, who had made the

[1] Sloane, Introduction to *A Voyage to Madeira*.

voyage many times, gave his word of advice, which, being fortunately followed, they reached Madeira and took on more wine and provisions.[1]

The hot, sultry weather of the tropics bore heavily upon all these children from grey England, and when they reached Barbadoes, in spite of royal salutes and great parties planned by the Governor, the heavy tropic rains all but spoilt the visit. Though Dr. Sloane, the Duke's travelling physician, felt 'that all his fatigues had been well bestowed when he ate at desert after dinner the strange tropical fruits shaddocs, quavos, pines and mangoes, and other unknown fruits in Europe.' The strange fruits proved unfortunate to the travelling Governor, for he had a violent attack of illness at the Barbadoes, and again at Nevis, and kept his physician very busy for some days. Nevertheless, the Duke in view of his commission as Generalissimo never failed to exercise the militia at every port, and make notes of their condition for his official report to the King. The Duke and Duchess had won all hearts on the ships, and whenever they disembarked they received not only official salutes of cannon, but cheers from the crew. Another cause of comfort met them at Barbadoes. As they sailed into the harbour, they beheld Sir John Narborough with the *Foresight*, and Captain Phips and his ships, the *Good Luck* and *Boy Huzzar*, ready to return to the wreck. But the Duke, though he diligently inquired for minerals, found none of the gold mines for which he had bargained.

On December 19, having been four months on the way, they entered Port Royal harbour and were received by salvos of artillery; the militia turned out

[1] 'When passing the Tropic, the seamen demanded Tropic money for drink from those who had never crossed before. The penalty to be ducked thrice from the yard arm.'—Sloane, Introduction to *A Voyage to Madeira*.

to escort them, the Deputy-Governor and all the principal planters hurried on board to pay their respects. But on landing, the Duke was disgusted to find that neither of the two houses supplied by the Government for his habitation was fit to live in, and he was obliged to rent a house of the Deputy-Governor in which to begin housekeeping. It was now the turn of the Deputy-Governor to reimburse himself for lost perquisites, and he proceeded to overcharge the Duke for house rent and necessities. It was not until the 26th that the Duke and Duchess left the ship for this house in Port Royal.[1]

Early in the preceding spring, the Minutes of the Council at Jamaica report the plans for the reception of the new Governor:

'who being a great peer of the Realm of England it would become them to consider of receiving his Grace according to his quality as far as the Place was capable of it.'[2]

Three days' entertainment at the public charge was planned. All this was delightfully carried out, the Duchess receiving quite her share of gallant eloquence. Her presence, the provincial orator declaimed, 'was an honour which the opulent kingdoms of Peru and Mexico would never arrive at, and Columbus' ghost would be appeased for all the indignities he suffered from the Spaniards, could he but know that his beloved soil was hallowed by such footsteps.'[3]

These days of general joy and amity were short-lived. Albemarle, before leaving England, had been approached by agents of the discontented party in Jamaica, and into his ear had been poured a strange tale of abuse of privilege and decaying fortunes.

[1] Log-book of *Assistance*.
[2] C.O., 140 : 4, pp. 168-9; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1220.
[3] Bridges, *Annals of Jamaica*, vol. i. p. 297.

CHAPTER II

To understand the problems now confronting Albemarle, some review of the history and condition of the colony of Jamaica is necessary.

The island had come into English possession during the Commonwealth days. On the Restoration, many Puritan soldiers who had fought for Cromwell and Monck, finding England no longer a safe or a congenial home, had emigrated to the American colonies. Of these, not a few had found refuge in Jamaica. Taking up lands, they set themselves to the task of raising sugar-cane, and resigned themselves to the delights of planter life. Soldiers are notoriously bad colonists, and these seasoned warriors—the fires of strife unquenched by the languor of the tropics—saw with covetous eyes the wealth of the Spaniards lying unguarded before them. They embraced with avidity the life of the free buccaneers enjoyed by so many of the islanders of the Spanish Main. 'From strict saints (they) are turned to the most debauched devils,' writes Sir Thomas Modyford, Governor in those early days.[1]

Under the leadership of the famous Henry Morgan, who was himself a sugar planter in his more peaceful moments, they harried the Spaniards to their own enrichment and that of those much higher in authority.[2] Sir Thomas Modyford, second

[1] Quoted by Collins. 'The Royal African Company,' in *Report* of the Am. Hist. Assoc., 1900, vol. i. p. 141.

[2] Gardiner, *History of Jamaica*, p. 50.

cousin of George Monck, was Governor of Jamaica, and his orders gave him leave to show great leniency toward his freebooting colonists. When the Spanish governors protested, he mildly chided the erring ones. Gossip said that not only General George Monck,[1] but the King[2] himself received shares of the buccaneers' booty, and it was inexpedient for the Governor to interfere with their gains. As the Home Government kept no naval force in the Caribbean Sea for the protection of their island possessions, the buccaneers formed a colonial navy of formidable strength, and prevented inroads of the French and Spanish. Jamaica flourished in those days. When a victorious expedition returned, Port Royal celebrated the event with feasting and roistering. In the crowded streets inhabitants and buccaneers alike gave themselves up to a long debauch. The gutters flowed with Jamaica rum if not with blood, and in the end much Spanish gold came into the hands of the stay-at-home Jamaica merchants, and the buccaneers, with empty pockets, started off to sea once more.[3]

After the signing of the Treaty of Madrid, Lord Sandwich in vain besought the English Government to live up to the agreement with Spain and suppress this privateering. He patiently explained that the Spanish had at last acknowledged England's claim to Jamaica, and that England in turn must do its part. But the Duke of York and the first Duke of Albemarle, to whom he particularly addressed himself, remembering their gains by means of the buccaneers, turned deaf ears. The Council argued that from

[1] Gardiner, *History of Jamaica*, p. 58.

[2] Burnet, *History of His Own Time*, vol. ii. p. 102.

[3] 'The Spanish . . . at first coming (to Jamaica) wondered much at sickness of our people until they knew the strength of their drinks, but then wondered more that they were not all dead.'—Sir Thos. Modyford, *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1661-8, § 1085.

the time of Elizabeth onward, England had regarded the West Indies as fair play. So the 'Sweet Trade of Privateering' went on.[1]

The sack of Panama by Henry Morgan and his men,[2] in January 1671, proved too much for Spanish patience. The buccaneers had sailed under a commission from the Governor of Jamaica, and, in consequence, Sir Thomas Modyford was recalled to England under arrest. After a discreet interval of time, passed in the Tower, he was released through the intercession of the second Duke of Albemarle. Henry Morgan was likewise in England under arrest, but soon the horror of his deeds was forgotten in admiration of his exploits.[3] He was presently in great favour with the King, who knighted him, and in 1674 sent him back to Jamaica as Lieutenant-Governor. His enemies on the island accused him of secretly encouraging privateering, and interfering with the successive governors in the hope of succeeding them. He was sent a second time to England in disgrace, in 1683. At the time of the Duke of Albemarle's embarking, the Government was seeking an opportunity to restore him to favour. Albemarle's instructions show plainly that he was expected to find Sir Henry guiltless of offence.

To return to the year 1671. After the sack of Panama, disputes of all kinds arose between the colonists and the Home Government. Lord Vaughan,[4] proving unequal to the task of governorship, Lord Carlisle was sent to enforce a more vigorous policy. The Home Government now planned to draft a code of laws in England and force them upon Jamaica, while a perpetual revenue to the Crown,

[1] Harris, *Edward Montagu, First Earl of Sandwich*, vol. ii. p. 210.
[2] Exquemelin, *Buccaneers of America*, part II. p. 31 *passim*.
[3] Evelyn, *Diary*, October 6, 1674.
[4] Afterwards the Earl of Carberry.

against which the colonists had always protested, was to be exacted. The Poynings Act for Ireland was to be enforced in Jamaica. This decreed that every bill before being presented to the Jamaica Assembly must be approved by the Privy Council in England, and then must be passed or rejected by the Assembly without amendment.[1] When it is remembered that apart from the fact that the Jamaica settlers were of a strongly independent spirit, the voyage to England occupied from six weeks to four months, it is not strange that the proposal was hotly rejected by the Jamaicans. Even the Governor protested, and the affair was finally settled when Sir Thomas Lynch came out as Governor[2] in 1681, bringing a constitution similar to that of Barbadoes, and giving the Assembly power to pass bills with the advice and consent of the Council. The disputed Revenue Bill was passed to operate for a period of seven years,[3] and it was hoped that this turbulent island would now settle down to peace and comfort.

In opposition to the buccaneers, on an equally questionable foundation, another great power was at work upon the political destinies of the island, a power whose workings were not confined to the islands of the Caribbean Sea. The raising of sugar required labourers, and labourers who could endure to work in the tropic sun. As early as 1663, the Royal African Company was formed, and received a charter to supply negro slaves to the colonial

[1] Egerton, *British Colonial Policy*, p. 78.

[2] This was Sir Thomas Lynch's second period of governorship in Jamaica.

[3] When this Revenue Bill was under discussion in Morgan's governorship, a warrant was prepared in England to void all Acts passed by Sir Henry Morgan unless this Revenue Bill should be passed before the arrival of the new Governor, Sir Thomas Lynch. This fact should be remembered in connection with the voiding of all legislation passed by Albemarle's assembly (November 1688).

planters. It employed forty ships, and had forts and factories along the coast of Africa to secure slaves. Among its shareholders were the Queen-Consort, Catherine of Braganza; the Queen-Dowager, Henrietta Maria; the King's sister, the Duchess of Orleans; and the King's brother, the Duke of York. The enterprise was not a success, owing to the 'Machinations of the Hollanders,' who were the better business men.

On October 27, 1671, at a meeting held at Whitehall Palace, the Company was reorganised with a Royal patent and grant, under the name of the 'Company of Royal Adventurers of England, trading with Africa.' They were still spoken of as the Royal African Company. The capital was one hundred thousand pounds, and the first names on the subscription book are:

James, Duke of York	£3000
Prince Rupert	400
Duke of Buckingham	500
L° Craven	800
L° Angelsey	400
Lord Arlington	200
Lord Ashley (Shaftesbury)	1200
G. Carteret	500[1]

The Duke of York was elected Governor of the Company, and continued to serve in this capacity after he became King. He was very regular in his attendance, and was always voted a goodly sum in recognition of his condescension in attending meetings.[2] The Company held a monopoly for slave trade with the Plantations, and Government frigates were always to be had to protect this monopoly, to drive off 'interlopers,' as independent traders were

[1] P.R.O. Treasury, 70, vol. ci. The Royal African Company, Minute Book of the General Court, Subscriptions and Transfers.

[2] At each meeting seven hundred and fifty pounds was distributed among the directors present.

called, and to escort slave ships to their destination to protect them from the South Sea pirates.

The Company's business was extended to include various other monopolies. They imported gold from Africa, and coined it themselves; they held a contract to victual and fit out all the naval vessels at colonial ports. They also exported woollen cloth and imported elephants' teeth and wax.[1]

The Royal African Company continually complained of their hard lot, and importuned King Charles II. through their Governor, James, Duke of York, for privileges of many kinds.

The royal frigate *Orange Tree* was, for many years, given over to the service of protecting the Company's factories on the African coast, while such representatives of the navy as were found in the West Indies were chiefly employed as guardians for slave ships.[2] At the meeting in Drapers' Hall, January 11, 1678, presided over by the Duke of York, it was reported that forty thousand guineas of gold had been coined.[3]

Some years no dividend was paid, but the stock was surely found to be a good investment, else so many men of wealth and authority would not have continued their holdings. The meeting held in African House, January 14, 1686, declared a dividend of ten per cent., in spite of repeated reports of a bad year, and complaints that the planters were not paying their debts. It may very well be believed that the majority of stockholders received few or no dividends. But a large sum of money was obtained through the business of this Company and found its way into the

[1] *Certain Considerations Relating to the Royal African Company of England, printed MDCLXXX.*

[2] See Albemarle's instructions.

[3] These coins were marked by an elephant's head.

pockets of either officers or servants instead of the stockholders.

In Jamaica the planters felt that they had a great grievance against the Royal African Company. According to its charter, Jamaica was to be furnished with negroes at seventeen pounds a head.[1] This meant seventeen pounds when a contract for a specific number of slaves had been previously signed. The slave must be taken directly from the ship without the intervention of the Company's factor. The Company, on its part, only engaged that the slaves should be sufficiently healthy to be able to walk off the ship unassisted.[2] Finding that they could get far larger prices from the neighbouring Spaniards, the Company drove a thriving trade with a Spanish dealer, while the Jamaicans were offered only such sick or maimed negroes as the Spaniards refused to buy. Consequently, their plantations were going untilled, the sugar crop was insufficient, and they were therefore in debt to the Company.

Owing to the fact that the neighbouring Spanish islands had raised the value of their silver money, while Jamaica was not permitted to follow suit, there was an almost complete lack of coinage in the island. In consequence, the planters could only pay their debts in sugar. This they must ship to England, paying an import duty to the Government before they could settle with the Company. The Government viewed this added bit of revenue with complacency,

[1] In addition to the negroes, criminals were shipped to Jamaica and sold to planters to work among the sugar-cane. Such servants were unsatisfactory, not only on account of their antecedents, being many of them hardened criminals, but also because, being quick and resourceful, they sooner or later made their escape and joined the buccaneers, whose ships were largely manned by this method. The more serious-minded among the planters dreaded the effect upon their population of this criminal element.

[2] *Report* of the Am. Hist. Assoc., 1900, vol. i. p. 141, and *passim*.

and turned a deaf ear to the complaints of the planters. No one can deny that their case seemed a hard one. To add to their grievances, the Company's factors also held Government offices. Hender Molesworth, whose name appears through many years as one of the Company's factors in Jamaica, served several times as Lieutenant-Governor. He was also Deputy-Governor during the interregnum between the death or departure for England of one Governor and the coming out of another. He was serving in this capacity in 1686-7. Sir Philip Howard, the former Governor, died in April 1686, and Albemarle did not reach Jamaica until December 19, 1687.

England's ethical development as well as her foreign treaties now demanded the suppression of piracy and with it privateering and buccaneering.[1] Slave trading was still considered an honourable and legitimate calling. It made no conscience uneasy, unless it was the Quaker's, and him no man regarded.

Sir Thomas Lynch, serving a second term as Governor, 1682-4, had bent his energies to the suppression of the pirates and buccaneers and the encouragement of the Royal African Company's slave trade.[2] He received small thanks for his efforts and incurred the enmity of the discontented party. He failed to subdue the buccaneers and died of vexation and disappointment, August 1684.[3]

The Jamaicans then, in 1687, lay smarting under two very real grievances, the suppression of the profitable buccaneering and the domination of the Royal

[1] Privateers differed from pirates in having commissions.

[2] He was especially disliked because in his first governorship he had encouraged the buccaneers.

[3] Fortescue's Introduction to *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8. He was buried in the cathedral at Spanish Town. His inscription reads: 'Here lies Sir Thomas Lynch at ease and blest; Would you know more, the world will speak the Rest.'—Forrest and Henderson, *The West Indies*, p. 230.

African Company. To add to their troubles, the Spanish had established an agent in Jamaica to buy and carry off the best negroes from each slave ship when it put into Port Royal. Often the whole cargo would be thus disposed of, and the ship itself would sail away to a Spanish port, escorted by an English frigate. This Spanish trade in negroes is spoken of in the documents as the Assiento. This name might apply to any grant conceded by the King of Spain. In the islands of the Caribbean Sea, it was used exclusively to refer to the Royal African Company's agreement with the Spanish or Dutch for the sale of slaves.

All English monopolies in the colonies were ordered with regard to the benefit which might accrue to England. And such was the short-sighted policy that it frequently, as in the case of the Jamaica planters and the Royal African Company, killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

During the years of European war, the American colonies had often been left much to their own devices. The leading colonists were ever independent, resolute men. Jamaica was thus not alone in her turbulent discontent. These years were beset with difficulties for all colonial governors. In Barbadoes the Governor had succumbed to circumstances, and had made common cause with the boldest buccaneers. In New England the strong hand of authority was directed by Sir Edmund Andros. He hated the colonists and offended and tyrannised over them to such a degree that his rule is remembered with hatred unto this day. The more respectable planters of Jamaica, driven to despair, now joined forces with the buccaneers.

The Duke of Albemarle must long have been aware of the controversies in his Jamaica governorship.

Sir Thomas Modyford was his relative, and his father had had many dealings with the West Indies. As early as 1680, Long and Beeston, two representatives of the planters' party who had quarrelled with the then Governor, Lord Carlisle, on being sent to England, had pleaded their cause to such purpose that they had moved the King to grant Jamaica the same privileges as Barbadoes enjoyed. These men were called into the Council Chamber, October 30, 1680, and there introduced to Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle.[1] As soon as Albemarle's appointment was made known in Jamaica he was informed further of these dissensions, and he petitioned the King for especial powers to deal with these difficulties, which he found affected even his Council.[2] He was far from inexperienced in colonial matters, having been one of the Committee of Lords of Trade and Plantations. He had inherited from his father large grants in the Carolinas. These had always been troublesome to manage, and he, with others, held rights in the island of Barbadoes and had quarrelled with its governors.

[1] Gardiner, *History of Jamaica*, p. 65.

[2] April 15, 1687, C.O., 1 : 62, p. 23-24; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1210.

CHAPTER III

BEFORE leaving the *Assistance*, Albemarle wrote to the Lords of Trade and Plantations :

'MY LORDS,—This is to give you an account that I arrived here this morning and also hoping it will not be too troublesome to y^r Ld^sps to give you this following relation of our whole voyage.' [1]

Whereupon he proceeds to write a long and circumstantial account of the entire four months' journey, and he dwells at length upon the condition of the West Indian militia, which he had reviewed. The postscript, however, is of more interest and must not be overlooked :

'One thing I have omitted to mention to your Ld^sps, as you will find by the minutes of the Council concerning Sir Henry Morgan, where the whole Council have desired me that I would favourable recommend him to his Maj^tie for his re-admission into the Council which I earnestly do, and desire y^r L^dsps will please to move it to his Maj^tie.' [2]

This duty completed, he and the Duchess, with their hundred servants and five hundred tons of goods, landed and established themselves temporarily in a rented house at Port Royal. The new Governor now had leisure to look about him and discover what sort of place his 'Government beyond the Seas' had proved to be.

[1] C.O., 1 : 63, p. 11, and C.O., 138 : 6, p. 74; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1567.

[2] This recommendation was duly submitted to the King, and by his order the prohibitions were removed from Sir Henry Morgan.

The whole island of Jamaica, though a tropical paradise, boasted little more than seven thousand inhabitants, not counting either the seamen, of whom there were some eight hundred belonging to the Ports, or the slaves, who exceeded their masters by quite two thousand. The town of Port Royal would claim first attention. Built on a narrow point of land running into the sea, it helped to form an excellent harbour. In 1673 its population was some two thousand souls, and the ensuing years of decreasing trade would have diminished rather than increased that number. Its eight hundred houses were of two varieties. Those constructed by the former Spanish inhabitants were built about a courtyard, and were usually but one story high. Thus they were admirably adapted to temper the heat of the sun and to withstand the frequent earthquakes.[1] The English, unmindful of the needs of their new life, had reproduced the brick homes of their own land, which Dr. Sloane critically remarks 'are neither cool nor able to withstand earthquakes.'[2]

Spanish Town, or St. Jaco de la Vega, also showed traces of its former owners. Here stood the old cathedral built by the Spaniards in 1523, now used by the Church of England. Within its walls were buried such dignitaries as were so unfortunate as to die in the island, and among the epitaphs of Cromwell's officers Albemarle would find many a familiar name. The altar plate was famous for its age and beauty, for the buccaneers had not neglected their pious duty when distributing their spoils.[3] Kingston, on the other hand, was a new town, and boasted of two thousand six hundred and seventy-

[1] Port Royal was destroyed by an earthquake in 1692.
[2] Sloane, Introduction to *A Voyage to Madeira*.
[3] Forrest and Henderson, *The West Indies*, p. 229.

seven inhabitants, both bond and free. How far from home, how separated from their own kind, the Duke and Duchess must have speedily realised themselves to be. The neighbouring islands were even less populous than their own. The mainland of North America showed a thin line of inhabitants settled along the coast. The interior was a trackless wilderness claimed by France. La Salle had reached the mouth of the Mississippi river only five years before.

Fortunately the Duke had short time for reflection. He was forced immediately to give himself to a matter which nearly concerned him. The news of Albemarle's patent for the treasure ship had been long in reaching Jamaica. The Council were perhaps in no haste to make the facts public, for the stream of treasure coming into Jamaica was very welcome. The Colonial Order Book records that the King's proclamation on the subject was read and published by beat of drums at Port Royal, July 27, 1687, by Smith Kelly, Provost Marshal. The drums must have beat but gently, for the Council minutes show that another proclamation was published in November, little more than a month before the new Governor's arrival. Nothing was known of the second patent by which the King was to receive one-fifth moiety of the treasure. Hence, Albemarle was dismayed to find that only one-tenth had been exacted by Acting-Governor Molesworth from the reluctant seamen. Hastily summoning a Council at Port Royal, he put the matter forcefully before them. The Councillors were not easily disturbed, and their minutes show their laconic reply :

'The Council do unanimously abide by the 1st Proclamation issued by their advice concerning the wreck. They all declaring that they intended thereby only his Majtie's Service and the good of this

Island, and that they did not know of any grant from his Maj^tie for the same.' [1]

In the pursuit of this subject, Albemarle was not entirely actuated by selfish motives. He presently received a letter from no less a person than King James himself, reminding him not only of the obligations of his own patent, but commanding him to exact for the King one-half of the treasure brought in from any other than his own wreck, and making him personally responsible for the collection of all of the King's dues.[2] Molesworth, protected by his position as factor of the Royal African Company, showed little interest in this business. Moreover, he regarded the new Governor as a figurehead. He was speedily undeceived. Albemarle cared nothing for the Royal African Company's factor, and much that this debt to the King should rest on the proper shoulders. Therefore, he put Colonel Molesworth under a bond of one hundred thousand pounds. This was in direct opposition to orders, but Albemarle knew it would be weeks before he could receive directions from the King, and, in the meantime, he was personally responsible for all the King's dues which had not been collected by his predecessor. Nor did the Duke release Molesworth from his bond, or permit him to return to England before he received a letter from Lord Sunderland, written by the King's order, by which

'The Duke and his heirs are absolved from responsibility for moiety up to the time of Albemarle's personal arrival in the Island.' [3]

[1] C.O., 1 : 62, No. 868, Wednesday, December 28, 1687.

[2] C.O., 138 : 6, pp. 47-9; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1490, October 28, 1687.

[3] C.O., 138 : 6, p. 198; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1770, June 1, 1688.

Molesworth, who already had a grievance against the Duke in the matter of the two thousand pounds back pay, departed for England in no friendly mood. He went pursued by the story that he was in debt four hundred and forty-six pounds when he left the island, and that he had charged the revenue with almost two thousand pounds more. Then, too, he had refused to make up his accounts as factor of the Royal African Company. Albemarle had insisted, in vain, that these accounts must be completed before any accusations could be laid against the planters, in order that 'it might be rightly known what the Planter owes, and what his Agents.'[1]

The feud between the Duke of Albemarle and Colonel Molesworth over the King's dues coloured all the administration. Molesworth, once in England, had the ear of the Company and so of the King. Consequently he told what stories he chose of the doings in Jamaica. There were planters in plenty who had but the poorest opinion of Colonel Molesworth's integrity, even in the business of the Royal African Company. George Reid, a former factor of the Company, and so well versed in its history, openly accused the factors in Jamaica, of whom Molesworth was the chief, of having sold out the slave trade in Jamaica to the Dutch for their own private gain, and, by so doing, lost the Spanish trade to the Company.[2] Molesworth retaliated by accusing George Reid of being a discontented ex-employee, and generally giving his accusers the name of being not only liars, but debtors to the Company. Albemarle repeated his demand that the Company should show

[1] Montagu House MSS. Father Thomas Churchill to Albemarle, November 15, 1688.

[2] C.O., 1 : 65, No. 90; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1947. George Reid to Dr. Churchill, December 7, 1688.

their books to prove the indebtedness of these men. The Company replied that such a proceeding would be prejudicial to their business. By the time that memorials were drawn up in Jamaica by the injured planters and presented in London, Albemarle was dead, King James had fled to France, and William of Orange had been proclaimed King. Speedily as did the statesmen carry through this revolution, the Royal African Company was speedier. The Prince of Orange had been in England scarcely two months before he was presented with one thousand pounds worth of stock and elected Governor in place of the deposed King James. Naturally his policy toward the planters was the same as that of his predecessor.[1]

Returning to earlier events. On February 16, 1688, the Assembly was called to order, and the new Governor addressed them in a short speech :

'GENTLEMEN,—Having received from his Majtie the Honor and Trust of this Government, I think myself Obliged to doe all that in me lyes to Promote his Service and the Publique Interest of this Island which are truely Consistant ; for any separation will lessen his Majtie's intentions towards the Incouragement of this Country and Render my Endeavours ineffectual.

'To the end therefore, that this Session may End happily as I wish it, Lett me advise and Command That noe particular piques, Or Private Animositys may hinder the General Benefitts of this Island which his Majtie I believe Esteems above all others in this Part of the World.

'And I doe assure you that nothing on My Part Shall be wanting to answer those great Ends, the

[1] P.R.O. Treasury, 70, vol. ci., Royal African Company, Minutes of the General Court meeting, Jan. 16, 1689: 'The Court of Assistants desired his Highness the Prince of Orange to be Governor and for capacitating him thereunto presented him with 1000 pounds principal stock, which His Highness was pleased to accept of and promised that he would doe the Company all the kindness that lay in him.'

King my Master sent mee hither for, And therefore Expect your Ready and Hearty concurrence with me (which I doe not in the least Doubt) Otherwise the ill Consequences that may arise from the Contrary must be imputed Your ffault And shall lye at your Doors.' [1]

Eight days later the Council was summoned in haste at St. Jaco de la Vega [2] to hear tidings received by Albemarle from the King. A Dutch expedition under Lord Mordaunt threatened to attack Sir John Narborough and seize the wreck of the treasure ship. The word of alarm was sent from England. Albemarle in Jamaica, on fire at once, gave it as the King's opinion and his own, that as Commander-in-Chief he should go at once to the scene. The Council, less enthusiastic, unanimously advised the contrary, saying ' That it can neither be safe for his Grace's person, There being noe ffrigate now in the Harbour to carry him thither, nor for the Government of this Island now under his Grace's Comand and Care.' [3]

The *Assistance*, under Lawrence Wright, and the Duke's yacht under command of Captain Thomas Monck, hurried to reinforce the treasure-seekers. Lord Mordaunt and Sir John Narborough settled the matter between themselves without any serious consequences. The Dutch indeed went to the wreck, but left without either treasure or bloodshed.

Meanwhile the Assembly had no intention of carrying on any business, so they were much annoyed when, having sent word to the Governor that they wished to adjourn for a long period to attend to their private affairs, he declined to give them more recess than while the General Court should be sitting. They were the more amazed at this turn of affairs as

[1] C.O., 140 : 4, p. 195 ; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1635.
[2] Spanish Town.
[3] C.O., 140 : 4, p. 193 ; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1640.

the news from England to the agents of the Company and their creatures, many of whom sat in the Assembly, gave them to understand that the new Governor was a nonentity, and was not to be allowed any powers whatsoever. George Reid, writing of this very matter to the Bishop of London (?) from Jamaica, says :

'For they never intended My Lord Duke should be able to do any Service here for his Maj^te's or the Country's Good for reasons to y^mselves (themselves) best known.'[1]

Before the first meeting of the Assembly, Albemarle had begun to act for himself. He had warmly espoused the cause of the planters, and to this end he deposed the Chief Justice Barnard and replaced him with Mr. Ellerson, who had formerly practised law in the island, but had been under some accusations from the late Governor Lynch. The Grand Court had fully exonerated him, and had issued a proclamation to that effect. The affair had been brought to the notice of the Privy Council in England and Colonel Molesworth had orders to investigate the matter.[2] The case had made no little stir in the island, and when Albemarle made Ellerson Chief Justice, the fires of partisanship broke forth anew.

Colonel Bourdon, who was a member of the Council and an Assistant Judge of the Supreme Court, as well as a paid agent of the Royal African Company, passed hot words with the Governor and immediately resigned his judgeship. Whereupon Major Penhallow and Lieutenant-Colonel Elmore, his fellow judges, followed suit. Albemarle believed that this was done to make it impossible to hold Court with only the new

[1] C.O., 1 : 65, p. 90; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1927, November 7, 1688.

[2] Privy Council Register, James II., part I., March 19, 168§.

Chief Justice and one associate, Colonel Needham, for Albemarle's energy when aroused would be totally unsuspected by these men. His next letter to the Lords of Trade and Plantations describes these events :

'They were soon undeceived, for immediately, Mr. Francis Watson, Col. Ballard, Major Peak, Major Reeves and Mr. Knight voluntarily offered to serve his Majesty as Judges, which I took kindly of them and they with Col. Needham (who remained firm) were put into the Commission and the Court was holden on the day appointed.'

Of Mr. Ellerson he says :

'I made choice of Mr. Ellerson because I thought him an honest man, an able lawyer, and one that I am certain will do his Maj^tie^ good service in the Station I have put him in.'[1] . . .

'Upon considering the ill-consequences of Col. Bourdon's refusing to continue as Associate Judge, and that he did it so publicly and obstinately, I thought he deserved to receive a public correction and therefore on the 5th Instant (March), in Council I suspended him from the office of Councellor. I likewise dismissed Major Penhallow from his office as Major, but do continue him in the Commission of Justice of Peace, thinking that by that he may be Serviceable to the African Co. of which he is factor.'[2]

Colonel Bourdon retaliated by writing to the Lords of Trade and Plantations to complain of his treatment. But the King confirmed his dismissal by recommendation of the committee.

Albemarle now insisted that some of the more important bills presented to the Assembly should be passed. When the coinage bill came under dis-

[1] C.O., 1 : 64, No. 30, and C.O., 138 : 6, pp. 86-93 ; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1656. Albemarle to the Lords of the Committee.

[2] C.O., 138 : 6, pp. 104-5.

cussion, Mr. Ralph Knight, a member of the Assembly, so far forgot himself as to say in public that this currency bill was 'nonsense, impossible, and impracticable.'

'His Grace then remarked "He did not much wonder Mr. Knight should speak such words, since he is informed a member of the Board (Council) contrary to his Oath as Councellor, has spoke very scandolous and reflecting words of him." And it was then reported under oath that Col. Sam[l] Barry was the guilty man. He had said that "His Grace had not done Justice." For this he was suspended from the Council and the Attorney General ordered to prosecute him in the Grand Jury.'

Colonel Barry was now in serious difficulties, for the new Chief Justice already had permission to prosecute him for defamation of character. Colonel Barry and Mr. Knight humbly apologised in writing next day.

Albemarle's next letter (April 16) sent varied news to the Lords of Trade and Plantations. After recounting the delinquencies of the Councillors and Assembly men, he gives an account of Lord Mordaunt and his attempt on the treasure ship, as well as various items of news relating to the business of the Gentlemen Adventurers. Then he tells how certain English ships have been seized by pirates (Biscayans) and the *Assistance* has gone to their rescue. Next he describes a great fight between the famous English pirates Yankee, Jacobs and Coxen, and a Spanish hulk in the Bay of Honduras. But the most noteworthy news is of the malcontent Assembly, and is thus recorded. The Assembly did very little work,

'the major part having made it their business during Sessions to wrangle and disagree with the rest, and to oppose all things propounded them for his Majesty's

Service and the Good of the Country, and their private heats growing more intolerable and being out of hopes of reducing them to any proper temper for business, having often endeavored it in vain, I thought the best way was to dissolve them, which I accordingly did on the 4th (April). I gave my consent that day to this Act (which was the only business perfected) for passing Spanish money, being satisfied it will be for general benefit, especially to the poorer sort of people here. These malcontents of the Assembly being sensible that they outnumber the rest would suffer nothing to be fairly debated in the House, but immediately were for putting anything to the Vote and consulted nothing but their own humors which were in direct opposition to my proposals.' . . . 'As soon as I have settled the officers both military and civil throughout the whole Island, I will order the choosing of another Assembly, which I hope will prove better disposed than the last.' [1]

By which it will be seen that Albemarle had taken a leaf out of the book of his late master, King Charles II., who when a Parliament proved refractory, dissolved it and proceeded to another election. Albemarle believed in the divine right of his sovereign, so, acting as that sovereign's representative, he conscientiously carried out an arbitrary rule.[2]

While this election was pending, what troubles the English and other peaceful merchantmen suffered from the Biscayans is further disclosed in Albemarle's letter of May 2, 1688.

[1] C.O., 138 : 6, p. 109; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1705.

[2] Albemarle was not the only colonial governor who was in difficulty with his colonists. Welbeck MSS., June 19, Whitehall. William Blathwayt to Sir Robert Southwell: 'Increase Mather, Sea Born Cotton, etc., are come hither from Massachusetts with addresses and have audiences of the great ones now. And there are joint endeavors to supplant Sir Edmund (Andros) and discredit the Caveleros but I hope Sir Ed. Andros has taken such root in his Majestie's good opinion as to withstand some shocks.' Andros was a stockholder in the Royal African Company.

'I have daily complaints from subjects that Biscayans who take all ships that they can overcome, carry them into any Spanish Port, use the men barbourously and cruelly and at best make them slaves and having Commission from the King of Spain say that no Spanish Governor in the Indies hath anything to do with them.

'There are now Six English vessels taken by them at La Vera Cruz; I hear that Dean the pirate is there. Your Lordships will find from enclosed dyposition, how insolent these Biscayans are. I desire to know his Majesties Commands as to what steps I may take for Suppressing them. In the meantime, I will take the best means toward recovering these distressed Subjects that have fallen into Biscayan hands, who are very insufferable and have been complained of to me by some of the Spanish Governors.'

Genuine pirates had long been discredited, but under the King's own proclamation, posted by Albemarle, even these sinners were given a year to come into port and surrender to proper authority. After depositing a certain sum as guarantee for future good behaviour, they were promised no further trouble. Privateers and buccaneers were differently regarded. These always held commissions granted by Governors and were subject to quite different conditions, although they too were now proclaimed to be unlawful. Before this letter reached England, Sir Robert Holmes, the Royal Commissioner for the Suppression of Piracy, had sent Mr. Lynch as his deputy to the West Indies.[1] His instructions so conflicted with Albemarle's authority that they were soon at swords' points. Lynch's first act was to take prisoner some fifty-six pirates or privateers—their exact status was in

[1] C.O., 138 : 6, pp. 63-7; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1602. Stephen Lynch: not to be mistaken for Sir Thomas Lynch, the former Governor.

question — who had incautiously sailed into Port Royal harbour, having taken the proclamation in good faith.

'All French,' says Albemarle in his letter of May 11, 'except three, an Irishman, a German and a Mulatto. Mr. Lynch as soon as possible seized their goods and put them into prison and irons. This being noised abroad, I believe no more will venture hither on the same terms. Those here finding themselves mistaken in their hopes, have complained to me, and beg leave to send to Jetty Guavos for their Commissions, (which) the French Governor there granted them. And further say that notwithstanding Commissions, they will be content to be hanged if it can be proved they have injured any of the Kings Subjects. I could not deny the petition.'[1]

A most perplexing problem confronted the Governor, for if these pirates produced commissions, they must have been granted in defiance of the Treaty of Peace. They could hardly be kept prisoners without giving an affront to France, a friendly power. Yet Lynch continually accused Albemarle of hindering him in his duty. A month later the privateers were still in prison, and Mr. Lynch sailed off to Carthagena on plea of other business.

On June 20 Albemarle further writes that he has received the commission of the French privateers and a pardon from the Governor of Jetty Guavos. He is much concerned how to act, having strict orders from the King to assist Lynch, and other instructions on January 23 and February 1 from the Commissioners of the two Crowns, 'to take care that we do no hurt to the subjects of the King of France.' The Council's advice to him was to temporise, answer the French Governor civilly, and await instructions

[1] C.O., 136; 6, pp. 118-22; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1753.

from the King of England. To put a crowning point to the exasperating nature of Mr. Lynch's conduct, reliable witnesses averred that Lynch had offered the French prisoners freedom for six pounds apiece. For the Deputy Commissioner, far from home, with no restraining hand or eye upon him, was not averse from adding to his private income, as have other and better men.

Albemarle was obliged to report still another conflict of authority, and one which affected the King of England in his most sensitive point. His letter of May 11 says :

'Here a remarkable transaction (is) impudently carried on by a Spaniard, naturalized here, called Signor St. Jaco. The foreign ecleciastic Power which he produced from the Bishop of Cuba or Chapter of St. Christopher, there—I send you a copy enclosed and attested by St. Jaco in Council, and adjudged in Council to be in prejudice of his Majes[ties] prerogative —and an obstruction to Father Churchill's function. What more followed on Churchill's complaint to me I send enclosed.'[1]

In fact, the Bishop of Cuba declined to allow the King of England to appoint a priest in Jamaica, which island he chose to consider under his ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Before many weeks had passed, Father Churchill was obliged to sail for England with what grace he could. He and Albemarle had become fast friends in these few months, and he returned to England the especial advocate of the planters' party against the adherents of the Royal African Company. The island revolters congratulated themselves upon having a representative who could be counted upon to have the ear of the King, never dreaming what changes the next six months would bring forth.

[1] C.O., 136 : 6, pp. 118-22; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1753.

Meantime Albemarle had attempted further reforms among the island officials.

'I have removed the Attorney General and Provost Marshall who lys under a great many crimes besides this last, and the Attorney Gen[l] has not only acted contrary to my command but like a knave to his Majesty.'

Truth to tell, Albemarle had come to Jamaica with every intention of becoming a good Governor. As a staunch upholder of the Stuart dynasty, he believed in the absolute monarchy with the intensity of a bigot. He felt himself the King's representative with all seriousness, and ruled with energy in single-hearted despotism. Perhaps he never grasped the fact that no one in England, much less King James, desired to free the Colony from the tyranny of the Royal African Company. His was not a subtle mind, and the idea that he was to shut his eyes to what it was inexpedient to see never occurred to him.

In his Island Government there was little or no congenial society. Did he consort with the planters (late buccaneers) Morgan and his circle? It was no more than the King his master had done at Whitehall and at Windsor. Fancy the tales these men could relate of hairbreadth escapes, treasures trove, and burning cities! Who would not listen late into the tropic night to such tales of gold and adventure? If, while he listened, the Duke drank too deep of good Madeira wine, few at Whitehall could safely point the finger of scorn.

The Duchess, not wishing to be forgotten at Court, sent presents of tropic fruits to the Queen and the maids of honour. Toward midsummer, the mail-bag from London brought some replies that we may

be sure were eagerly read by this exiled lady. M. Crag (?) writes May 12 (1688):

'Your letter, my dearest Duchess, I received with great joy, since it brought me the good news of your health, and the Duke's. You have not an humble servant in the world truly loves and honours you more than I do; I must quarrel your letter was so Short, and had no particulars in it. The Queen asked me a thousand questions of how liked.' (This expression still lingers in some parts of New England.) 'I was not slow in telling her Majesty your letter was filled with nothing but duty and kindness to her Majesty, which she received with great pleasure, but showed trouble you had not sent her word how the place agreed with you and the Duke. I told her Majesty you had sent her a present of jacolet (chocolate) which She said she must taste for your sake; but hearing nothing of it since, I sent to Mr. Phillips (sic) to inquire after it, to know when a ship went, that I might pay my duty to you.

'As to the jacolet, it is not to be heard of, but I would not omit the first opportunity to let you know that, blessed be God, the Queen[1] is much better than she has been in health, but so cruel as to leave this nation in July or August next. I cannot give you any particular account who goes or stays in this; only for certain my Lady Fingaull is named to go; but I believe I and my neice Widderington will go to stay with her Majesty in Portugal, for I will never quit her so long as I live, if she will accept my service. The Queen[2] hath given us many frights but God be thanked, is very well. . . .

'All your family is well. Lord Tennit (Thanet) and his Lady (Katherine Cavendish) was in town lately, and very well; You know Mr. Boule (?) is married to Mrs. Noel and Lord Cleford to My Lady Arrathusay Bartley; he is so fond a husband we never see him now at Court. My Lady Manchester is also married to Mr. Montague, and having so

[1] Catherine, widow of Charles II.

[2] Mary of Modena, wife of James II.

young a husband she cannot choose but look very briskly. Lord Cavendish is to marry Lord Russell's daughter, and My Lord Bedford's daughter is to marry My Lord Strafford. My Lord Salsbury is become the best husband in the world, and also a good Catholic ; I wish I could hear the same good news of you and your Lord, for nobody loves you better.

'*P.S.*—My Lord Mordon (Mordaunt) went with four ships to Seek Gold, but Narborow would not admit him ; the last hath sent home five thousand pound, which will not half pay his Charges, but hopes to get much more. I grieve your Duke did not leave ships there when the firs (sic) came away ; if he had he had got enough.'[1]

This letter shows that neither the Duke nor Duchess of Albemarle had become a Roman Catholic, or this maid of honour of Queen Catherine's would not hope so strongly for their conversion.

(Mrs. ?) B. Strickland writes to the Duchess, May 28 (1688), also from Whitehall :

'My dear Duchess did me great justice in believing I should be much pleased to hear of your safe arrival in Jamake, which upon my word I was so transported at as I could not sleep for joy. . . . I have been hindered from writing to your Grace sooner by misfortunes ; first, my having the Smallpox ; next the death of one of my boys of a fever, and thirdly, the illness of him that hath the honour to be your Godson. . . . I made your compliment to the Queen, who was extreme glad to hear of your being so well, and ordered me to tell you so, and that she should be glad to hear from you. I also told my Lady Sunderland, who I suppose has writ long Since to give thanks. I also told Lady Tennet (Thanet) and others that you had them often in your thoughts. I found a great many was very glad to hear your Grace was got so well past that long journey. The Queen is now ill of a great cold. . . . The Duchess

[1] Hist. MSS. Com., 15*th Report*, Buccleuch MSS., p. 347.

of Monmouth [1] last night kissed the King and Queen's hands upon her marriage to Lord Cornwellis (sic), and is very brisk. The Duchess of Porthmouth (sic) is come into England, and looks as well as ever. But the greatest piece of news of all is that (the) Queen Dowager has altered her mind, and does not now go her Lisbon voyage, which all people thinks her much in the right for.

'(*P.S.*)—Since your Grace was so obliging as to say you sent me some jacolet, I will tell you the truth, that I never had it, but I give as many thanks as if I had it. I wish I could find out by what hand it was sent, because I had told the Queen of it. I am sure who(m)s(o)ever you trusted, he is an ill man, that has so deceived you. Mr. Strickland presents his most humble service to your Grace, and is infinitely pleased to hear you are so well.' [2]

The Duke received about the same time a letter from his old neighbour, Thomas, Lord Petre of Ingatestone Hall :

'INGOTZTON HALL, *June* 19, 1688.

'I am sorry it was my misfortune not to wait on your Grace just before you left England. I being then in my journey from the bath : I understand by Mr. Croft and Mr. Tendring that you have your health very well since your arrivall in Jamaica : for which I heartily rejoyse and hope to see you in some few months att New Hall. Captain Petre, Jac Petre of fidlers his brother, who I suppose has waited on your Grace, ere this desires only your favorable Countenance which, if your Grace, as I hope, will not refuse, he is most confident, will prove a considerable advantage to him. . . . I will troble y^r^ grace noe further then to desier you to give mine and my spouses most humble servis to my lady Duches. I remain Your grace's most obedient servant THO: PETRE.'

(Addressed) 'To the Duke of Albermale' (*sic*).[3]

[1] Widow of the Duke of Monmouth.

[2] Hist. MSS. Com., 15*th Report*, Buccleuch MSS., p. 348.

[3] Montagu House MSS. Thomas, sixth Lord Petre, to Christopher, Duke of Albemarle.

CHAPTER IV

THE new Assembly from which so much was hoped was not elected without much opposition and even rioting. The old members were mostly defeated. The ousted party insisted that violence had been used at the polls to prevent them from voting. Albemarle reports that these complainants were the worst offenders.

'There was unwarrentable opposition made in most parishes, and malicious practices to prevent the lawful Election by persons disaffected to his Maj^tie's Government here, especially at Clarendon where a certain man whom I could not suspect in such case, Col. Ivy, did with several others make a public riot, for which I committed them to prison.' [1]

Many arrests followed, and the list of fines is a long one. Rioting was not the only objectionable practice on this occasion. In the list we note :

'John Towers for speakeing Lattin vizt. : "Solus Populi est Suprema Lex" being in ye judgment of ye Court, Factious and Seditious—600 pounds.' [2]

The first meeting was made memorable by the delivery of an opening speech to the Governor by the new Speaker, who was no other than Chief Justice Ellerson. We quote his opening sentences :

'His late Grace of Albemarle (Gen^l Geo. Monck) guided and assisted by the Devine hand, drew the

[1] C.O., 138 : 6, p. 159; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1858. August 8, 1688, Albemarle to the Lords of the Committee.

[2] C.O., 1 : 65, No. 45; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1858.

lively emblem of a Second Creation by reducing a Twelve years' confused State and Govern^t of England to its ancient and ever to be esteemed and praised Royall Authority and Power and was most instrumental in Settling the same upon the best and surest foundations of Peace and Happiness.

'Our most Gracious Sovereign King James the Second (to whom God grant a long and happy reign over us) hath in his great wisdom and tenderness of us, his Loyal, Dutiful and Obedient Subjects, constituted your Grace (to the great and general satisfaction of this Island) our Governor, whose acceptance thereof cannot otherwise be thought of here than your own inclinations to and firm resolutions of treading the Steps of your truly noble father, by your doing the greatest good in your generation and in particular by your recouvery of the dwindling, decaying, and at present sinking State and Condition of this his Maj^tie's Island of Jamaica, to its former Loyalty, Strength and Vigor whereby we in our Generation are not only bound heartily and constantly to pray for the Peace and Prosperity of your Grace and Family, but to convey it to our Children's Children, for there (sic) due acknowledgment and Gratitude.

'Let Peace and Prosperity be forever within your Walls and Plenty within your Dwellings.' [1]

The Duke's reply was brief but trenchant, and was aimed at the centre of the island's political differences :

'I am glad,' said he, 'to find the country so sensible that it chose ill men for the last Assembly. I promise

[1] C.O., 1 : 65, p. 30; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1845. Opening of the new Assembly, July 20, 1688. The Speaker's speech to the Duke of Albemarle. C.O., 1 : 65, p. 490; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1846. Observations from Jamaica upon the Speaker's speech. A copy of this speech was sent to England. To this copy have been added a list of accusations against the Speaker. The author's name is not mentioned. The accusations include friendly relations with pirates, being an adherent of Sir Henry Morgan, opposition to the revenue bill, general unfriendliness to the Royal African Company, Colonel Molesworth, and the late Governor Sir Thomas Lynch.

myself better things from you. You cannot be ignorant of the many wicked and malicious reports spread abroad by ill-disposed persons, to make me odious to the people to gain their own ends at the elections. The proposals I have to make to you are given to you written down.'[1]

Albemarle gave a detailed report of the first meeting of the Assembly in his letter of August 8 :

'JAMCA, *Aug. ye 8th*, 1688.

'MY LORDS,—Since my last to yor LOPS bearing date the 20th day of June last, the Assembly met the 20th of July and finished more business in (the) two weeks they have Sate than the last did in two months, soe that I doubt not but His Majtie's Royal Pleasure will be more readily complied with than ever in this Island hath been heretofore, being most of them persons of known loyalty and integrity.'[2]

He then recounts the titles and character of the Bills already passed, in accordance with the King's six proposals by the new Assembly. A complete account of these Bills is given, under a later date, in the Colonial Order Book. The following list is copied from the later source instead of from Albemarle's letter :

'1. An Act for better Government of Slaves.

'2. An Act for raising money for Solliciting in England the Affairs of Jamaica.[3]

'3. An Act for Accertaining the Qualification of Jurors.

'4. An Act to Incourage and fecilitate the conversion of Slaves to the Christian Religion[4]

[1] C.O., 1 : 65, No. 29; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1844. The Duke of Albemarle's speech, July 20, 1688.

[2] C.O., 138 : 6, No. 29; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1858. August 1688.

[3] Heretofore the agents of the Royal African Company had acted in like capacity for the island.

[4] Many masters refused baptism to their slaves, holding that the fact of baptism gave freedom to the slave.

and for preventing inhuman Severity to Christian Servants.[1]

'5. An Act for regulating the weight and valuation of foreign coins and accertaining Interest.[2]

'6. An Act for the better restraining and more severe punishment of perjury and subornation of perjury and false swearing.

'7. 'An Act for raising a Public Revenue to the King, his heirs and Successors for the support and Government of his Majtie's Island.'[3]

These Acts passed by Albemarle's second Assembly have been dwelt upon in detail because they are spoken of in all the accounts of his administration as being pernicious in character. Nothing could be more unobjectionable than this list of laws. Due allowance must be given to the heat of political strife when many exaggerations are published. At such a moment all the acts of an opposing party are declared to be detrimental to the country and aimed to serve selfish ends. Between the two parties in Jamaica there may have been little to choose. Both were turbulent and unmanageable, each strove to establish its power primarily to serve selfish ends. However, it is not easy to see how fault could be found with the Acts passed by this Assembly.

Albemarle had made one more change in his Council, Mr. John White—

'for several reasons but principally because he pleaded for the most part as a Lawyer doth for his Fee against His Majestie's Interest whenever such happen'd to come before us in Council and that it has been made appear to mee that he was a pensioner to St. Jaco de

[1] This would particularly refer to Monmouth's rebels, many of whom had been shipped to the West Indies and sold.

[2] This act raised the value of pieces of eight from five shillings to six, thereby causing great dissatisfaction to the Royal African Company.

[3] C.O., 138 : 6, p. 296; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8 : 294-5. At the Court at Whitehall, July 25, 1689.

Castello,[1] a Spanish merchant to plead for him as well in Council (where the said White was a member) as in any other place, let the business bee of what nature or quality soever.'

This scandal concerning White is confirmed later in the year in a letter of George Reid to Father Churchill, together with other accusations against St. Jaco, interesting but too complicated for the present purpose. The planters' party also rejoiced in the appointment 'by his Maj^tie's order' of the admired Sir Henry Morgan to the Council. 'I am afraid (he) will not live long being extraordinary ill,' says Albemarle.

The affairs of the French pirates had become so involved that Mr. Lynch was reported to be himself in jail together with his captives, who from their prison had sworn out warrants against him. This was the story Mr. Lynch sent to England. Albemarle does not mention arresting Lynch, and George Reid, in one of his letters to Father Churchill, says that Lynch wilfully sent a false statement to England, and adds that he was never put in jail.

Albemarle received letters from the King giving him power to fight Biscayans according to his own judgment. As a result of Lynch's stories, a memorandum was attached to the letter informing the Governor that Sir Robert Holmes (whose agent Lynch was)—

'prays for his Majesty's pardon for all of them (the pirates) and that Lynch may receive Letters of Protection with orders to the Governor of Jamaica that he may be discharged from his imprisonment, Bonds or confinement, he may lye under being ready to answer his Maj^tie, what is objected against him.'

[1] The same Spaniard who had caused Father Churchill's removal.

But before this could reach Jamaica, Albemarle had reported

'Several English privateers surrendered themselves to His Majtie's Government of Bermudas according to His Majtie's Royal Proclamation, who treated them accordingly to the tenor thereof, and being discharged part came down to this Island, where by Mr. Lynch's Agent, their goods were seised, and soon after their persons who are now in Port Royal Goale.' [1]

The dispute as to authority between Albemarle and Lynch had now reached an acute stage. Lynch appeared at the Council Board and announced that he was under no obligation to report to the Governor, nor—

'yt any accounts of what he doth but to write to Whitehall so that all are rendered obnoxious to his private accompt of affairs.'

George Reid's opinion of the matter is thus expressed :

'Sir Robe't Holmes's deputy here, one Mr. Lynch makes things mighty uneasy (Siding with the discontents). . . . It is thought he will give the country trouble enough and cause more privateers to go out, than come in, Whereas had Command ben granted the Duke, all those that are now out would have upon his word (on his Honr [honour]) have come in, and now they plainly see, its money designed to be got by their coming in that 's intended, which I wish with all my heart were rectified. This way making the French strong and we weak.' [2]

The great pirate Captain Coxon and some of his men salved their pride by surrendering to Albemarle personally, and were by him handed over to Lynch.

[1] C.O., 1 : 65; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1802. Albemarle to the Lords of Trade and Plantations.

[2] C.O., 1 : 65, No. 90; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1947. George Reid to Father Churchill, December 4, 1688.

For the Governor was well known among sea rovers. Preserved in the British Museum are several books of maps of voyages in the then mysterious Pacific. They are beautifully coloured, and the title-pages show the arms of the Duke of Albemarle, and a dedication to him by the Captains B. Sharpe, Hack, and Cox. The Duke owes to these men, who combined the vocation of explorer with that of pirate, a perpetuation of his name in the western world. In the Pacific Ocean, lying directly over the Equator, are several islands known as the Galapagos group. The largest of these was named by Cox, Albemarle. Pictured in William Ambrose Crowley's *Voyages*, its bays and points bear many familiar names, Elizabeth, Christopher, Potheridge, Cavendish. With two London streets and a public-house, this island serves to keep alive the name of the second Duke of Albemarle.[1]

[1] Where the name of Albemarle appears in the Carolinas and Virginia it celebrates the memory of George Monck.

CHAPTER V

DURING the first months of Albemarle's administration the dismal prophecies of his physicians seemed in no danger of fulfilment. Dr. Sloane was a physician much in advance of his time, and successfully prescribed for his patient. In spite of the frequent bleedings, upon which Albemarle insisted in the face of Dr. Sloane's objections, he was in better health than he had been in several years.

'But,' says Dr. Sloane, 'upon the occasion of choosing a new Assembly (he) had frequently too much company, he sometimes sate up too late and drank too freely whereby he in a short time had in one of his leggs a great pain.'

On this Dr. Sloane felt it his duty to warn his unmanageable patient that if he did not take warning he would 'fall into his father the Gene[l's] distemper, the dropsy.'[1] Less competent advisers assured the Duke that he was suffering from erysipelas.

The Duke was more than usually deaf to advice. The quarrel with Lynch had greatly irritated and excited him. The tropical summer, spent in the brick Government House,[2] had sapped his vitality, while the change from his accustomed sherry to Madeira wine had affected him badly. He now went to spend a few days at Old Harbour at the invitation

[1] Brit. Mus., Sloane MSS. 3984, fos. 282-4. 'Account of the Illness and Death of Christopher, Duke of Albemarle.'

[2] C.O., 140 : 4, p. 708 (not calendared). The repairs on the King's House had been completed in March 1688, at a cost of £192, 16s. 8d.

of Sir Francis Watson[1] and Major Peaks, 'where meeting with much company he had occasion to make merry too much, and to sit up too late at night.'[2]

The joyous hospitality of Sir Francis and the Major resulted in an entire justification of the physician's warnings. On his return to town, the Duke became so violently ill with his 'usual jaundice' as to be 'given over by the Doctors.'[3]

Despite the fears of his physicians, he surprised his household by surviving. At the end of six days, as Captain Wright records, Port Royal was gay with rejoicings over the Duke's unexpected recovery. The forts and frigates fired salutes, and though it was August 'at night there was several bon-fires.'[4] Three days later came a ship from London bearing the joyful news of the birth of a Prince of Wales.[5] These tidings called for more guns, bonfires, and rejoicing for the greater part of another night. The official letter to Albemarle announced in stately periods the birth of 'A hopeful Son,' and gave orders to 'proclaim the event throughout the government and to proclaim days of solemn thanksgiving for this inestimable blessing,' and suitable rejoicings as he himself should think fit. The more formal celebration was postponed, not only to allow the Governor a chance to recuperate his strength, but because the island was suddenly cast into mourning.

Albemarle's fears for Sir Henry Morgan were well founded. Two days after this good news was received from the King, the old buccaneer passed away, sur-

[1] Sir Francis Watson had an especial claim to Albemarle's friendship, 'having spent near forty years in the publick service under the Lord Genl. Monck and their Majties where I enjoyed very honorable commands.'

[2] Brit. Mus., Sloane MSS. 3984, fos. 282-4. 'Account of the Illness and Death of the Duke of Albemarle.'

[3] Log-book of the *Assistance*.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] James, called the Old Pretender, was born June 16, 1688.

rounded by an odour of sanctity for which the story of his life little prepares us. After lying in state at the King's House in Port Royal, the town which had so often celebrated his triumphal returns from successful ventures, his body was 'brought to the Church and after a sermon was carried to the Pallasaudors and there buried.'[1]

Dr. Sloane improved the sad occasion by reminding the Duke that 'Sir Henry Morgan, who was lately dead of dropsey, had not been so ill six months ago,' and that if he did not obey instructions he 'was afraid he would have the same end.'[2] This was advice which the Duke did not relish, and, to Dr. Sloane's indignation, Dr. Traphan, a local practitioner, was called in consultation, who recommended the patient to remove to Ligaunee for a change of air. Thither, in accordance with this advice, the ducal party betook themselves. They were entertained by Chief Justice Ellerson, the prolix Speaker of the Assembly, at his plantation. Rain every day spoiled the visit, and the sick Duke derived little benefit or pleasure from the excursion. On his return to St. Jaco de la Vega he found the weather unbearably hot. In September the sea breeze failed, while terrific thunderstorms shook the nerves, and gnats and mosquitoes annoyed. But in spite of discomfort and illness, the celebration in honour of the birth of the Prince of Wales could no longer be postponed.

No record of this entertainment has been found, but if it resembled the celebration given by the Governor of Bermuda, we cannot wonder that its consequences were disastrous.

'The Governor drank seven Royal healths in two

[1] Log-book of the *Assistance*.

[2] Sloane MSS. 3984, fos. 282-4. 'Account of the Illness and Death of the Duke of Albemarle.'

central places amid regimental volleys from the foot guards and universal acclamation of huzzas,' and then as a climax: 'A most magnificent entertainment such as the present state of the West Indies never saw and the future will admire. At the head of every Company was set a quarter of a cask of wine, meat, bread, and all necessaries for two thousand people besides five hundred gentlemen at one table 250 feet in length, entertained at the Governor's expense. The ladies and other persons of Quality had Sweetmeats the best that Europe and the West Indies afford. At last a bon-fire of stupendous heigth being erected at the Court Gate, the Governor, as a fresh patern of loyalty, again drank the whole Royal Families healths, the whole Island with guns, fire-works, and voices echoing after him, "God save the King and Royal Family."'[1]

'Sometime after his (Albemarle's) return from Legaunee,' says Sloane, 'making merry on the occasion of the Prince of Wales his birth, he was taken with his usual jaundice.'

The Duke's case now proved desperate. The usual remedies failing, Dr. Traphan was again called in, 'As one who understood the country diseases having lived there several years.'

'He came in the morning before day, His Grace being asleep. I told him his Grace's condition and what I had given him, and when his Grace had affirmed it, advised him to take a grain of Bird Pepper in a potched egg, affirming parrots to flye to this as to a naturel remedy and that it was very necessary for everyone to take it in this climate.'

Strangely enough, Sloane, from the first, had attributed the Duke's attacks of illness to his susceptibility to certain phases of the moon, so that he entirely disagreed with Dr. Traphan's diagnosis. He continues:

'I declined quarrelling with him. Thought my

[1] *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1876 ii.

case hard enough in that I was blamed by some for want of success when his Grace would not take advice.'

In spite of bird pepper, and bleeding, burning, and cutting, the Duke improved once more. On October 1 he had sufficient strength to write a letter to Lord Craven:

'*October* 1 (1688).

'My Lord,—Inclosed I have sent y^r Ld^sp a particular of what Acts have passed the Assembly of this Island by Which y^r Ld^sp will find, that I have used my best endeavors to effect all that his Maj^tie has been pleased to commanded (sic) me to observe in his Instructions in doing of which (y^r L^dsp need not be informed) that it is impossible for me to please all, therefore shall not trouble your L^dsp with particulars but refer you to my letter to the Lords of the Committee, in which y^r Ldsh^p will plainly see, that I have made it my chiefest care to prefer the Service of the King, my Master, and the general good of the people of this Island, before any other consideration whatsoever, which I look upon (in the Station I am in) to be a Duty incumbent upon me, I am further to acquaint y^r Ldsh^p that I have been so very ill, that my Physicians utterly dispaired of my Recovery, having applied their severest and last remedys, not with standing which, it has pleased God to restore me, and when I grow a little stronger shall give y^r Ldsh^p a more particular and I hope more satisfactory account of his Maj^tie's affairs in this Island, in the meantime I shall say no farther but I desire that y^r Ldsh^p will be pleased to present my most humble Duty to His Maj^tie, wishing Your Ldsh^p all imaginary happiness I am, My Lord, Your Lordships Most Obliged Friend and humble Servant,

'ALBEMARLE.

'Since Mr. Lynch's return from Porta Bella his behavior to me and to the Council has been most insolent, and had he not been deputed from his Maj^tie as he is, I should not have failed to have given him a

deserved correction ; I do assure Y^r^ Ldsh^p^ that I can make it appear that his ill management has been above 100,000 pounds detriment to this Island already, and what more it will prove God knows. The great Pirate Coxon with Several of his men surrendered themselves to me, whom I sent to Mr. Lynch as I have done all others before. This comes to y^r^ Ldsh^p^ by the hands of Major Ralph Knight, who is one of the Assembly sent on purpose by them to his Maj^tie^.' [1]

In pursuance of the Act of the Assembly, Major Ralph Knight was chosen to go to England. He was to bear with him the seven Acts passed by the Assembly for royal confirmation, and also an address to the King from the planters reciting their grievances,

'Complaining of many practices and abuses done to his planters by the Factors of the Royal African Company and particularly of many corruptions and oppressions done and committed by Col. Hender Molesworth in the time of his late Government, who then was and . . . is still Chief Factor of the said Company.' [2]

While Major Knight tarried, waiting for a ship, to the dismay of all the Duke grew rapidly worse. His day of recovery had proved to be but the last bright flicker of the flame. He now fell into a violent delirium in spite of every remedy that could be used in so desperate a moment.

Where was the Duchess, where were Mr. Latton and those other faithful servants ? No record gives a glimpse of what was passing about this tragic bedside. Dr. Sloane, true to his theory of sinister lunar influence, abruptly draws the curtain : 'The moon's aspect being far from Change,' he explains, 'so that before then he dyed.'

[1] C.O., 1 : 65, No. 61 ; *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8, § 1890.

[2] But one small shipload of negroes landed in Jamaica during Albemarle's administration.

Thus, on October 6, 1688, died Christopher, second and last Duke of Albemarle, in the thirty-sixth year of his life, far from all that made life good to him; the reforms he had tried to accomplish in Jamaica left unfinished and ready to fall into chaos. Misrepresented at home, no opportunity was given him for explanations. The change of kings, coming as it did so soon after his death, put all those friends and adherents who would have defended his name out of favour and power. Lord Bath, the Duke of Newcastle, and Father Churchill were too devoted to King James to have the ear of King William. Lord Danby was too busy pushing his own fortunes and planning affairs of State to remember a dead friend in far Jamaica. So it was not so much the 'Malice of the Whigs' as the neglect of his friends that has left Albemarle's name in all but oblivion.

Dr. Sloane's duties were not yet completed. With the versatility with which all classes in the seventeenth century seem to have been endowed, he proceeded to act as embalmer, and successfully prepared the body for its return to England. It was well Major Knight had tarried. He could now be entrusted with the task of informing the King that his island of Jamaica was without a Governor. In the swift sailing sloop *Dove*, chartered from Sir William Phips, the Major started immediately for England with his news.[1] He reached London November 28, and found the Court in a strange mood. The Prince of Orange had landed in England on November 5 at Torbay, and the courtiers looked strangely at each other and darkly weighed the chances of the future.

The messenger from Jamaica found Bernard

[1] C.O., 140 : 4, p. 245 (not calendared) : 'Ordered the Receiver Genl. to pay £300 for the hire of the Sloop *Dove* . . . sent to England by order of the Governor and Council to give notice to his Majtie of the Duke's death.'

Grenville lounging about an ante-room of Whitehall talking with his friends, and to this group imparted the story of the Duke of Albemarle's death. 'Here 's a great windfall for My Lord of Bath,' whispered one courtier to another. Mr. Courtney of the Temple congratulated Mr. Grenville on what he would have thereby, and offered him, in a sporting spirit, £5000 for what he would get. Whitehall took its bereavements lightly.[1]

The King had such grave matters to consider that the grievances of a few Jamaica planters could be quickly dismissed. As the Duke of Albemarle was dead, the matter should quickly be adjusted in a way to please the Royal African Company. On December 1 the King issued an order cancelling all laws passed in Jamaica since the Duke of Albemarle's installation as Governor. All offices, civil and military, were restored to the men who held them prior to the Duke's coming. Hender Molesworth, fortunately for him still in England, was straightway knighted and made Governor.[2] When these orders reached Jamaica, the inhabitants could not believe them true. Yet true they were, and in bitterness of spirit the Council's secretary wrote in large letters under the note announcing King James's flight and King William's accession :

'Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.'

King William only confirmed his predecessor's edicts with regard to Jamaica. Fate, however, arranged one small revenge for Albemarle's wrongs. Sir Hender Molesworth died before he could leave England for his Government, and Lord Inchiquin

[1] *Chan. Proc.*, Reynardson, vol. 426, No. 9. Answers of the Hon. Bernard Grenville, Esq.

[2] *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1685-8 and 1689-92. See index under Molesworth. Hist. MSS. Com., *11th Report*, p. 239 (Dartmouth MSS.).

finally received the Governorship. In due time he reached Jamaica. His first letter to the Lords of the Committee should have given some peace to Albemarle's unquiet spirit. He wrote that he found matters in Jamaica far worse than he had imagined while in England, and on investigation had decided that the mischiefs proceed not, as he once thought, from

' some late transactions but from a series [sic] of fifteen or sixteen year standing of turbulent and pernicious advises which I am persuaded would put all into unquenchable flames here had (it) not (been for) ye prudence of some Governos. . . . And since it has been so long taking root, your L^dsp will not wonder if I work not so sudden a cure as might be wished for.' [1]

In the hands of Lord Inchiquin the affairs of Jamaica must rest, that we may return to the autumn of 1688 to find the Duchess of Albemarle mourning for her dead lord.

[1] *Cal. State Papers, Col.*, 1689-92. See index under William O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin, July 6, 1690.

CHAPTER VI

THE death of the Duke left the poor Duchess in a sea of trouble, and with no one upon whom she could depend for counsel and protection. Even Captain Monck[1] was, for the moment, out of reach, having taken the Duke's yacht to Boston for repairs. Owing to political differences, the island was in a state of almost armed rebellion, and from the moment of the Duke's death the unruly element was under but slight restraint. The story of the Duke's great treasure, which all men lounging about the port had seen coming into harbour month by month, caught the ears of the pirates and freebooters. The Duchess and her gold and silver ingots lay unguarded in the King's House an easy prey to daring men. Picture, then, the terror of the lady who, surrounded by her possessions, beheld some of the most notorious buccaneers all but camped about her house ready to secure her person and her riches at the first opportunity. In this crisis the loyal Assembly rallied as one man to the support of their 'Disconsolate Princess.'[2] These hardy, stern-visaged men, standing as they did accused of sharp practices, disloyalty, and even deeds of bloodshed, now gave themselves up to a very ecstasy of chivalric devotion to their bereaved Duchess. On learning of her danger, the militia, abandoning all other duties, rushed to her rescue, and

[1] See p. 64.

[2] C.O., 140 : 1, pp. 249-52; *Cal. State Papers*, 1685-8, § 1944, Dec. 6, 1688, Minutes of the Council of Jamaica.

under loyal officers, continued to guard her day and night for many months. They even accompanied her to Guanaboa, whither she and her goods were presently moved. For the health of the Duchess, already impaired by the tropical climate, suffered greatly from the shock caused by the death of the Duke, and it was thought wise to remove her from the King's House. The Duchess was not lacking in gratitude. She wrote to the Council expressing her thanks for their care :

'The debt is so great,' said she, 'that I can find no other way of repayment but that one Act of generosity begetts another by rewarding itself, and it will encourage all others to leave their country to imitate my good fortune.' [1]

This message was received by the Council with mediaeval fervour. Summoning the Assembly, the Acting Governor assured them that as a reward for their care, 'he was well assured . . . that when her Grace came to England (she) would endeavor to do this Island all the good she could.' And the delighted Assembly informed his Honour 'That they could do no less than they had for so disconsolate a Princess and in Memory of My Late Lord Duke.' [2]

Letters addressed to the Duke continued to arrive from England. One written by the King was full of angry remonstrance of what had been represented to him as interference with the rights of Sir Robert Holmes and of the agent Lynch. Such a letter would have cut the loyal Albemarle to the heart, and he was mercifully dead before its receipt. With this came orders counselling watchfulness against the Dutch, from whom the King now feared an invasion. Another

[1] C.O., 140 : 1, pp. 249-52 ; *Cal. State Papers*, 1685-8, § 1944, Dec. 6, 1688, Minutes of the Council of Jamaica.

[2] *Ibid.*

letter from Father Churchill reported his success at Court, all unknowing what had occurred in far Jamaica.

'*Nob*er 15th, '88.

'My Lord,—These I hope will finde your Grace in perfect health and well recovered past dainger of anie Relaps ; ten weekes I was at Sea and I landed at Falston neare Hide in Kent October 15th ; the 17th I got to London, the eighteenth I presented his Majtie with the mappes, Wth the Minutes of the Councell and the Sealed Evidence, and the Address of Your Grace, the Councell and the Assembly ; his Majtie received me verie gratiously and his afflicted minde cleared up wth pleasing Smile and Sweetness to hear of your recovery. The Mappes he reserved to himself ; the Minutes of the Councell and sealed papers he commanded me according to My directions to deliver into the handes of Mr. Blathwaite, and the Address returned to me with commands that I should present myself wth it the next morning at his Levie publickly, wch accordingly I did, in the presence of Mr. Brent and Mr. Bendlos.

'His Majtie thanked me for it and promised me it should be printed, this was on Friday, October 19th, but finding it came not out on Monday, nor on Thursday, following, I repayred again to his Majtie who gave this answer to me : I have sent it to be printed : hereupon I went to Mr. Minstephens and questioned him why it was not printed, who made this Reeply, that till Tuesday he did not receive it from My Lord Sunderland, that on Thursday the reception of our Embasador at the Turkish Court filled up the Gazet, but on Munday it should be printed. On Munday he and the Lord Sunderland were out of Office. I got therefore Mr. Brent to get the Address out of the Office to have it printed the next Gazet day ; he did so and complemented the next Secretary of State wth it, the Lord Middleton, who refused to print it, because it had not the Island's seale nor the Addressor's subscriptions to it, and because it reflected upon former Governors he looked upon it as a private paper onlie.

'I had my Answer readie to give unto his Maj^tie in this wise, it was not to be expected that the Secretaries of such fforeign Islands should be in all things as exact as our Ministers of State at home, that they judged it sufficient that it was the same and written in the same hand w^th the Minutes of the Councell sent over and lodged in Mr. Blathwaite's hands, where it stands recorded w^th all the addressors names, and as to the second objection my intended answer was, if Governour, Councell and Assembly may not reflect upon such as use them ill, how can the Grievances of the people come to their Sovereign's Eare, or how can he redress them; this I had in answer but could not give it in, his Maj^tey haveing his mind too much filled w^th the concerns of home.

'By that time I was three or four dayes here Newes was brought me his Maj^tie was upon the point of giveing Col. Molesworth his discharge, upon w^ch I went to his Maj^ty to let him know that Col. Molesworth had left the Government in debt 446 pounds odd money, that he had charged revennew w^th almost 2000 pounds more, and further I prayed his Majtie he would not give him a full discharge till he had made up his Accoumpt belonging to the African Company. . . .—Your Grace's Most humble Servant, THOMAS CHURCHILL.'[1]

In the same mail came a letter to the Duchess from Dr. Barwick. He was now quite blind, but he not only managed many business matters for the Duchess at this time, but continued to act for her in the years to come. He, too, as will be seen, was still ignorant of the Duke's death.

'*Nov. 6th*, 1688.

'MAY IT PLEASE YO^R G^R,—The money w^ch yo^r Gr. return'd by Dr. Churchill to Mr. Pigot is now in Mr. Bows's hand. I met Dr. Churchill this morning, and he says my Lord Duke was better of his dry Gripes. As for the 400 pounds w^ch My Lord Duke returns over to be payd by Mr. Mell for yo^r Grace's use the

[1] Montagu House MSS.

Commissioners of Trust have made an order upon it, but my Lord Duke[s] Rents are so far anticipated by every one's calling for money that I know not when it will be payd ; and I found some objection too in getting it accepted because My Lord Duke had geven no advise of it to the Trustees, though M. Mr. (*sic*) Mell acknowledged he had received advise of it from Mrs. Wright.[1] The Duchess of Newcastle not having heard from Jamaica of a great while I gave her Grace some account of My Lord Duke's Condition when the last leters came from Jamaica. I understand that the D. of Newcastle is very zealous for y^e^ K. [King] against the P. of Orange and is made L. Lieutenant of all three Ridings of Yorkshire, but things are rather wors the [n] beter with his own family at Welbeck.[2]

'I fear yo^r^ Gr. can not read this Leter, I am sure I can not myself.

'My Wife and Daughter give their humble duty to yo^r^ Gr. We are in howerly expectation of hearing of an invasion by the P. of Orange in some part of the West, for that way he has gone with his Fleet, and it is likely we shall hear of a sea-fight between the Prince and my Lord Dartmouth who commands the King's Ships.—I am, May it please yo^r^ Grace, Yo^r^ Grace's old blind faithfull Servant,

'PE. BARWICK.'[3]

On January 23, 1689, the Jamaicans received a proclamation from King James announcing the landing in England of William of Orange. Then came black, mysterious silence. No ships came from England, no letters or proclamations. All through that winter in Jamaica the little colony knew not what to do. Wild rumours came to them from unauthorised sources that their king was king no longer, and that William of Orange reigned in his stead. It

[1] Mrs. Wright was one of the Duchess's attendants.

[2] Such was the loyalty of the Duke of Newcastle to King James that he seldom left his bed after the triumph of the Prince of Orange.

[3] Montagu House MSS., addressed to the Duchess.

behoved them to take great care what steps they took in so grave a matter, for the rumours might well be unfounded. Men looked this way and that, and knew not what course to pursue. One duty lay clearly before them, whoever might be king in England, the Duchess of Albemarle, with her still unburied husband, could not longer delay her return voyage.

The *Assistance*, under command of Captain Wright, was once more fitted with its additional cabins and with plentiful store of provision. The Duke's yacht, returned from its refitting in Boston, stood ready to bear its sorrowful burden. 'March 7th,' says the log-book of the *Assistance*, 'about twelve at night the Duke's corps was put on board the yacht, the next morning, mourning colours hoisted up.' On Friday, March 15, all preparations were completed. In the darkness of night the Duchess was escorted on board the frigate by Dr. Hans Sloane, who was now established as sole guardian and protector of the widowed lady. With her came her treasure, her plate, her five hundred tons of furnishings, and her numerous retinue of servants. In a state of fear the voyagers made ready to sail forth upon the high seas. One last moment of anguish now confronted the Duchess.

At the instant of sailing, Mr. Lynch came aboard the frigate,

'privately . . . without any ticket or giving security according to Law and Custom, and no Attorney to answer the demands of the French about some Indians whom Lynch had seized and sold as slaves. . . . My Lady Duchess was much concerned that Mr. Lynch should go on board a frigate wherein she thought to have sailed with My L$^{o's}$ body.'

Vain were the tears of the Duchess, vain the commands of the Acting-Governor. Captain Wright,

in haste to depart, disquieted at the thought of what he might find in England, abruptly replied to both that he would as soon obey Lynch's order as the Acting-Governor's. And sail Lynch did in open defiance of the colonial authorities. Sir Francis Watson sadly comments :

'Mr Lynch could not be so acceptable to sail home in the same ship with y^e^ Duchess having been the occasion of much disquiet and troubel to ye Duke whilst he lived.'[1]

Next day the frigate set sail, accompanied by the yacht and a convoy of thirteen merchantmen.[2]

Dr. Sloane is the historian of the homeward voyage.[3] The log-book of the *Assistance* also supplies details. The little fleet set out most anxiously upon the sea. All sorts of wild fragmentary rumours had reached them of the progress of the revolution in England. The voyagers looked daily with intense eagerness for outward bound ships that might bring them news, for they particularly desired to know if war had been declared between England and France. When they sighted a sail they pursued it, and 'found it as desirous of avoiding them as they of meeting it.' The Duchess and her adviser were worn with anxiety. The Albemarle treasure, together with the plate and jewels, would form a rich prize if they should be captured by a French frigate. Many were the discussions between them. Finally one day, when they had been at sea some two or three weeks, in

[1] C.O., 138 : 6, 316-9; April 22, 1689. Sir Francis Watson to the Lords of Trade.

[2] C.O., 140 : 4, p. 264, January 20, 168⅞. The Receiver-General reports that he had paid the Duke of Albemarle several sums of his salary on account, but the Duke 'had happend to dye' before he had signed any orders for the same. The balance due the Duke's estate was 93 pounds 85 shillings.

[3] Quoted by Edwards, *Founders of the British Museum*, 'Sloane,' p. 276.

conversation, the Duchess, Dr. Hans Sloane, and Captain Lawrence Wright fell into discussion of the probable situation of affairs in England.

The Duchess, determined to save her goods at all costs, gave voice to words of admiration for William of Orange. Had she not secured that diamond ring, gift of the Prince to William Chapman, quite ten years ago?[1] Perhaps she wore the jewel at the moment. She had no cause to love King James. His treatment of her husband was fresh in her mind, and if she had forgotten, Mr. Lynch, pacing the deck under her very eyes, was sufficient reminder.

Captain Wright enlarged upon his duty in this crisis of affairs. He was evidently a devoted adherent of the Stuarts. His log-book records for each January 30 :

'In Remembrance of that horrid murder of Our Blessed Sovereign Charles I., we wore our colours half-mast.'

His celebration of each royal birthday is marked by every proper observance. He argued for King James, and thus announced his final decision : 'I cannot fight any ship having King James's commission, from whom I received mine.' He intimated that if he found the King in exile he would make all speed to France, and place himself and his frigate at the disposal of his rightful King. The frightened Duchess besought him to reconsider, for she did not fancy the idea of landing in a foreign country with all her chattels and her dead husband. The captain remained immovable. 'On hearing this assurance,' writes Dr. Sloane, 'which seemed to open to her the prospect . . . of being carried to France,' the Duchess resolved on desperate measures. Nothing less than

[1] See p. 104.

to change her ship, taking all her wealth with her. She, with Dr. Sloane and her whole suite, left the *Assistance* in mid-ocean and re-embarked on the Duke's yacht, only to transfer later in the midst of a thunderstorm to the *Generous Hannah*, one of the convoy of merchantmen. Dr. Sloane, that gentle squire of dames, indignantly proceeds :

> ' Our admiral (Wright) pretended he wanted water and must make the best of his way to England and without waiting to convoy us home, which he accordingly did.'

Captain Wright pictured himself the victim of feminine caprice, that the Duchess could not decide between England or Virginia as her destination, and that needing water himself, he left her steering for the latter port. ' She wisht me a good voyage,' says he, and we figure the haughty disdain with which she penned the message.

Now indeed was the Duchess, protected only by such few guns as the merchant fleet possessed, at the mercy of any chance sea-rover she might encounter. The little fleet felt their way across the sea, a prey to varying emotions, eluding every sail that showed above the horizon. As they neared Plymouth, it became apparent to all that authentic news must be secured before landing. Dr. Hans Sloane again proved himself a worthy pattern of chivalry. Under cover of darkness he set forth in an armed row-boat to pick up what news he could. As he neared the coast, he perceived some fishermen ; hailing these, who made unavailing efforts to escape him, the determined man of science put the question :

' How does the King ? '

A safe enough question, he thought, and committed

no man to any political party. To which the fishermen replied as cautiously :

'Which King do you mean ? King William is well at Whitehall, King James is in France.'

This was news enough to guide the travellers. They landed on May 30 at Plymouth in a heavy rain : the Duchess, her dead Duke, her plate and jewels and treasure, her servants and all their gear.

In the harbour, with astonishment, they beheld the *Assistance* riding at anchor. Captain Wright had had leisure on his voyage to consider his future prospects. He prudently had sailed into Plymouth, and had sworn fealty to King William.

The sorrowful journey of the Duchess was not yet finished. The mourning cavalcade took its way through the blossoming hedges of June to London. The last night of the journey was spent in Kensington.[1] So the long sad office was accomplished, and the Duke was buried in the Abbey Church at Westminster in the vault with his father and mother. So quietly did this burial proceed that none have recorded the event. The days were too full of stirring deeds for men's thoughts to dwell upon the dead.[2]

So lived and died Christopher Monck, last Duke of Albemarle. His was the life of an average young

[1] Brit. Mus., Stowe MSS. 747, fo. 12.

'HERALD'S OFFICE, 3*d Dec.* 1692.

'MAY IT PLEASE YR LDSHP.,—. . . . The Duke dyed at St. Jaco de la Vega (Spanish Town) in Jamaica, 6 Oct., 1688, was buried at Westminster in June 1689, near to his father. He was brought by sea to Plymouth, and thence to Kensington. . . .—Yr. Ldsp.'s Most, etc.,

'GREGORY KING,
'Lancaster.

'For the Rt. Honble. the Earl of Clarendon,
'at Swallowfield, near Reading,
'Barkshire.'

[2] Chester : The Register of Westminster Abbey makes his burial July 4, 1689. See also Stanley, *Annals of Westminster Abbey*, p. 211.

nobleman of the latter half of the seventeenth century. With all his gay spirit, full of vitality and resource, strangely enough he left no lasting mark upon his day. Both his rank and his personal ambition led him to mingle in great affairs both of state and of society, and he bore himself in these relations with fidelity to the principles of simple loyalty and steadfastness in which he had been nurtured. These very qualities, applauded in his own day and valued in our times as well, worked greatly to his undoing, and his brief life of scant thirty-five years shows his achievements uncompleted and his ambitions unsatisfied. His untimely end reveals but one fortunate circumstance. Coming as it did at the moment of transition from the house of Stuart to that of Orange, the death of Albemarle saved him the pain of choosing between King James, to whom he had shown every evidence of loyalty, and the Prince of Orange, whom he had always admired and under whom he had so ardently desired to serve.

BOOK IX

THE MAD DUCHESS

'I'd lay a Province at your Feet, to make you mine; you say but yes, and are a Queen.'

BURNABY, *Ladies' Visiting Day.*

CHAPTER I

THE burial of the Duke having been accomplished, the widowed Duchess of Albemarle took her way to Welbeck Abbey.[1] She was still suffering from the effects of her year in the tropics, and she hoped to find rest and health under her father's roof. In this she was disappointed, for little comfort could be found in a home where the family were divided in their allegiance. The Duke of Newcastle had remained true to King James, while his Duchess and her daughter Margaret had made their peace with William and Mary. The Duchess of Albemarle was the means of arranging one family matter. For, 'on her knees,' she persuaded her father to consent to the marriage of Lady Margaret Cavendish to the Earl of Clare.[2] This sisterly act accomplished, the Duchess retired to Newhall. Here Dr. Sloane attended her, and conducted an animated correspondence with Dr. Barwick on the subject of the health of their patroness and also of her business affairs. The Duchess suffered greatly from the cold, and Dr. Barwick wrote :

'I doubt not but ye will put my Lady Dutchess in mind to go warmer both by night and day than formerly.'[3]

In another letter he conjured Dr. Sloane to 'wean

[1] Welbeck MSS.

[2] Welbeck MSS. Evidence of Richard Wright of Nottingham, Gent., Housekeeper of Nottingham Castle. Evidence of William Wilson, of Belvoir Castle, Gent.

[3] Brit. Mus., Sloane MSS., 4036, fo. 57.

her for ever from her fond love of Oatmeal.' In January 1690 the Duchess had sufficiently recovered to be able to 'wait on both the Queens . . . and likewise her Royal Highness,'[1] where she doubtless found 'the Gracious Reception' her friends so much desired for her.[2]

The Duchess had need of good health and royal favour to carry her through the trials that awaited her. Even before the body of the Duke of Albemarle had reached England, disputes arose over the disposition of his estate. The Earl of Bath coming to London from Plymouth, brought the will of 1675 that had been entrusted to him by Albemarle. It had been preserved all these months in Lady Bath's strong-box. With it was the deed of 1681, which served to strengthen and confirm the earlier will. The Duchess of Newcastle, as custodian of the will of 1687, journeyed by coach from Welbeck through ways miry with the rains of spring.[3]

These two wills were examined in the Chambers of Sir Thomas Stringer, in the presence of many notable gentlemen.[4] The weakest point in the validity of the last will lay in the matter of witnesses. According to the deed of 1681, that deed and the will of 1675 could not be revoked except by another will, signed by six witnesses, three of whom were to be peers, and,

[1] Queen Mary, Catherine, the widow of Charles II., and the Princess Anne.

[2] Brit. Mus., Sloane MSS., 4036-58. Dr. Barwick to Dr. Sloane.

[3] Welbeck MSS. Exhibits in proceedings touching the will of the second Duke of Newcastle. Letter of Henry Cavendish, second Duke of Newcastle, to his wife, April 18, 1689: 'Ye ways cannot be soe badd as when you went up; you may if you please make it six dayes incoming.'

[4] One of the three original drafts of the will of 1687 is preserved at Somerset House. Certified copies of the wills of 1675 and 1687, with the deed of 1681, are found among the Welbeck MSS. They were made for Henry, Duke of Newcastle, who was named as one of the Duke of Albemarle's executors.

in the revoking of the deed, the sum of sixpence must change hands. Now the will of 1687 had but three witnesses, none of them were peers, and no sixpence had been in evidence. All of which omissions strengthens the belief that the Duke of Albemarle never intended the will of 1687 to stand.

The wills were similar in that they each provided for the erection of a monument in memory of the Moncks in Westminster Abbey, to cost five thousand pounds. In memory of the Duke's mother, Anne, Duchess of Albemarle, alms houses for twenty poor widows were to be erected. Fifteen hundred pounds might be spent on the building, and two hundred pounds per annum was provided as endowment. The Duchess was supplied with an annual income of eight thousand pounds, together with the use of Newhall during her life. In case of her remarriage, the plate and furnishings were to belong to the inheritor of Newhall. Furthermore, the domestic servants at their usual pay were to be retained for three months following Albemarle's death, and were then to receive six months' salary.

In the first will all the Monck female cousins were remembered with sums varying from one to five thousand pounds. In the last will they received but forty pounds each, excepting Mary Fairwell, who was to have the Manor of Midgeham and the Tide Mills, and the lands in Berkshire and Lincolnshire. By the same will Arthur Fairwell, her son, received an annuity of one hundred and seventy pounds during the life of the Duchess, and one hundred pounds to provide for his education.

The great difference between the wills appeared in the disposition of the main part of the estates. According to the will of 1675, the larger part of the estates was to go to John, Earl of Bath, and his

heirs-male ; while generous bequests were made to other members of the Grenville family. The King was, moreover, reminded and besought to make good his promise to grant the title of Duke of Albemarle to the Earl of Bath, and 'that the eldest son of that family and so successively may be called by the name of Lord Monck.'[1] The will of 1687 made a startling change. All the lands in Ireland were left to Henry Monck, 'resident in Ireland,' who by the previous will received but one thousand pounds. To Colonel Thomas Monck, who in the early will was to receive a like sum, was left the greater part of the whole estate. In fact, just what by the earlier will was left to Lord Bath. This will contained a petition to the King to grant to Colonel Monck the title of Baron Monck of Potheridge.

There was nothing for the rival heirs to do but have recourse to the law to determine which will should be declared valid. The affair was further complicated by the fact that Colonel Thomas Monck had predeceased the Duke, and that his claims were inherited by a young son, Christopher, now only fourteen years of age.

In the first trials the judgments were for the Earl of Bath.[2] But, in 1692, the Duchess introduced a further complication. She had not been in good health of either body or mind since her return from Jamaica, and, in February 169$\frac{0}{1}$, the Duke of Newcastle was heard to say that 'his daughter the Duchess of Albemarle was not capable of managing

[1] Hist. MSS. Com. Report. *Stuart Papers*, vol. i. p. 2. Promise of Charles II. to Lord Bath that in case George Monck and his son have no issue he shall have the house and park of Theobald's, and shall be Duke of Albemarle and Lord Monck (Brussels, April 2, 1660). This agreement casts doubt upon the assertion that George Monck received no promises of reward previous to his meeting with the King at Canterbury.

[2] See Luttrell's *Diary* under dates ranging from 1690 to 1710.

any estate.'[1] Later in the same year the Duchess of Newcastle wrote to Lord and Lady Thanet, that your 'Sister Albemarle is incapable of anything.'[2] After the death of the Duke of Newcastle,[3] his will was also the subject of a lawsuit among his daughters and their husbands. When the agent of one of the aggrieved parties came to the Duchess of Albemarle to engage her therein, he

'found her incapable of giving any orders therein and . . . refused to procure any order from her or act under the same by reason of her inability of understanding to give one.'

All of which serves to prove that the mental state of the Duchess was well known to her family. Yet she was left to the mercies of her women, Mary and Sarah Wright and Elizabeth Stamp.[4]

The old Duke of Newcastle, always desirous of a grandson, just before his death had 'desired his daughter the Duchess of Albemarle to marry again that she might have children.'[5] Either on the advice of her father or because of the importunities of her suitors, the Duchess determined to wed. She was barely thirty-six and still held some claim to beauty. The story of her riches was well known. A curious tale is told of the methods of the successful wooer. Horace Walpole seems to be responsible for the narration, for no earlier relation of it has been found.

Lord Montagu, who had frequently crossed the

[1] Welbeck MSS. Evidence of Richard Neale of Mansfield Woodhouse, Gent. Suit touching will of Henry, Duke of Newcastle.

[2] Welbeck MSS.

[3] Henry, Duke of Newcastle, died July 26, 1691.

[4] Wife of Sir Thomas Stamp.

[5] Welbeck MSS. Lawsuit in connection with the will of Henry, second Duke of Newcastle; evidence of Sir Henry Monson of Burton, Bart.

path of the Duke of Albemarle, was at this time a widower,[1] and planning to rebuild his great mansion in Bloomsbury, lately destroyed by fire. He had played an important rôle as diplomatist and courtier throughout three reigns, and had lately been created Viscount Monthermer for his services by William of Orange. He is said to have combined a real taste for the fine arts with an almost abnormal desire for pomp and display. Great wealth was necessary that he might gratify these propensities. It is impossible to impute his campaign for the hand of the wealthy Duchess of Albemarle to anything but unworthy motives. The lady was known to be insane. The overweening pride which had long been her bane, had at last become an obsession. She was said to have declared that she would condescend to marry none but a monarch. The story seems hardly credible, but is never omitted in any modern record of the event. Just where the widowed Duchess was living at the moment does not appear. Perhaps at Newcastle House or even Newhall. To her, according to tradition, Lord Montagu made his way. He was willing to make every effort to win the lady and her wealth. In order to come within the requirements of her desires, he had habited himself as the Emperor of China. As he is described as of middle stature, inclined to be fat, and of a coarse, dark complexion, the effect could hardly have been pleasing to the unprejudiced eye.[2] Where was the watchful Dr. Sloane, the faithful Dr. Barwick? Suspicion rests upon the women attendants of the Duchess, who must have assisted at this unhappy scene. The

[1] His first wife was Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and widow of Josceline Percy, eleventh and last Earl of Northumberland. See p. 60.

[2] Granger, *Biographical History*, vol. ii. p. 36.

seeming emperor wooed and won the poor mad lady, whom he married on September 8, 1692.[1] At what place and by whom married remains a mystery, though the judges of various courts tried in vain to elicit the truth from the voluble sisters Wright. Sometimes they swore she was married, sometimes that she was not, as they perceived their own interests were best served.

Lord Montagu received at least two expressions of congratulations on the occasion. The first was from Lord Thanet, the brother-in-law of the bride:

'The news of your Lordship's marriage was not more surprising then pleasing to mee since I am certaine it will on all account(s) bee extreamely to the satisfaction of my Lady Duchesse and all her relations that wishe her prosperitye and mee in particular who shall desier one (sic) all occations to expresse myself your Lordships most humble servant

'THANET.

'HOTHFIELD *the* 16 *Sep.* 92.'[2]

Richard, Lord Roos, the rival suitor for the hand of the lady, thus expresses his feelings in verse:

'Insulting rival never boast
Thy conquest lately won,
No wonder that her heart was lost
Her senses first were gone.

For one that 's under Bedlam's laws
What glory can be had
For love of thee was not the cause
It proves that she was mad.'[3]

Lord Montagu had no mind to allow Lord Bath

[1] This incident of the wooing of the Duchess of Albemarle was used by several dramatists of the period. See Burnaby, *The Ladies' Visiting Day*.

[2] Montagu House MSS. Sixth Earl of Thanet to the Earl of Montagu.

[3] Henry Savile, brother of Lord Halifax, also aspired to the hand of the Duchess of Albemarle.

to enjoy the Albemarle estates, and he threw himself into the lawsuits with vigour. Piles of dusty parchments at the Record Office and the House of Lords, bearing the title of Montagu *v.* Bath, testify to the heat of the controversy. Narcissus Luttrell notes in his Journal many hearings in various Courts of the famous case.

In 1694 a new action drove Montagu and Bath to join forces against a common enemy. The Monck cousins, under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin,[1] started a suit to prove that the marriage of George Monck and Anne Clarges was not legal, owing to the fact that Anne's first husband, Radford, was said to be living at the time of her second marriage. Consequently Elizabeth Sherwin claimed the Monck estates as eldest heir of George Monck. Many queer figures appeared in Court, including Anne Clarges' old neighbours from the Strand, Christopher's nurse, Honour Mills, servants and apprentices. Dark stories came to light. Each side accused the other of perjury, and sometimes with reason. Witnesses died sudden and mysterious deaths, houses fell on others. Even suicide was added to the catastrophes laid at the door of the great lawsuit.[2] But in spite of years of endeavour, the Monck cousins could not substantiate their claim.

In an attempt to end the suit, Lord Bath and Lord Montagu determined to purchase the great estates of Theobald's, Clitheroe, and the ancestral Potheridge from the Monck claimants. Disagreements among the Moncks interfered with this settlement. Lord Bath, however, finally secured Potheridge in Devon, by payment to Mrs. Pride and her son of eight

[1] Elizabeth Pride, descendant of the regicide. See pp. 50-51.

[2] The Sherwins printed their story of the case: '*The Case of the Heirs at Law to George Monck, late Duke of Albemarle.* Printed and sold by B. Bragg, at the Sign of the Black Raven in Pater Noster Row, 1709.'

thousand five hundred pounds, while the Honour of Clitheroe in Lancashire went by purchase from Mrs. Sherwin to Lord Montagu.

In 1702 the Earl of Bath, John, Lord Grenville, Sir Walter Clarges, and Sir Bevil Grenville secured a perpetual injunction, and stopped the proceedings of the heirs-at-law until June 28, 1709, when the whole case was brought forth again, and the Lord Chancellor dismissed their Bill with costs to be paid to the heirs-at-law.[1]

In 1698 Lord Bath had entered into an agreement with Lord Montagu and his wife, for certain considerations not mentioned, to relinquish all right to the estates left to the Duchess during her life.[2] Although the name of the Duchess appears with bewildering frequency on many legal documents, she had disappeared utterly from view. Living obscurely in the great new Montagu House,[3] it was whispered that the fable of the Emperor of China was still used ; that she was treated as an Empress by her women. Later she dropped so completely into oblivion that witnesses speak of her as dead, and Lord Montagu was obliged to produce her in the House of Lords to prove her living. Both he and Lord Bath evidently believed that she would not live long and they could afford to wait. Her death would settle many disputes far better than any Court of Law.[4]

Lord Bath, as a last precaution, by fair means or

[1] '*The Case of the Heirs at Law to George Monck, late Duke of Albemarle.* Printed and sold by B. Bragg, at the Sign of the Black Raven in Pater Noster Row, 1709.'

[2] Welbeck MSS., Oct. 1, 1698. Indenture between John, Earl of Bath, of the first part, and Ralph, Earl of Montagu, and his wife, Duchess of Albemarle, of the second part. Signed and sealed by Lord Bath.

[3] Afterwards used for the first home of the British Museum.

[4] Lord Bath, as trustee in the matter of the Gentlemen Adventurers, was also engaged in a lawsuit instituted by them and their heirs who made claims against the Albemarle estate.

foul, persuaded young Christopher Monck, principal heir under the will of 1687, to make over to him all his rights to the Albemarle estates. In return he was to receive one thousand pounds a year and the Manor of Flourny.[1] As this foolish young man had taken to drink and had raised large sums of money on his expectations, his bargain was not a bad one. He had but a short time to enjoy any fortune, good or bad, for he came to an untimely end, July 4, 1701.[2]

As the years went by, death wrought many changes. Queen Mary had died in 1694, and now King William too was gone. Anne reigned, and Lord Montagu was made a Duke. His invisible wife was now not only spoken of as the 'Mad Duchess,' but the 'Double Duchess,' and the mystery about her deepened. Of the Clarges family, Sir Thomas and Sir Walter were gone, leaving a little child to carry on their claim. The Earl of Bath, who was still the Earl, for King William had not felt himself bound by the promises of his uncle, King Charles, reluctantly drew his last breath. Lord Lansdown, his son, hardly survived him a week, dying from a pistol shot fired by his own hand. The title and claims fell to a little child, William Henry.[3]

The exiled King, James II., keeping his pitiful state at St. Germains, forgetful of past promises, had granted to his son, Henry Fitz-James,[4] the title of

[1] *Chan. Proc.*, Hamilton, vol. 32, No. 44, Aug. 23, 1708. Henry Monck, second son of Thomas Monck, to the Lord Chancellor.

[2] *Chan. Proc.*, Hamilton, vol. 32, No. 44, July 1698.

[3] *Chan. Proc.*, Hamilton, vol. 36, No. 1, January, 1703; *Chan. Proc.*, Collins, vol. 514, No. 118, July 27, 1708. William Henry died in 1711, aged ten years, when the title became extinct. His estate, and perhaps his claims to the Albemarle fortune, passed to his aunts—Jane, wife of Sir William Leveson-Gower; Catherine, wife of Craven Peyton; Grace, wife of George Carteret.

[4] Henry Fitz-James, son of Arabella Churchill, and brother of the Duke of Berwick; created Duke of Albemarle in 1697. See Ruvigny and Raineval, *Jacobite Peerages*. Hist. MSS. Com., *15th Report*, Bath

Duke of Albemarle. The death of this young man without issue gave King James another unused opportunity to keep his promise. One of the Grenville family, George, had come under suspicion by Queen Anne's government of holding communication with the exiles. He was imprisoned in the Tower in 1714, and on his release went abroad. In 1721 the Old Pretender made tardy redemption of the old promise. George Grenville was created Baron Lansdown of Bideford; Viscount Bevil, Earl of Bath; Marquis Monck and Duke of Albemarle.[1]

In March 1709-10 died Ralph, first Duke of Montagu. The world could hardly forbear a smile at this end to all his plans. Ann Hadley's letter to her cousin Abigail Harley gives a hint of what was said :

'Here is no lamentations for ye Duke of Montague, but he by departing has given the inquisitive warld ye long desired satisfaction of knowing his Mad Dutchess to be alive ; they say she will be given to the Duke of Newcastle,[2] when a commission of Lunacy is taken out, and whats more will come in for her thirds of her or her pretended husbands Estate for my part I'me apt to think could he have forseen, or rather believed at what a distance this present world and he would soon have been, he for the wealth

MSS., vol. iii. p. 234, July 15, 1698, Paris. Matthew Prior, writing to the Earl of Portland, mentions at King James's Court at St. Germains, 'Mr. Henry Fitz-James, called the Duke of Albemarle.'

[1] George Grenville, second surviving son of Bernard Grenville, who was brother of John, Earl of Bath, was born in 1667; Queen Anne created him Baron Lansdown of Bideford, one of twelve peers created in five days to secure a majority in the House of Lords. He was a Privy Councillor, Comptroller of the Household, and Treasurer of the Household. He died in 1734-5. See *Jacobite Peerages*.

[2] John Holles, third Duke of Newcastle. He had married Lady Margaret Cavendish, principal heiress of her father, Henry, second Duke of Newcastle, and had been granted the title of Duke of Newcastle.

and honner sake of his family would discreetly have knock[d] her Ladyship in the head in good time.'[1]

Whether or not the widow of the Duke of Montagu received 'her thirds,' many of her papers and those of her first husband, the second Duke of Albemarle, were retained by the Montagu family. They are now in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch, and are preserved at Montagu House, Whitehall.

On the death of the Duke of Montagu, certain members of the Cavendish family interested themselves on behalf of their unfortunate relative. There was some rivalry as to who should be her guardian, as a handsome income would be paid to whoever held this office. Even Lord Glenorchy wrote from far Edinburgh to solicit the position for himself.[2] An inquisition was taken at the Church of St. Clement Danes, on March 31, 1709, when, after examining witnesses, the Lunacy Commissioners found that

'the Duchess Dowager of Montagu is a lunatic and not in her right understanding and does not enjoy lucid intervals and is therefore not capable of the Government of herself or her estate.'

John, Duke of Newcastle, Thomas, Earl of Thanet, and Charles, Earl of Sunderland, were consequently made her guardians.[3]

The poor lady was now established at old Newcastle House in Clerkenwell, where she had lived as Duchess of Albemarle. Household stuff and furniture were brought from Newhall[4] to give her comfort. Henceforth Newhall was left deserted to fall into

[1] Welbeck MSS., London, March 16, $17\frac{9}{10}$.

[2] Welbeck MSS., March 29, 1709. Lord Glenorchy was the widower of Lady Frances Cavendish.

[3] Nicholas, *Chronology of History*, March 31, 1709; Luttrell, vol. vi. p. 420.

[4] Welbeck MSS., *Diary*, 1709, March 27, William Guidote's opinion.

decay. Lord Harley visited the house, Monday, September 13, 1714, and found it 'Very much out of repair.'[1] Benjamin Hoare, Esq., son of Sir Richard Hoare, banker, and Lord Mayor of London in 1713, some years later bought of the heirs of the Duchess the reversion of Newhall and other estates appertaining thereto. With the marble and other materials of this mansion he decorated a house which he built in the neighbourhood.

As year followed year and the Duchess lived on, the Cavendish relatives took counsel among themselves. Under the prudent management of the trustees and the resourceful Peniston Lamb, the estate of the Duchess had grown and multiplied. All of her sisters were dead, and among their children it was a question whether the estate should be divided into three portions or per capita. On the strength of the united opinion of five gentlemen learned in the law, it was decided that the division should be made per capita.[2] These heirs, who awaited with more or less eagerness the end of the old aunt whom most of them had probably never seen, were—

1. Henrietta Cavendish Holles, Countess of Oxford, only daughter of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle.

2. Frances, Viscountess Morpeth, daughter of Arabella Cavendish, Lady Spencer.

3. Anne, Countess of Salisbury.

4. Margaret, Countess of Leicester and Baroness Clifford.

5. Mary, Countess of Harold, afterwards Countess Gower.

6. Isabella, married (1) Lord Nassau Paulet; (2) Sir Francis Blake Delavel, K.B.

[1] Welbeck MSS. Notebook of Lord Harley, second Earl of Oxford.
[2] Welbeck MSS., 1729.

These last four ladies were daughters of Katherine Cavendish, Lady Thanet. By an agreement drawn up between the Countess of Oxford and her husband with Mr. Lamb, the agent for the Duchess, it would appear that each of these heirs would receive more than £20,000.[1] Thus the personal estate of the Duchess would represent more than £120,000. What part of the great Albemarle estates remained outside the lands settled on the Duchess for her life does not appear. Great inroads had been made by twenty years of litigation, lawyers' fees, and partial settlements.[2] Some legacies awaited the death of the Duchess to be paid to beneficiaries under the last will. Chief among those who thus awaited payment was a younger Bernard Grenville, nephew of that George Grenville who had been called Duke of Albemarle. This poor, shadowy Duke had died leaving his empty titles, of no use in England, to this nephew, Bernard. This younger Bernard Grenville, who was born in 1700, had served in the English army in the foreign wars. On the death of his uncle, the young man resigned his commission and betook himself to London, to await, with the Cavendish heirs, an event that all felt could not now be far off.[3] But it was not until August 28, 1734, that Lord Oxford recorded in his notebook :[4]

'A quarter before twelve aclock died Elizabeth D^ss^ of Albemarle at Newcastle House, Clerkenwell in the 80th year of her age.'

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[1] Welbeck MSS., July 1, 1735.

[2] *Chan. Proc.*, Whittington, vol. 242, No. 16. Bath *v.* Gibbs, May 1695. The personal property of the Duke of Albemarle amounted to £40,000 beyond his debts. The executors had neither paid the debts nor discharged the legacies.

[3] In 1738 Bernard Grenville purchased with his share of the Albemarle estates Colwich Abbey, county Stafford.

[4] Welbeck MSS.

Once dead, the pitiful body of the Duchess received anew all the dignities belonging to her rank. She was carried to the Abbey Church of Westminster, where she lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber. On Wednesday, September 11, at night, she was buried in a private manner in the Monck vault beside the husband of her youth, whom she had outlived by nearly fifty years.

For two hundred years and more the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle have slept in Westminster Abbey. They lie at the feet of Queen Elizabeth in a vault designed for the first Stuart king; around them rise the glories of the Chapel of Henry VII.[1] In the south aisle of the chapel, erected over the resting-place of the Duke's 'dear master King Charles II.,' is the Monck monument. The stone is unmarked by the name or deeds of those it serves to commemorate, but the family arms are carved high upon the shaft. It was erected in 1720 in compliance with the will of Christopher Monck to the memory of his father. Carved in white marble, the great Lord-General stands, costumed in armour and cloak, bearing in his hand a baton. Facing him a sorrowing female figure supports a medallion portrait of Christopher, the last Duke of Albemarle.

[1] In the Monck vault, in addition to the family and certain of the Grenvilles, are buried George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, with his wife and daughter; George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland, and his two wives; and the essayist and poet, Joseph Addison. There are also several urns, one believed to be that of Anne of Denmark.

TABLE SHOWING THE DESCENT OF GEORGE MONCK.

Monck Arms.—Gules a chevron argent between three lions' heads erased of the same.

Warin, Lord Lisle = ———

Margaret = Thomas, Lord Berkeley.

Elizabeth = Richard (Beauchamp), Earl of Warwick, created 1419 Earl of Aumale.

Margaret = John Talbot, 1st Earl of Shrewsbury.

John, created Viscount Lisle 1452, = ———

——— = Elizabeth, co-heiress Barony of Teyes. = Edward Grey, created Baron and Viscount Lisle.

King Edward IV. = Elizabeth Wyatt or Waite (Lucie), daughter of an obscure gentleman of Southampton.

1st, Edmund Dudley = Elizabeth = 2nd, Arthur Plantagenet, created Viscount Lisle 1533.

Elizabeth = Lord Lumley.

1st, John Basset = Frances = 2nd, Thomas Monck.

Anthony = Mary Ascott.

Sir George Smythe, Knight, of Maydiford, near Exeter.

Christopher.

Sir Thomas of Potheridge = Elizabeth Smythe.

Grace = Sir Bevil Grenville.

John Grenville, Earl of Bath. = Jane Wyche.

Bernard = Anne Morley.

1st, Martha Osborne, dau. of 1st Duke of Leeds. = Charles = 2nd, Isabella, dau. of Henry de Nassau.

Bevil.

George, d. 1735. = Mary Villiers, dau. of 1st Earl of Jersey.

Bernard, d. 1776.

William Henry, d. 1711.

Anthony.

Thomas = Mary Gould.

George, 1st Duke of Albemarle. = Anne Clarges.

Nicholas = Susanna Payne.

Arthur.

Frances.

Margaret.

Mary.

Elizabeth = Thomas Pride.

CHRISTOPHER, 2nd Duke of Albemarle. = Elizabeth Cavendish, dau. of 2nd Duke of Newcastle.

Mary = Arthur Fairwell.

Elizabeth = Curwen Rawlinson of Cork Hall.

Arthur.

Christopher Rawlinson.

Thomas = Rebecca.

Elizabeth = Sherwin.

Lucy.

Elizabeth.

Eliza = Captain Gibbs.

Mary.

Anne.

APPENDIX

EXISTING PORTRAITS

PORTRAITS OF CHRISTOPHER, SECOND DUKE OF ALBEMARLE

FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT, IN GARTER ROBES, by THOMAS MURREY, at Welbeck Abbey, in the possession of the Duke of Portland, K.G.

FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT, by JOHN RILEY, at Welbeck Abbey, in the possession of the Duke of Portland, K.G.

FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT, IN GARTER ROBES, by THOMAS MURREY (?), in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PORTRAIT, in the possession of the Misses Hayes, artist unknown, exhibited at South Kensington, 1868.

MINIATURE, by N. DIXON, at Ickworth, in the possession of the Marquis of Bristol.

MINIATURE, painted in 1680, by L. CROSSE, belonging (1914) to Mr. E. M. Hodgkins.

ENAMEL, at Welbeck Abbey, in the possession of the Duke of Portland, K.G.

MEZZOTINT PORTRAIT, engraved by BECKET.

PORTRAITS OF ELIZABETH CAVENDISH, DUCHESS OF ALBEMARLE

THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH, SEATED, by Sir PETER LELY, at Welbeck Abbey, in the possession of the Duke of Portland, K.G.

REPETITION OF THE SAME, in the collection at Langton, Duns.

WHOLE-LENGTH, SEATED, by THOMAS MURREY, at Welbeck Abbey, in the possession of the Duke of Portland, K.G.

FULL-LENGTH, AS CLEOPATRA, at Castle Howard.

THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH, SEATED, at Longleat, in the collection of the Marquis of Bath.

MEZZOTINT HALF-LENGTH PORTRAIT, engraved by WILLIAM SHERWIN.

MINIATURE, by L. CROSSE, at Welbeck Abbey, in the possession of the Duke of Portland, K.G.

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